May 22, 1963

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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See page 2

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Elizabeth Taylor has mixed for years with Very Important People in real life, and lately even in a film called "The V.I.P.s" (see pages 10 and 11).

BUT, strangely enough, she avoids mingling with the world's very Very Important People—in wax.

A spokesman for Madame Tussaud's, the famous London gallery of waxen celebrities, recently made a complaint that when his organisation's interest in Liz waxed, her interest in Tussaud's waned.

He said Tussaud's approached Liz for permission and help for a model.

"But," he said, sadly, "she won't give us her measurements, although we've been trying for two years."

If the wax-modeller's art doesn't interest the famous film star, she is, however, deeply interested in the Old (and New) Masters'.

Her art-dealer father, Francis Taylor, on his daughter's behalf, recently paid £A125,000 at Sotheby's, London, for a Van Gogh.

Mr. Taylor said that Liz already had works by Renoir, Degas, and Picasso.

★ ★ ★

A READER from Broken Hill, N.S.W., who signed herself "Hockey," apparently had a "field" day with the five-in-one pattern in our January 30 issue.

She wrote:

"I can now add an extra pattern.

"By adding box pleats (forming a skirt) to the sleeveless bodice top my daughter's hockey team now has smart uniforms."

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN writer Harriet Frank, Jr., makes one of her hobbies — antique furniture — the subject of her amusing story "Lightly Turn To Thoughts Of Love" (page 33).

But the story isn't all about Sheraton sideboards and 19th-century chests-of-drawers; there is also a charming romance.

Miss Frank's other hobbies are Victorian literature, cooking, and poker.

Katinka Loeser, who wrote "Beggarman, Rich Man or Thief" (page 31), invests an unlikely subject—a small boy losing a first tooth — with a great deal of humor which mothers will appreciate.

It's a delightful story; the first by Miss Loeser we have published.

Our Cover

● Patterns for this Paris-designed tunic top are available from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The pattern, No. 7853, requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 3/-.

Rose bowl stays in S.A.

● For the second year in succession two South Australian women have won The Australian Women's Weekly Interstate Rose Trophy.

THEY are Mrs. H. L. Cooke and Mrs. A. Heaver, who retain the trophy — a large silver rose bowl — for their artistic display of roses in the autumn rose show held by the National Rose Society of South Australia.

In their winning arrangement Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Heaver outlined the history of rose culture from the earliest species to the latest hybrid tea roses.

Judges said their entry showed artistic imagination and careful planning. The culture of individual roses used was near perfect, the blooms were clean, and nothing was hidden from view.

The trophy was awarded for the best display of roses on a table 8ft. x 3ft., entered by the National Rose Society of any State.

The Victorian entry by Mrs. F. Pask came a close second in the placings, followed by Queensland (Mrs. H. P. Graham), third.

Judges were impressed by the high standard of entries from all States and were surprised at the quality of blooms flown interstate by T.A.A., especially those from Queensland and Western Australia.

Lady Lloyd Jones presented the trophy after opening the show, which was held in the art gallery of David Jones (Adelaide) Limited.

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Maggie returns in triumph

PUBLIC LIBRARY
15 MAY 1963

... by Noel Coward's special request

From BETTY BEST, in London

• Australia's Maggie Fitzgibbon has returned home as Noel Coward's own choice to star in his latest musical, "Sail Away," which opens in Melbourne on May 24.

COWARD saw Maggie only once on stage before deciding: "If 'Sail Away' goes to Australia Miss Fitzgibbon MUST have the role."

This happened about a year ago, during the last three weeks of Maggie's great personal success in the London production of the American musical "Do Re Me."

Noel Coward, on one of his flying trips to London, had watched only half of "Do Re Me" when he knew that Maggie was the perfect Mimi Paragon—the bouncy, tough, yet sentimental shipboard hostess who all but runs "Sail Away."

In the interval he sent a message backstage that he would like to meet Maggie after the show.

"When I knew that he was in the audience I felt ridiculously nervous," Maggie told me later.

"But thank goodness the show went very well that night. For though I had no idea why Coward wanted to meet me, I'd been an ardent admirer of his work for years."

A modest star

Maggie is too modest to talk about the dressing-room visit that followed, but I know Coward told her, "I love the understatement of your comedy in the first act. Then the sudden madness of your 'Adventure' number in the second act.

"The contrast was perfect. Just what Mimi must have."

"Sail Away" was already cast for London with Elaine Stritch, of Broadway, in the zany lead role. But Coward told Maggie that, no matter how long it took to arrange, the show would not go to Australia unless she was free for the part.

When the show opened at London's Savoy Theatre, Coward made sure Maggie had seats in the front row near his.

"I was completely overcome that in the final rush of rehearsals he had time to think of me," said Maggie. "Then when I saw the show I was even more thrilled.

"Mimi Paragon is the sort of part every Australian artist dreams of going home with. It's wonderful not only because of the size of the role but because of the variety of the numbers.

"I have eight pieces to learn, and they range from the romantic ballads like 'Later Than Spring' and 'Something Very Strange' to the wild, whooping 'Useful Phrases' and 'Come To Me.'"

Maggie Fitzgibbon, whose hometown is Melbourne, left Australia nine years ago after her great success as Bianca in "Kiss Me Kate."

Since then she has made a big name for herself as both singer and actress on the London stage and in British TV.

And she has by no means been limited to Australian roles. She has been American in "Do Re Me," English in the lead of "Lady At The Wheel," a Jewish New Yorker in the Kazan TV play "Rose Marie." In fact she has tackled everything from cockney to north-country accents.

In Michael Bentine's brilliant new rave revue, "Don't Shoot, We're English," she made a big personal hit with her torch-singing of Australian Lance Mulcahy's songs.

Her wardrobe for "Sail Away" was specially made by de Rochelle, English dressmaker for Julie Andrews and the late Marilyn Monroe, in accordance with Maggie's designs.

"Of course, all these are carefully based on Loudon Sainthill's color combinations," she said. "His sets for the show, which Noel Coward commissioned, are magnificent and were a big factor in its London success."

These sets will be used in the Australian production. Maggie flew home for four weeks of rehearsals before "Sail Away" opens on May 24.

Noel Coward is expected in Australia on May 20 to take over production of the show for the last few days and to see the opening.

And, of course, the role meant reunion for Maggie with her family.

Her mother, Mrs. Minnie Fitzgibbon, who lives in Brighton, Victoria, was the greatest encouraging factor in Maggie's career and she longs to see her again.

"And I can't wait to meet my brother

As well, there were Fay, the wife of Maggie's brother Graham, and their two children, Nitia and Mark, whom the actress had never seen.

"It was the kind of homecoming everyone dreams about," she said.

MAGGIE FITZGIBBON, home again in Australia after nine years overseas to play the zany lead role in "Sail Away." She is pictured in one of her costumes.

NOEL COWARD personally chose Australian Maggie Fitzgibbon to star in his musical "Sail Away," which opens in Melbourne on May 24. Coward will be at the premiere.

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NEXT WEEK:

SORAYA'S OWN STORY

Beginning "Soraya Tells . . ." the life story of Princess Soraya, the beautiful young woman who became the Empress of Persia.

She begins by telling how she was frightened of freedom when she resumed a non-royal life after her divorce from the Shah.

She was afraid to face people, to cross the street, to pay for a purchase.

Now 30 and about to begin a film career, the Princess writes of her life from her childhood to the present day.

It's a fascinating story. Don't miss the first instalment.

Princess Soraya

• 36 new hairstyles

From Paris, New York, London, 36 new hairstyles in a four-page section you can take to your hairdresser to copy.

Coin-head coiffure

Newest of all is the rounded, small-head look, but there are up-to-date versions of constant favorites — like the upswept and the whispy — by the world's top hair-stylists.

There's one style — maybe more — to suit your face and you.

• Rick Nelson and his bride

In color on the cover of Teenagers' Weekly, American singer-actor Rick Nelson and his 18-year-old bride, Kris Harmon, after their wedding in California.

• Second appearances

If the refrigerator seems overloaded with bits and pieces of previous meals, don't discard them. Next week, the Leila Howard Test Kitchen gives a variety of sweet and savory recipes to turn already-served-once food into imaginative meals.

• Quizzes for wives and husbands

Next week's Home and Family section features two entertaining and revealing quizzes — "Should You Tell Your Husband Everything?" and a similar test for husbands.

Rod will bring his bride home

By GEORGE McGANN

• Rod Taylor is hoping to honeymoon in Australia after he marries lovely New York model Mary Hilem.

ROD TAYLOR and his fiancee, New York fashion model Mary Hilem. Mary has been likened to Grace Kelly and to Anita Ekberg, who was once engaged to Rod.

"I WOULD love to show Mary what Australia is like," the Australian film star told me on the telephone from his Hollywood studio.

"Luckily I have a commitment to go there to publicise the movie 'Gathering of Eagles,' which I made recently with Rock Hudson. I'll be able to combine business and pleasure."

Rod said he had not set the wedding date, because it hinged on the completion of his current film, "Sunday in New York." He thinks the film should be finished in about six weeks.

Rod stars in "Sunday in New York" with Jane Fonda, daughter of veteran film star Henry Fonda. They shot location scenes for the film in New York City, and have gone to Hollywood for interior scenes.

Willowy blonde

Mary, one of the most successful high-fashion models in New York, accompanied Rod to Hollywood and will stay there until the wedding.

She is a tall, willowy blue-eyed blonde, who has often been mistaken for Grace Kelly. She also bears a facial resemblance to Anita Ekberg, to whom Rod was once briefly engaged.

The wedding will take place "at a small chapel somewhere out in the country, not in Hollywood," Rod told me. The couple will live in Rod's Beverly Hills home.

It is a rambling, two-storey American colonial-style dwelling, furnished with antiques which Rod collected in his travels. Rod, who is a trained artist, has also hung his own oils on the walls. He studied at Sydney Tech. and worked as a scenic artist, creating backdrops for fashion parades for a Sydney department store, before deciding on an acting career.

Mary's younger sister, Joanne, also a New York fashion model, who shared an East Side flat with her, will go to California for the wedding.

"I will be maid-of-honor for Mary," Joanne said.

"I'm terribly excited about it. Rod and Mary met at a Hollywood party a couple of months ago. Apparently they were both immediately smitten. They decided soon after to be married as quickly as possible. But, of course, Rod's film commitments come first."

Both Mary and Joanne are highly clothes-conscious girls, as befits their calling. They are so critical of what they wear when not modelling that they design their own clothes.

"We used to sew many of our clothes until we found a good little dressmaker recently," Joanne told me. "We may end up making Mary's wedding gown.

"We both hate the cliche wedding gown. I saw only one or two wedding gowns in my whole life that I liked, and I can't remember what they looked like."

Mary and Joanne were born and grew up in San Diego, California. Their father is a research chemist, Dr. Henry H. Hilem, who now lives in a New York suburb. Their mother died several years ago and Dr. Hilem has re-married.

They are a musical family. Both Mary and Joanne played flute and saxophone in "The Hilem Family Orchestra," an amateur group their father formed when they were small children.

They are also outdoors-minded. Mary is a fine horsewoman and swimmer. She prefers California to New York, because of the greater opportunity for indulging in these hobbies.

Mary is giving up her career to devote herself completely to the interests of her husband-to-be, who is one of the world's busiest actors in television and films.

Mary once had theatrical ambitions and studied for a while with Lee Strasberg at the famed Actors' Studio in New York City. She has acted in summer stock, but never on Broadway.

Rod Taylor's versatility — he can do comedy, adventure, or romantic parts with equal facility — and rugged Aussie good looks have made him one of the most sought-after actors in the business. And, at 32, his career is just reaching full bloom.

His rise in TV and films has been steady since arriving in America in 1954, on a world trip he won as one of the prizes of the coveted Rola Award as Best Australian Actor of the Year.

His first role in Hollywood was a small one in "The Virgin Queen." But he was noticed in the part and he got other film assignments, notably that of Elizabeth Taylor's fiance in "Giant."

He came to wide public notice, however, as the impetuous bachelor who courted Shirley MacLaine in "Ask Any Girl." This led to his first starring role, in the M.G.M. production of H. G. Wells' classic story, "The Time Machine."

Alongside his film career Rod was busy building a reputation for himself in television.

He starred in three "Playhouse 90" TV dramas, which resulted in a deluge of offers for his own series.

He rejected 19 such offers before succumbing to "Hong Kong," the hour-long series of adventure stories in which he played an American foreign correspondent in the Orient.

Fan mail

His "Yank" accent was faultless. The series was tremendously popular in America and, when it ended, more than 20,000 letters arrived at the studio asking that it be continued.

Rod's own company, Roblor Incorporated, co-produced the "Hong Kong" programme with 20th Century-Fox.

Since finishing the "Hong Kong" series, Rod has portrayed Sir Francis Drake in the film "Seven Seas to Calais," filmed in Italy, starred in the Alfred Hitchcock thriller "The Birds," co-starred with Rock Hudson in "Gathering of Eagles," and played a leading role in the Elizabeth Taylor-Richard Burton film, "The V.I.P.s" (see color pictures, pages 10, 11).

As soon as he finishes "Sunday in New York," Rod hopes to find time somehow for a wedding and a honeymoon in Australia before continuing a busy, busy life before the camera.

Follow Sydney's social life with Nola Dekyvere

• Sydney's leading hostess, Mrs. Nola Dekyvere, goes everywhere and meets everybody.

Whether it's a ball, a garden party, or a fashionable first night, you can be sure that Nola Dekyvere will be there.

You can follow the busy social life of Sydney through her famous diary, "My Week," in the Sunday Telegraph.

Nola Dekyvere keeps YOU in the picture with a day-by-day account of where she goes and the people she meets.

Every woman wants to know what's going on around town; the latest social and fashion news.

There's no surer way of keeping "in the swim" than by reading "My Week" by Nola Dekyvere in the Sunday Telegraph.

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Two sisters lead a roving life

DEPARTING for Bendigo, the Seymour sisters pack the last item—the basket that holds their chihuahuas—into the truck.

AT THE ARCHERY RANGE, which they've taken around Australia, Winnie (left) and Madge Seymour coach two beginner bowmen. The range has collapsible steel walls.

ARCHERY AND OLD LACE

ON THE ROAD. Madge is at the wheel of the 20-year-old truck. She's never had an accident or traffic fine. The caravan is home for the sisters.

● "Arsenic and Old Lace" they call themselves, and you'd never meet another couple like them in a lifetime.

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

THEY'RE the Seymour sisters—Winnie, 65, and Madge, 61—a couple of fast-talking, lovable sideshow women, who as toddlers had the circus arena for their playpen and real horses to ride instead of rocking ones.

They are plump and jolly, and laugh so loudly that their caravan home vibrates.

But don't think there's anything rough, tough, and sawdusty about these sisters.

They're the same sweet sort of spinsters you find counting out lollies for children across the counters of corner stores.

And they love feminine things like fur coats — they have two each—and French perfume.

Actually they should be called "Archery and Old Lace," because archery is their business.

For the past 20 years they have run a travelling sideshow archery range—the only one in Australia.

Time and again they have toured Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, and Western Australia in their three-ton truck and caravan.

Madge drives the truck, loads it, and when necessary repairs it.

The sisters bought it in 1942, and they've done so many miles in it that the speedometer packed up years ago.

To Madge, driving from Melbourne to Brisbane, or from Brisbane to Perth, is just a hop, skip, and jump. Her driving outfit is baggy khaki overalls and shirt and men's boots.

A few weeks back she drove straight to Brisbane from Bendigo, where the sisters had a stand at the annual Easter Fair.

They'll be at the Brisbane Show in August and the Adelaide Show in September.

However, Winnie and Madge feel they're getting past the bow and arrow stage — the heavy packing and lifting of gear, including the collapsible steel archery range, is proving too much for them.

They'll probably swop for something easier, like a fairy-floss stall.

But they'll never leave show business — "We'd rather die on the road than settle down," they said cheerfully.

Both were born on the road when the family circus — Seymour's Circus — was touring Australia from round the turn of the century till 1916.

Wire-walker

Long before they could read or write they were working on the trapeze and Roman rings and doing contortion acts.

Winnie was so small when she learnt to walk the high wire that she could practise on fine piano wire.

Madge can't remember learning to ride a horse, swim, or shoot a gun — she was too young then.

Winnie and a younger sister, Lulu, were stunt-riders. Winnie also partnered Madge on the trapeze.

They had only one accident. In South Australia Madge was swinging beneath Winnie when the centre pole crashed, bringing down the tent. Winnie landed on Madge, but they weren't hurt.

Their mother, a little Welshwoman, made their tights out of men's long underpants and dyed them. In fact, "Mum" made the family's first circus tent—40ft. in diameter—on her hand-sewing machine.

She was a wire-walker in her youth and was famous for her act of walking a ladder with steps made of sharp swords.

Her husband, Harry, born in Newcastle, N.S.W., was a weight-lifter, boxer, song-and-dance man, and horizontal-bar expert.

Winnie and Madge remember fondly their parents' insistence on grace before meals, prayers before bed, and hymns on Sunday — when the family's folding organ was unpacked and mother played for hours.

They have three younger sisters: Ada—married and living in Charleville, Queensland; Lulu—married and living in New Zealand (they visited her recently); and Cassie, who married an American and lives in Germany (they saw her on their world trip last year). Their only brother, Harry, lives in Brisbane.

In waggonettes and on horseback, the family circus bumped along bush tracks in every State. The longest trip was from Cooktown to Adelaide in 1916.

The only real hazards they encountered were floods. Once, at Quilpie in Queensland — the scene of recent floods — they were flood-bound for six weeks.

But floods meant fun for Winnie and Madge. Their favorite pastime was riding a log down a flooded river with father hanging on behind.

After the circus disbanded the family made up a dance band, with the girls playing drums, piano, violin, saxophone, and piano-accordion, and Harry on trumpet. He was vocalist, too.

For 21 years they played for parties, dances, and balls throughout Queensland.

How did Winnie and Madge get into the archery business?

It happened one day when Winnie was reading her stars in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Winnie's star is Sagittarius —the bowman.

Suddenly she had a business brainwave. Why not open an archery range? People love shooting-galleries, and bows and arrows would appeal to them, too.

So Winnie and Madge set up a range in a little arcade shop in Brisbane. Most of their customers were servicemen, including Canadians, Americans, and Englishmen, many of them experts with a bow.

Apple target

That was the funny part—the girls had no idea of archery.

Their customers taught them the business.

Madge soon mastered the art. Even today she can put four out of five arrows into an apple 15 yards away.

Few bowmen can beat her.

Madge says that Ted Cutting, of Melbourne, the current Australian target champion, shot his first arrow on her range at the Royal Melbourne Show many years ago.

He reminded her of this when they met recently.

She taught a crippled Brisbane man in a wheelchair how to use a bow, and later he became a Queensland champion.

Mostly men patronise the range. But women and children like to try, too, and there are smaller bows for them.

Some of the bows customers use cost £35 each. The sisters bought them in England on their world trip—they did 50,000 miles in nine months; left with four cases and came back with 32, most of them crammed with souvenirs.

The thing they like most about running their archery range is that it gives them a chance to teach people something.

They've spent half their lives teaching people to ride, swim, shoot, dance, and play basketball.

The sisters work the Australian show circuit from February to November, averaging one show a week. At Christmas they do the Victorian seaside resorts.

Wherever they go they have dozens of friends to visit.

The caravan, with gay pink stripes down each side, makes a cosy home.

They have a television set, tape-recorder, and record-player.

For company they have two adorable chihuahua dogs, which they once exhibited in their travels as "the tiniest dogs in the world."

There was just one question I HAD to ask Winnie and Madge before I left.

"Have you ever had proposals of marriage?"

They nudged each other and laughed—and Madge answered.

"We've had a few proposals, but we frightened men off with our independence.

"And they didn't want a couple of silly ducks who preferred the open road to a home and family."

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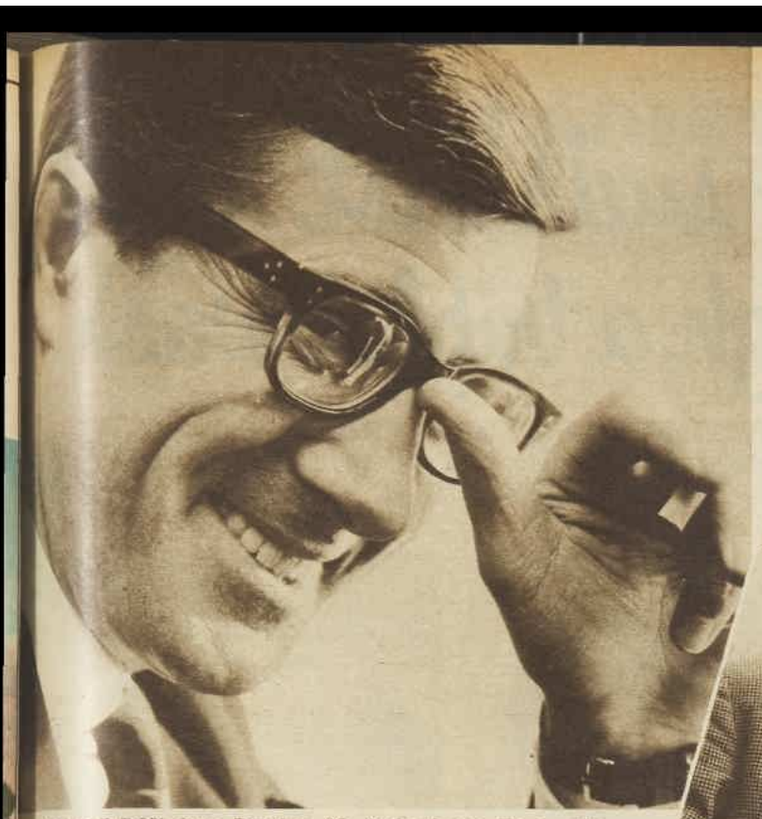
Gene works with the world's top beauties



GLAMOR-BOY Gene Barakat, 39, finds glasses are a male model's best friend. A versatile model, he can be . . .

INFORMAL . . .

SOPHISTICATED . . .

OR CASUAL

Ex-footballer is a model

● Gene Barakat—bachelor, ex-footballer, and leading male model—has met most of the world's top beauties. He thinks that no woman in the world is as attractive as the Australian girl.

From BARBARA LAWSON, in our London office

"AND, in particular, the Sydney girl," said this ruggedly handsome, New Zealand-born Australian.

Gene is quite a connoisseur of glamorous girls.

"I suppose there are about four of us who vie for the place of England's top male model, and we spend our days meeting beautiful women," he told me.

Six-foot-tall, bespectacled Gene Barakat is essentially a businessman — next a footballer, then a male model.

He earns far more by modelling than in business or kicking a football round a field, so he has chosen to make a career out of looking handsome. As a result he makes about as much money as a top pop singer or a Harley Street specialist.

"I've been told I don't look like anybody — yet that I'm like a thousand different people," said Gene. Turning his profile he looked like Cary Grant, though a few moments earlier he might have been Perry Como — or was it Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian?

Pick up any overseas magazine and Gene's face will be in it, either in a romantic clinch with a Parisian model girl wearing a Dior gown or manfully exhaling smoke all over the glossy pages for a top cigarette firm.

"I began modelling quite by accident just after I arrived in Sydney from New Zealand—gosh, it must be 15 years ago — to play for Balmain Rugby League Club," Gene said as we sat overlooking the heated indoor swimming-pool of the luxurious hotel - cum - flats where he lives in London.

"I was working part-time in a sports store in Sydney when a photographer asked me if he could take a few pictures of me. That same day an artist asked me if he could paint me — and I began to think for the first time that I might do photographic modelling in my spare time."

Gene has never modelled in his football jersey or posed as a sportsman.

"It's amazing I've never done it," he said thoughtfully. "I must have been photographed as everything you could think of—except a sporting type.

"I've been husband, boyfriend, father, son, and I've modelled with every age group from babies to glamorous grandmothers."

At first Gene's Australian friends — especially his football mates — used to joke about his modelling career. They thought it "sissy."

"But they got used to the idea after a while," he said.

In Europe and America male modelling is considered a "manly" profession, since its members are generally the handsomest, wealthiest playboys around.

They wine and dine the prettiest women in the country (model girls or not), make regular trips to the Riviera so that they are tanned year in, year out, and are usually experts at shooting and swimming. If one can judge by Gene Barakat they are good conversationalists and charming as well.

"Male models leave all sorts of professions to take on modelling," explained Gene, bronzed after a recent skiing holiday in Austria.

"Here in London most of the fellows start as university students and would-be actors, doing photographic work in their spare time.

"But with experience these part-time jobs earn more money than they would ever make in a full-time professional job. And, anyway, it's such fun," he added.

Because he enjoyed part-time modelling in Sydney, Gene gave up football in 1954. He had played every season for seven years — for Balmain, usually as lock forward, from 1947-1953 and for Eastern Suburbs in 1954.

He also played a couple of seasons in New Zealand, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Barakat, live in Ngaruawahia.

"I was 31 and I was beginning to find the ground was getting harder, the young fellows were running faster, and it was interfering with my social life," he said.

But modelling was still only for pleasure and pin-money, and in 1955 Gene began working for an American organisation in Sydney.

He soon became one of their keenest young business executives.

Two years later his company sent him to England to help start a branch there. He was offered modelling jobs for "Vogue" and other magazines, but he turned them all down because he was too busy.

Back in Australia he devoted the next three years to business and some modelling, until in 1960 he set off for a combined business trip and holiday abroad — with emphasis, he says, on the holiday part of it.

In Australia he had been making £40 and more per week from modelling — as much as a top female model.

"I took three months to get to London via the Continent," said Gene. "It was quite an eventful trip, as I struck Rome for the Olympics — and nearly married a Swedish girl I'd met when she was doing fashion parades in Australia."

He hired the best model agency in London and work began to pour in — not only from English magazines and manufacturers but from Continental agencies.

"I'd done a lot of compering in Australia, so I took that on as well," he said. "I also do a lot of commercial work on television here."

If glasses hinder the looks of a pretty girl, Gene has proved that they can be a man's best friend.

A recent story in a London daily newspaper told how Gene had started a new trend for heavy horn-rimmed glasses.

"I wear contact lenses," he told me. "But most of the time they ask me to wear glasses, so I do.

"When a man looks at a fellow's picture in a magazine he doesn't want that chap to be over-handsome—otherwise he'd never be able to say to himself: 'I could easily look like him.'

"I think that's how a male model should look. Just like any ordinary guy . . . and glasses help me to look that way."

Gene's wardrobe would be the envy of any "ordinary guy," but despite a large collection of sports and evening wear he's generally seen in turtleneck sweater and cords.

"I go to parties and to the theatre in casual clothes —sweater and trousers. Girls know me and dress accordingly," he explained.

His advice to men on clothes: "Be individual. Men shouldn't be dictated to by fashion as women are."

He has noticed a common factor among well-dressed women the world over.

"They arrive at a party under-dressed rather than over-dressed," he said. "They look so good you hardly notice what they wear."

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"Rinso suds last right through a triplet wash..

. . . and that's *something!*" says busy Mrs. Clarke. "A wash for two-year-old triplets needs *really* rich suds. So it's Rinso for me. There's nothing half-hearted about Rinso suds!"

RINSO TALKS WITH MRS. R. CLARKE OF HAWTHORNDENE ADELAIDE.

"Dad thinks they're little angels — he doesn't have to wash for them! It doesn't take them long to get his nice white shirt grubby. But never mind. Rinso suds get shirts and sheets wonderfully white again."

"Those three little monkeys keep me hopping — but I'm really very proud of them. I suppose that's why I rely on Rinso suds to keep their clothes so bright and fresh-looking."

"Three lots of everything — as well as an ordinary wash! I feel as if I need *three* hands on wash day. Thank heavens Rinso suds are so good at coping with a big wash."

The richer the suds the whiter and brighter the wash and

...Rinso has the richest suds of all!

No wonder Rinso is Australia's most popular washing powder. Mrs. Clarke — like most Australian housewives — gets extra whiteness, extra brightness in her wash because she knows the value of good rich suds. The richer the suds the whiter and brighter the wash, and Rinso has the richest suds of all.

The ONLY product recommended by the makers of ALL washing machines

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First Secretary of Australia

● Australia's First Secretary, Miss Jeanette Mackie, of Sydney, was only 16 when she started her present position as private secretary to a managing-director.

MISS MACKIE, 23, of Leichhardt, won the nation-wide contest run by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, backed by top business firms, to find the "First Secretary of Australia."

The prize was two round-the-world Qantas air tickets and a £100 wardrobe from Gordern Bros., Sydney.

First Secretaries were chosen in each State and brought to Sydney for the national final of what judges described as "the toughest national quest ever for women."

The judges were Mr. G. W. Renwick and Miss Amelia Allen, of the Australian Institute of Management in Sydney; Mr. Jim Briggs, president of the Sydney Junior Chamber of Commerce; Mr. A. G. Moves, managing-director of I.B.M. in Australia; Professor J. F. Clark, head of the School of Applied Psychology at the University of N.S.W.; Miss June Dally-Watkins, head of a Sydney model agency; and actor Mr. John Unicomb.

Besides Miss Mackie (N.S.W.), the finalists were:

Victoria: Miss Elizabeth Paterson, 25, of Ivanhoe, private secretary to the Commercial Officer of the American Consulate-General.

Australian Capital Territory: Mrs. Dawn Searle, 27, of O'Connor, secretary to the Canberra manager of a life-insurance company.

South Australia: Mrs. Carlene Coates, 24, of Osborneville, secretary to the director of an Adelaide timber-importing firm.

Tasmania: Mrs. Olga Chalmers, of Kingston, private secretary to Mr. M. G. Doyle, Council Clerk of Kinborough.

Queensland: Mrs. Brenda Green, of Holland Park, who works for a wholesale engineering firm in Woolloongabba, Brisbane.

Western Australia: Mrs. Pamela McRae, 22, of Nedlands, private secretary to the deputy-director of the Petroleum Information Bureau, Perth.

Northern Territory: Mrs. Marjorie Pott, of Darwin, bookkeeper-secretary to a Darwin firm of solicitors.

They were awarded prizes to the value of £150 each and the interstate winners were sponsored on two trips to Sydney—for the national judging on April 23 and for the announcement of the "First Secretary" on May 14.

State winners had to survive a rigorous, three-hour technical examination to assess their abilities in shorthand, typing, and setting-out letters.

In one section of the tests five letters were dictated at 120 words per minute for six minutes.

The entrants then had to type back the letters ready for mailing.

This was followed by a non-technical judging of dress, personality, tact, poise, and speech.

Discussions

Before the national judging the State finalists sat for a two-hour aptitude test.

Then, smartly dressed for the office, they sat on a row of chairs facing the judges. They were asked to hold open discussions among themselves to test their knowledge of current affairs.

The topics introduced to them were: "Do you think the United Nations has achieved its purpose?" and "Is Australia's future completely linked with Asia?"

Then came individual interviews. For about 20 minutes each finalist was asked searching questions about her company, its policies, her work, and her thoughts on more general subjects, such as books, travel, etc.

While the personal interviews were taking place, the other finalists relaxed in another room and chatted about their jobs, their families, and the contest.

They voted trim suits and dresses, neat hairdos, and one or two pieces of simple jewellery correct attire for a secretary.

A couple of the finalists wear uniforms, and believe that this sets a good example to other members of a staff who must wear them. But the others disagreed, and said that secretaries should be dressed more smartly to meet the public.

● Jeanette Mackie, 23, of Leichhardt, N.S.W., the First Secretary of Australia.

The finalists certainly approve of working wives. Six of the eight State First Secretaries are married, three with young children.

The finalists said the contest had been "a lot of fun," yet much more testing than they had expected.

When the contest opened, the judges admitted that their individual requirements for a perfect secretary added up to "a big order." So their final choice had to be a "Girl Friday" to satisfy them all.

Although she agreed with the other finalists that experience was an asset for a good secretary, Miss Mackie left school just before she was 15, studied shorthand and typing for a year at business college, and then became secretary to the sales manager of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Ltd. in Sydney.

"I just didn't realise the responsibility at first," she said. "And I was so confident — it frightens me just to think of it now."

During a year of working with the sales manager, she sometimes relieved the secretary to the managing-director. Later, she took over the job full-time, and has held it for seven years.

Always quite tall, Miss Mackie (5ft. 8in. now) said she looked older than 16.

"But I did seem so young," she said, "to be taking dictation for the overseas directors who visited our company."

As a perfect secretary, Miss Mackie has these requirements for the perfect boss:

"He must be able to confide in you, to make quick decisions, and to be a man you respect and admire."

STATE WINNERS, front, from left: Miss Elizabeth Paterson (Vic.), Mrs. Olga Chalmers (Tas.), Mrs. Carlene Coates (S.A.), Mrs. Dawn Searle (A.C.T.). Back: Mrs. Pamela McRae (W.A.), Mrs. Brenda Green (Qld.), Mrs. Marjorie Pott (N.T.), and Jeanette.

Gardener in the Savile Row suits

● Retired businessman Ernest Millward surveys the garden he has made at the own-your-own flats in Toorak, Vic.

● The gardener at a block of flats in Toorak, Vic., usually dresses in a Savile Row suit and trilby hat, and drives an expensive red car.

ERNEST MILLWARD is the gardener, but he is also one of the unit-owners at Remy Court, Malvern Road.

A retired estate agent, Mr. Millward is a dapper 60-odd with grey guardsman-type moustache and slicked-down hair. He started the garden "to make flat life happier and more homely."

And it has, say the other flat-dwellers in the three-storey block, who can see the garden from their balconies.

Gardens at most flats consist of a few shrubs and a handkerchief-size lawn. But Remy Court looks like a small corner of the Botanical Gardens.

Beds 3ft. deep and 100ft. long run along the drive and in front of the flats.

You'd need a microscope to find a weed.

It took Mr. Millward three months to get his present show of hundreds of marigolds, bonfire salvia, and petunias in graduated banks, bordered with miniature marigolds.

Everyone in the flats chips in for the cost of seed, plants, and fertilisers — but no one picks the blooms.

If they did it would mean gaps in the beds. And, according to Mr. Millward, a good display should not have an inch of soil showing.

The garden at his former home at Kew was also a crowd-stopper. In fact, a gardening expert passed one day and was so taken with it that he wrote about it in his newspaper.

The same year Mr. Millward won a Melbourne-wide competition for "The man who does his own gardening."

When his wife died and he sold their home, Mr. Millward felt he must have a garden.

He moved to the flats two years ago, and almost overnight was appointed official honorary gardener.

"I was glad to have something to do," he said, "and now I spend an hour a day pottering around keeping everything tidy and well watered.

"After 35 years of practice I suppose you could almost call me a professional."

Mr. Millward also does his own housework and cooking. Gardening is only a hobby—or, to be more precise, one of many. He is also devoted to horse-racing, cricket, and football.

Flat-life also keeps Mr. Millward busy. He answers cries for help when sinks are blocked, lights are fused, or something needs mending.

He has a workshop in his garage, and recently made fly-wire screens for many of the flats.

As his neighbors say: "It's so nice to have a man like Ern around the flats."

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR and Richard Burton have just finished making their second co-starring film, "The V.I.P.s."

Much of the action takes place in the V.I.P. Lounge at London Airport, where millionaires, politicians, and film stars wait for their flights to all parts of the world.

The film consists of a series of stories about the passengers and the reasons that have brought them together to make a transatlantic flight.

Richard Burton plays a shipping magnate, Paul Andros, at the airport to farewell his wife, Frances (Elizabeth Taylor), who he believes is going on a Jamaican holiday.

She is, in fact, planning to leave him and go to New York with a penniless playboy, played by the French actor Louis Jourdan.

Things become complicated when the plane is delayed by a fog and all the V.I.P. passengers are taken to a hotel for an overnight stay.

Each passenger has an urgent reason for wishing to leave the country, and this delay alters the lives of them all.

Other stars in the film are Rod Taylor, Orson Welles, Elsa Martinelli, Margaret Rutherford, and Maggie Smith. Terence Rattigan wrote the screenplay.

M.G.M. will release the film simultaneously in 22 Australian theatres on September 5.

QUARREL. Frances' marriage to the millionaire had never been happy. Sickened by his cheque-book generosity, she became hysterical during a violent quarrel and shattered a door mirror, cutting her arm.

APPREHENSION. In this scene from "The V.I.P.s" the shipping millionaire's wife, Frances (Elizabeth Taylor), has just hung up the telephone at London Airport after trying in vain to reach her husband, Paul Andros (Richard Burton). She knows now that he has probably found the note she left telling him she has run away with another man — and she is afraid because the departure of her plane has been delayed.

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TAYLOR-BURTON DRAMA

LOVER. *Marc Champselle (Louis Jourdan), the penniless but charming Frenchman with whom Frances intends to run away, talks with her as they wait at the airport.*

RICHARD BURTON, the brilliant Welsh actor, as the too-busy tycoon.

ADNESS. *In bed nursing her injured arm after the quarrel with her husband, Frances reflected that although he had given her everything money could buy he had no capacity for affection.*

AT RIGHT: After reading his wife's note, Paul rushes back to the airport to beg her to give him another chance. Frances knows now that her husband really loves her.

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Actresses should learn to type

Until her name goes up in lights a girl has to eat!

THE Royal Academy of Dramatic Art is the Mecca for every young actor and actress in the English-speaking world.

A list of former students has Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton, Coral Browne, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Lockwood rubbing shoulders with comparative newcomers like Tom Courtenay, Albert Finney, Susannah York, and Peter O'Toole.

Three Australians set a national record this year, winning three of the four full-time R.A.D.A. scholarships available with maintenance grants.

The three, Margaret Mewkill, Briony Hodge, and Ron Owen, were among 200 applicants who auditioned. Eighty sought scholarships.

The Australians had spent their savings on the trip to England, so they needed either a full grant or an outside job to study at the Academy.

Margaret Mewkill, 22, dark and good-looking, was a professional actress before she arrived in England. She had worked with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust from 1959, starting as an assistant stage manager and understudy during the Trust's Tasmanian tour with "Fire on the Wind," "Man and Superman," and "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

Old Vic

In 1960 she had small roles in the Trust productions of "Rape of the Belt," "Murder in the Cathedral," "The Hostage," and "Ah Wilderness!"

Meanwhile she picked up television experience doing commercials and children's programme dramas for the A.B.C.

In June, 1961, she auditioned for J. C. Williamson's production of "The Sentimental Bloke." Instead of getting a part she was asked if she would like to try for a walk-on with the Old Vic Company.

Next thing she knew, she was lined up with 20 others in front of Robert Helpmann in the green room of the Theatre Royal, Sydney.

"I did the queen's speech from 'Cymbeline.' When Mr. Helpmann nodded, all I could say was 'Does that mean I've got it?'"

When Margaret Courtenay left the cast after the Australian run, the second Margaret moved into a small part in "Camille" with good understudy roles in the other two plays, and toured New Zealand.

The Company wanted to take her to South America, but budgeting prevented that, so Margaret returned to Sydney.

"For the next six months I worked liked mad and saved to pay for my boat ticket to England," she said. "Some members of the Old Vic had been very kind and promised to help me when I arrived.

"Even Vivien Leigh said that I should get in touch with her. But when I landed last September she was just finishing rehearsals for her Broadway musical, 'Tovarich,' and there wasn't time for her to do anything."

Margaret did two weeks' repertory in Plymouth in October, then until her R.A.D.A. grant started she took temporary jobs in offices and shops.

"Knowing how to type should be a 'must' for every

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

would-be actress," she said. "Not that I like office work—a job I had in a record shop was more fun — but there is nothing more demoralising than being out of work just because you can't type."

The first entrance examination for the Royal Academy came up in November.

"I knew the full grants only went to two girls and two boys, and it all looked pretty hopeless — there were 200 applicants," she said.

"Without that £5 a week maintenance which went with the full grant I knew that I would never be able to make it. The R.A.D.A. course covers lectures and classes by day, and there is so much evening study and rehearsing that there is no time for a part-time job."

Even with scholarship fees paid, £5 a week is not much to live on in London. Margaret solved the rent problem when she found a rooming house which had a switchboard.

"I learned to work the switch, and now I do two afternoons in the weekend and one evening a week on telephone duty in return for a free room," she said. "I often learn lines while I'm working at the switchboard."

Briony Hodge, 21, has also worked with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust. She won "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" Scholarship (now called the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Scholarship) to the National Institute of Dramatic Art in Sydney two years ago, and completed her training there.

THREE AUSTRALIANS (from left) Briony Hodge, Ron Owen, and Margaret Mewkill, who have won scholarships to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

"I did an audition for the Old Vic when I arrived in England, and just knew that I had done it badly," she said.

"I had done a little professional work in Australia, and appeared in 'Volpone' at the Adelaide Festival of Arts. But as soon as I took a look around London I knew that it wasn't enough."

Briony plans to do her two-year course at R.A.D.A. and then try to get into a repertory company for two more years before returning to Australia.

So does Ron Owen, who, at 30, is the veteran of the group. Ron went into theatre from advertising, and spent three years producing TV commercials in Sydney.

With Harold Bennett, a scriptwriter at radio station 2CH, he founded the Australian Christian Theatre Guild, which produced religious plays at the Chapter House at St. Andrew's Cathedral. With this group he did his first acting and stage production.

"Saved madly"

Their "Christ in the Concrete City" toured Melbourne and Canberra, and had a Sydney season before being televised. "I also worked with the Pocket Playhouse, the Independent Theatre, and the Ensemble Theatre in the Round," Ron said. "All this was good preparation, but not enough.

"During my years in television I saved like mad until I felt that I had enough to make the big trip."

Ron's first stop was in Townsville, where he spent six months making television films for an American producer. Then he went to Europe via Djakarta, Singapore, India.

"I made straight for Rome, hoping to land a film job, but 'Cleopatra' was just finished, so after seven weeks I moved on.

"I spent so long in Europe that I arrived in England literally without a single penny. I had to borrow fourpence to telephone a friend who could put me up until I had a job."

Ron did some acting in TV commercials, then worked as a handyman for London County Council.

"Then I joined an agency which finds cleaning jobs for out-of-work actors. This eventually took me to Tom Courtenay's flat."

Tom, who is one of the most successful young actors R.A.D.A. has trained in the last decade, advised Ron to try for an R.A.D.A. scholarship.

Ron still does a few cleaning jobs for pocket-money.

The principal and administrator of R.A.D.A., John Fernald, had no idea that Margaret, Briony, and Ron were Australians until after they had been awarded their scholarships.

"I think that Australians are so successful in the theatre because they lack inhibition," he said.

"They have a speed and discipline in their work which seems to be a national characteristic, and which every actor needs.

"They master English regional accents quicker than students from this country. They have a natural flexibility in their voices."

SOCIAL

THIRTY of Sydney's most glamorous young hostesses will entertain 400 of their country and city friends at a formal "at home" which will be held at Hawthornden, the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Pixley, of Woollahra, on June 1.

The girls, who include Elizabeth Pixley, Christine Bridge, Primrose Moss, Simone Pirenne, Wendy Jackett, Thea Carruthers, Susan Buchanan, and Jill Crago, are all members of the Eastern Suburbs committee and are arranging the evening to aid the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children.

The guests will dance to the strains of Continental music till the early hours of the morn in a large marquee decorated with white bird-cages entwined with pale green, yellow, and white paper roses.

There will also be a simply fabulous supper cooked by the hostesses. The piece de resistance, Turkey Pascagoula, sounds absolutely delicious. It's basted in wine and filled with peanuts. The dish is named after a little town just outside New Orleans. Committee member Susan Lucy found the recipe at Pascagoula two years ago on her way home from London, where she studied for her advanced certificate in Italian and French cooking at the Cordon Bleu School.

★ ★ ★

DURING her brief stay in Sydney, en route to Melbourne, Lady Delacombe, wife of the new Governor of Victoria, told me that the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Colthurst, the elder daughter of the Governor-General (Lord De L'Isle), would be visiting Canberra later this year.

★ ★ ★

THERE'LL be champagne cocktails at midnight at the super Italian dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. George Royle will give on May 18 to celebrate the 21st birthday of their daughter Judith. Beautiful bowls of red and gold berries will decorate their Vaucluse home, which will be floodlit with multi-colored lights. A birthday telegram from Judith's brother, Ron, who is touring Europe, will be read before the toasts and speeches.

★ ★ ★

MANY Australian friends will be present when country girl Sondra McNeil Sedgwick, of Casino, marries Howard Griffiths, of Swansea, Wales, at Richmond, Surrey, England, on July 6. Sondra, who went to England 18 months ago on a working holiday, will be given away by a "long-lost relation," Mr. Stephen Drummond Sedgwick, of Ferthshire, Scotland. She met him by chance when she was hiking through Scotland last year. Judy Hamilton, of Bathurst, will be bridesmaid. After the wedding, Sondra and Howard, who has graduated as a Master of Philosophy from Trinity College, Oxford, will live in a flat at Richmond. They hope to make a flying visit to Australia to see Sondra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. T. Sedgwick, at the end of the year.

★ ★ ★

PLANS for a New Year wedding are being discussed by kindergarten school teacher Heather Sendall and Anthony Rogers, who have announced their engagement. Heather, who is wearing a sparkling diamond solitaire engagement ring, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Sendall, of Goulburn. Her fiance is the youngest son of Mrs. W. J. Rogers, of Penzance, Cornwall, England, and of the late Mr. Rogers.

★ ★ ★

FROM London comes news that Victor and Moira de la Fontaine have named their infant daughter Michele Yvette. Moira's mother, Mrs. Laurence Ellis, of Double Bay (who plans to visit the trio next year), has had a letter from Moira—saying Victor dashed off and bought her a diamond eternity ring to celebrate Michele's arrival.

— Ita Buttrose

JUST WED. Mr. Alan Anderson, of "Lower Lila," Bourke, and his bride, formerly Miss Helen Stephenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stephenson, of "Ningawalla," Bourke, who entertained at the Pickwick Club after the ceremony at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Anderson, of "Pine Ridge," Weetangerra.

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ROUNDABOUT

CHEERY TRIO. The president of the United Nations Junior Set, Mr. Brian Sachs, chatting with Miss Robyn Taylor and Miss Anne Michaletz (centre) at the Junior Set's fifth anniversary ball at the Rex Hotel, Potts Point. Streamers, emblems, and balloons in the blue-and-white colors of the United Nations decorated the ballroom, which was lit by candles.

SMILES from Mr. Iain Macdonald, of Collaroy, and his bride, formerly Miss Joan Alexander, of East Lindfield, pictured on their arrival at the reception at the Australia Hotel following their wedding last week at St. Alban's Church of England, Lindfield.

ABOVE: Alderman and Mrs. Bill Northam with their daughter, Mrs. Jimmy Graham, admiring the Race Officials Trophy which was presented to Alderman Northam at the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club's annual ball at Princes. His yacht Jazzer won the Club's ocean race to Warriewood. The Club Commodore (Mr. J. K. Cutler) and Mrs. Cutler welcomed more than 310 guests at the function.

ABOVE: From left, Mrs. T. B. Giam, Mrs. Dong Whan Lee, wife of the Korean Ambassador, Mrs. K. S. Kodrat, and Lady Coles at the luncheon-fashion parade arranged by the Forget-Me-Not Committee at Chevron Hilton Hotel to aid N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.

RECENTLY ENGAGED. Miss Barbara Pizzey and her fiance, Mr. Richard Gibb. After their marriage at the end of the year they will sail to England, where they will make their home for two years. Miss Pizzey is wearing a diamond-and-sapphire engagement ring.

AT LEFT: Mr. Tony Stephenson and Miss Lynne Conley with Miss Maria Beswick and Mr. Jim Momsen (couple on right) at the Our Lady of the Sacred Heart College, Kensington, Ex-Students' Ball at the Trocadero. Miss Conley and Miss Beswick were among debutantes.

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Pope recommend RINSO

Pope experts know that Mrs. Holmes will get the best washing results possible when she uses Rinso. The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash . . . and Rinso has the richest suds of all.

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take the miles in STYLE

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Hat case — £7.19.6. . . Blouse case 24" — £8.19.6. . . Frock case £16.9.6. Sydney retail prices quoted. Slightly higher interstate.

LOOK FOR THE **AUSTRALIAN MADE** LABEL

Worth Reporting

ALTHOUGH visiting A. B. C. celebrity artist Tibor Varga has 20 violins, he usually takes only two on tour.

But at Townsville, Qld., recently he encountered a problem which was new in his 25 years' experience as a concert violinist. And found himself wishing he had brought a third violin.

The humid climate had softened the glue in his instruments, so he switched the fingerboards from one to the other and cut down the bridge accordingly on the one he was to play. But the bridge proved too low.

"No bridge in the town!" he told us expressively. "And no time to send many miles away for one!" (He would have had to wait for one from Brisbane, more than 1000 miles away.)

Tibor Varga.

So Mr. Varga wedged tiny pieces of wood under the bridge—and no doubt held his breath that they stayed in place during his performance. (They did.)

"I did not realise before how big your country is, and what long distances between your towns," he said.

"I think it is because when I was at school they had a map of Italy on one page, then a map of Britain on another page — same size — then a map of Australia on another—same size . . .!"

Mr. Varga will have covered much of Australia's vast area by the time he finishes his concert tour at the end of July. He will visit five States, playing in all capital cities and many provincial areas.

★ ★ ★

A FILM star who embellishes her eyebrows with sequins — stuck on with glue — gives these directions for putting them to use when there's a man around:

"First look directly at him, hold it for three seconds, then lower your eyes slowly, looking out from beneath your lashes at him. Next flash your eyes quickly and see if he's still looking at you."

We suspect he'll be looking, all right—with HIS eyebrows up near his hairline!

Trees in the wall

WHEN the Sydney City Council made a request on the lines of "Woodman, spare that tree" (only in business parlance, of course) to the firm responsible for demolition and rebuilding in Bligh Street, Sydney, the builders co-operated.

The scaffolding in front of the site was cut and built around protruding limbs so they did not have to be lopped, and the corrugated iron forming the roof of the scaffolding was similarly cut for the trunks.

Three sturdy branches have since been growing through neat holes in the white-painted facade.

The trees — European nettles (Celtis) — form a lacy archway along the Bligh Street pavement.

★ ★ ★

RECRUITING an air hostess must have peculiar difficulties in some parts of the world.

These were our reflections ever since we heard that in Saudi Arabia girls can be employed on aircraft only if they are accompanied by fathers, sons, and brothers, wear veils at all times, and have as chaperons persons over the age of 21.

Schoolboys' "new" shoes

THE centuries-old winkle-pickers unearthed by builders working on renovations to Number 10 Downing Street and nearby buildings made us wonder if the fashion fight between schoolboys and headmasters was really new.

The pointed-toe shoe, according to the Society of Antiquaries, dates from 1470.

As Eton was founded by Henry VI in 1440, we wondered if students then had the same battle about modish footwear.

But when we read that Eton was founded for "poor and indigent scholars" we realised that the 15th century scholarship boys wouldn't have entered the fashion race.

The fads would have been reserved for women and the gentlemen of the Court.

● ***In Bligh Street, Sydney, tree branches grow through the scaffolding.***

IN London would-be artists who "improve" advertising posters have little hope of impressing the public with their talent.

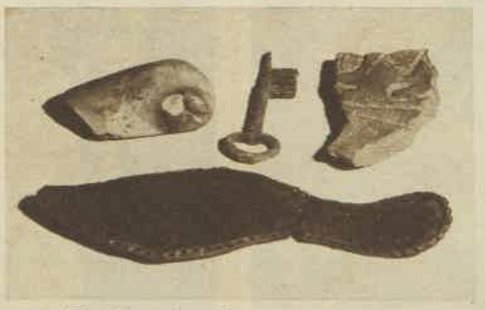
Transport inspectors make daily checks, noting such details as "moustache on lady" or "spectacles on Porgy and Bess." One film star recently had an elaborate scar with stitches added to her pictured face.

But within 24 hours of the inspectors' check, poster repairs or replacements are made.

Australian towns and cities have their crops of poster faces embellished with beards and spectacles, of course. And they frequently stay that way for a long time.

Recently we saw some film boards at Kings Cross, Sydney, that had a truly novel touch.

All the film stars had glittering gilt drawing-pin pupils added to their eyes. The effect was really most peculiar.



● ***Winkle-picker shoe worn around A.D. 1470, and (top) a flint axehead of about 3000 B.C.; a medieval key; a Roman tile . . . some of the secrets unearthed in Downing Street, London.***

The vanishing swagman

A FRIEND just returned from a motoring trip laments the loss of the swagie. "We didn't see one," she said. "It's progress, of course, but it's sad."

In a recent B.B.C. broadcast, Jim Phelan, himself a veteran tramp who has also done a good deal of radio work, talked about the diminishing numbers of tramps in Britain.

"There are only about 1200 now," he said, "who persist in the old way of life dating back to the time when wandering entertainers — the tramp story-tellers — were the only link between communities."

Every human being, he said, knew the powerful pull to go away somewhere, anywhere—just to drift off at random hoping for good luck. Right down the ages there were always some who found it too powerful to resist. The Prodigal Son in the Bible was one.

And in Mr. Phelan's view, Homer, the father of literature, was a tramp, possibly unable to read or write, "just drifting around among the villages of ancient Greece telling his stories of the road and the sea."

He dismissed as insulting the general feeling that the Englishman who "followed the road" today was only looking for work and charity from the people he met.

"The tramp isn't unemployed; he's working at his trade. He's meeting people, telling stories, and bringing a breath of the road, of distant places, and of freedom."

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The whole truth and nothing but

ELVIS PRESLEY

● Every time I go out on the town Twisting, I make a silent apology to Elvis Presley. I realise that I'm indulging in the same gyrations that pushed Sir Swivel Hips to fame.

Fifth instalment of Hedda Hopper's story

I TOLD him in a note not long ago: "You'll be surprised to know that I'm now doing the Twist. Not as well as you, but I'm doing it. I have taken one inch off my waist and two off my derriere. Now I know how you keep so thin."

When I originally saw the act I was horrified. I said so, loud and clear.

Elvis was rolling around on the stage floor of the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Hollywood with his arms and legs wrapped around the microphone.

Nine thousand teens shrieked with excitement as he wriggled, jiggled, and bumped, and six husky policemen looked the other way.

At the crucial point, from my front-row seat for opening night, I saw him give his bandsmen a broad wink that spoke volumes.

The policemen's job was to keep the hands of the audience off the boy. He's been manhandled so often by his frantic fans that he's scared he'll be torn to shreds some day, suffering the same fate as his shirts and suits.

"If anyone comes down the aisle," the loudspeakers announced, "Elvis will go off stage and not come back."

Skull-cracker

In his gold jacket and white lapels, he twisted and writhed for an hour, belting out the skull-cracking repertoire.

It was like a neighbor of ours back home who had fits, fell down, and squirmed on the sidewalk. Mother told me it was an illness and I wasn't to be upset. I hadn't heard then about epilepsy.

The day after I saw Elvis' act, the Los Angeles police told him to clean it up and tone it down. That night the six cops had their backs to the audience to make sure he did.

I'd said my piece in the column: "Every muscle jerks as though he were a marionette. I've seen performers dragged off to gaol for less. But Elvis' audience got the emotional impact of the lines and screamed their undying love for the greatest phenomenon I've seen in this century."

Time passed, but it doesn't necessarily heal all the wounds.

When Norman Taurog, who directed Elvis in "G.I. Blues," came up with the idea that his star and I should get together for luncheon, I fancied Presley might be tempted to swat me.

"He isn't what you expect," Norman promised, so I went along, ready to keep my guard up.

I've seldom been more mistaken about anybody. I hadn't been with Elvis five minutes when we were cosy as old pals who've been dragged apart and have a lot of talking to make up.

"I'm one of those who felt you were a menace to young people who imitate you without realising what they —or you—are doing."

I must have sounded defensive.

He smiled. "I gathered that. You can't make everyone like you, but I try."

He toyed with a container of yoghurt, a cup of black coffee—nothing more.

I remembered how he used to lunch on a huge mound of mashed potatoes and a bowl of gravy, meat, tomatoes, a quart of milk, with half a dozen slices of thickly buttered bread to top it off.

Two years in the Army had brought many changes. I found that out when I talked with his commanding officer in Berlin.

"I'd be happy if I had 10,000 more like him," said the C.O.

Elvis got only £A5 a month of his £A62 Army pay because it was subject to 91 per cent. tax.

Dream stuff

But the trade in Presley souvenirs—a fantastic assortment of shirts, slacks, ties, statues, masks, records, and sheet music — brought in £A1,250,000 while he was out of civilian circulation.

He is one of the few new faces in our industry who have been promoted into a living legend, and we need dream stuff like Elvis to survive.

He owes his reputation to the labors of "Colonel" Tom Parker, the old-time circus hand, who isn't above peddling photographs and programmes at Elvis' personal appearances to boost the take.

He and his wife are childless; he is quick to say he loves Elvis like a son.

The "colonel," with eyes like ball-bearings and a mind like a bear trap, acts the part of the hick from the sticks in business dealings.

"I only went to fifth grade," is his line, "so I have to go slow."

Elvis' role is to create the impression of the country boy whose head is still awhirling from the bedazzling luck that's befallen him.

"Sometimes a silly tale starts a lot of repercussions," he told me. "Once I was out at the beach with some fellows throwing baseballs at milk bottles lined up in a booth. I kept on winning teddy bears, and I gave them to the kids that gathered round.

"Then somebody printed a story that I owned a collection of teddy bears. Ever since then they've been coming in from all over the world.

"I've got an attic full of them at my home in Graceland, Memphis. All kinds of bears, some in dinner suits, some dressed like me with guitars strapped to them. It's fantastic."

Elvis is an identical twin whose brother died at birth. His mother, who could bear no more children after that, died in 1958.

That combination of circumstances may go toward explaining his built-in fears of being left alone, which keeps a hand-picked group of wiry young men, roughly his own age, constantly with him as companions, bodyguards, chauffeurs, and partners in judo, a pastime he picked up in the Army.

The group includes his cousin, Gene Smith, an Army buddy from Chicago, and boyhood pals from Memphis. If they're temporarily unwanted in his company, they melt away in the flick of an eye.

The "colonel," drawing on his circus experience, has seen to it that nobody has ever been hurt in any of the public melees that have a habit of building up around Elvis.

Hires a rink

But it makes for a secluded private life. When Elvis is in the mood to roller-skate, another hobby, he escapes the crowds by hiring an entire rink for the evening.

He drops in at nightclubs with his little gang and their dates only after the lights have dimmed for the floor show, and he leaves in a hurry if he is recognised.

The same routine applies to his movie-going. He sits in the last row and high-tails out if anybody stops by to stare.

Every time he leaves his rented Hollywood home for the studio, he and his companions travel in two Cadillacs, one driven hard on the tail of the other.

The same compulsion for protection from who knows what sometimes results in his being delivered to an auditorium or arena where he is singing in a moving van, lying on a couch.

Sooner or later, he says, he hopes to be a good actor. It looks as though he'll have to pick up his training in front of the cameras as Gary Cooper and many others did.

Before I met him, I had an earful of Elvis one day from Natalie Wood. She was tough, very young, starry-eyed and burningly ambitious. All the beaus were trying to date her — Nicky Hilton, Lance Reventlow, Jimmy Dean, and as many more.

But she was crazy for

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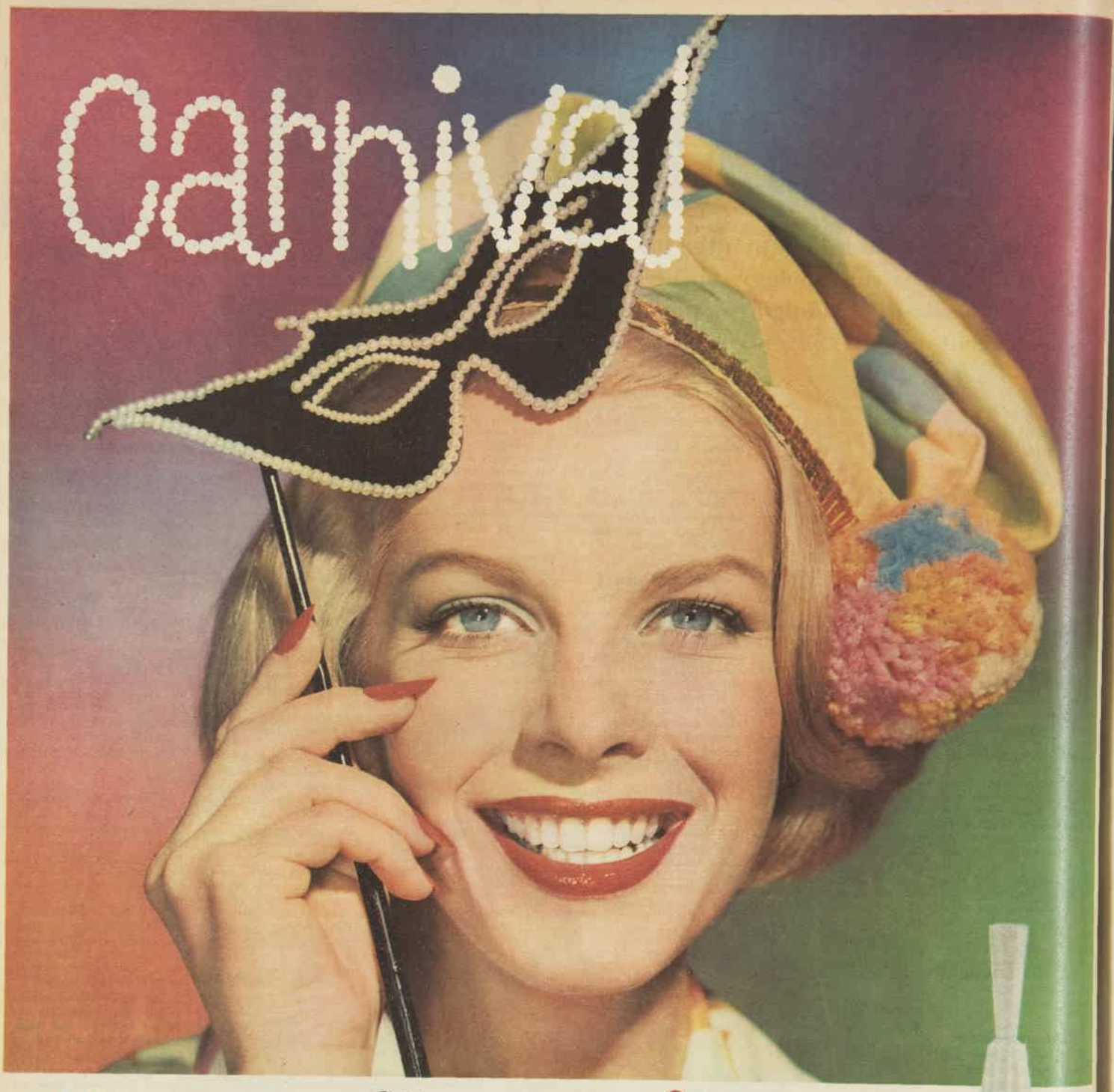

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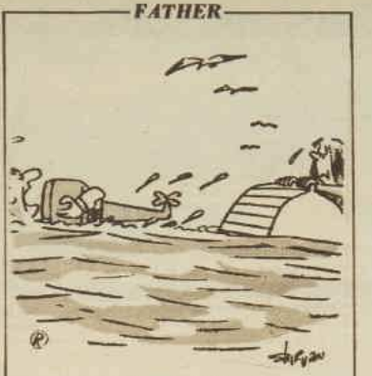

"I'll be right back."

MOTHER

"Please, please, PLEASE will you hurry up and get ready for school!"

It seems to me

By

USUALLY I don't waste sighs bemoaning a woman's lot, but whoever heard of a man spending a fine Saturday turning up a hem?

A black faille hem at that, 86 inches in circumference. The dress, perfectly good but treacly by current standards, had been hanging unworn for months.

Some artists have to wait for inspiration. I have the same feeling about tasks like sewing, and it hit me on a beautiful, sunny day.

Off with the comfortable weekend clothes, into high heels and stockings and the dress. Splendid! All it needs is the full hem turned up again. Haul off dress, and pin hem. (It never occurred to me that lace pins must be meant for lace. They bend when you shove them through lined faille.)

Try on, haul off again, switch on radio, listen to races, and stitch, stitch, stitch.

Get out ironing board and press. Stiffe uneasy feeling that garment now resembles doll's dress. Hang on wall, get back into comfortable clothes, try to forget all about it.

Night must fall—and does. Switch on TV. Still uneasy. Back into stockings and shoes once more.

Perhaps it will do—but it won't. I recall Fashion Editor's words on similar mistake last summer. "Yes, I know I said it was too long, but I didn't say it should show the back of the knees."

Choke impulse to throw dress out window. Instead, lay it on floor and find tape-measure. Skirt needs to come down an inch, and for technical reasons this is more difficult than first go. Undo hem and, breathing heavily, slice off chunk of faille and lining and start from beginning again.

Find fresh batch of unbent pins and turn up, try on, remove, and stitch, stitch, stitch the whole 86 inches.

Well, it's done now, but beware of asking "Don't you think" (female critics always put such comments in the form of questions) "that dress is half an inch too long—or too short?"

I might lose my self-control.

★ ★ ★

THE first time the Post Office put colored covers on the telephone books I thought it rather extravagant.

Colored covers must cost more than plain ones, and a telephone book is meant for use, not ornament.

But by the time the year rolled round I found myself looking forward to the new one and liking it. Indeed, the old place for it, hidden under the bookshelf, doesn't seem good enough any more. One really needs a telephone table, or a glass case on the wall.

By now all the capital city directories and some country ones have appropriate color photographs on the cover. A P.M.G. spokesman tells me that sales have increased, because tourists buy them for souvenirs.

ONE of my childhood memories is of a male relative, a regular visitor, whose disposition was sunny and who never bothered to argue. When he disagreed with anything he simply said "What rot!"

And that was what I felt like saying when I read a statement from the Tie Manufacturers' Association in London. They claim that women like men to wear dowdy ties so that they won't attract other women.

The difficulty of pleasing a man with a tie is an old joke, but, like a lot of old jokes, it's based on truth.

Consequently, women, faced with a choice, simply buy something conservative.

As for the theory that women are attracted to a man because of his neckwear—I suppose the manufacturers envisage a girl saying in a deep, husky voice, "Darling, you have such beautiful ties."

What rot!

★ ★ ★

A SUNDAY paper recently carried a story saying that pointed toes were going out of fashion overseas and that Australian women would soon wear rounded toes and lower heels.

Strictly speaking, this news is more than a year old. Continental designers have been making chisel toes and rounded toes for two seasons, but Australian manufacturers knew they were on a good thing and stuck to it. The girls liked the pointed toes and weren't ready to give them up.

Now, in that mysterious way that fashion changes come about, shoppers are ready to accept the new styles.

It's bleak news for chiropodists.

★ ★ ★

ADVERTISEMENT in a daily paper: "Young man, respectable and even-tempered, seeks to form or join small bushwalking group."

A "respectable, even-tempered man,"
Now, who could ask for more?
Unless one is struck by the carping thought,
Is he ever so slight a bore?
A respectable, even-tempered girl
Might answer an ad. like that,
Though there isn't a hint of wish for romance,
And it doesn't include "View Mat."
There's one small point she should ask about
Before she walks through the wood,
A temper that's even sounds fine, but stay —
Is it evenly bad or good?

HOOVER recommend RINSO

To make sure Mrs. Read gets white, bright washes in her new Keymatic, Hoover recommend Rinso's richer suds. The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash . . . and Rinso has the richest suds of all.

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Contact your travel agent or the General Agents today for full information and literature on these two great new luxury liners and details of Lloyd Triestino's specially reduced off season fares for travel between August and December.

7-DAY CRUISE TO NOUMEA . . . Galileo sails from Sydney on July 20 and returns via Brisbane on the 27th. Special low fares from only £49.

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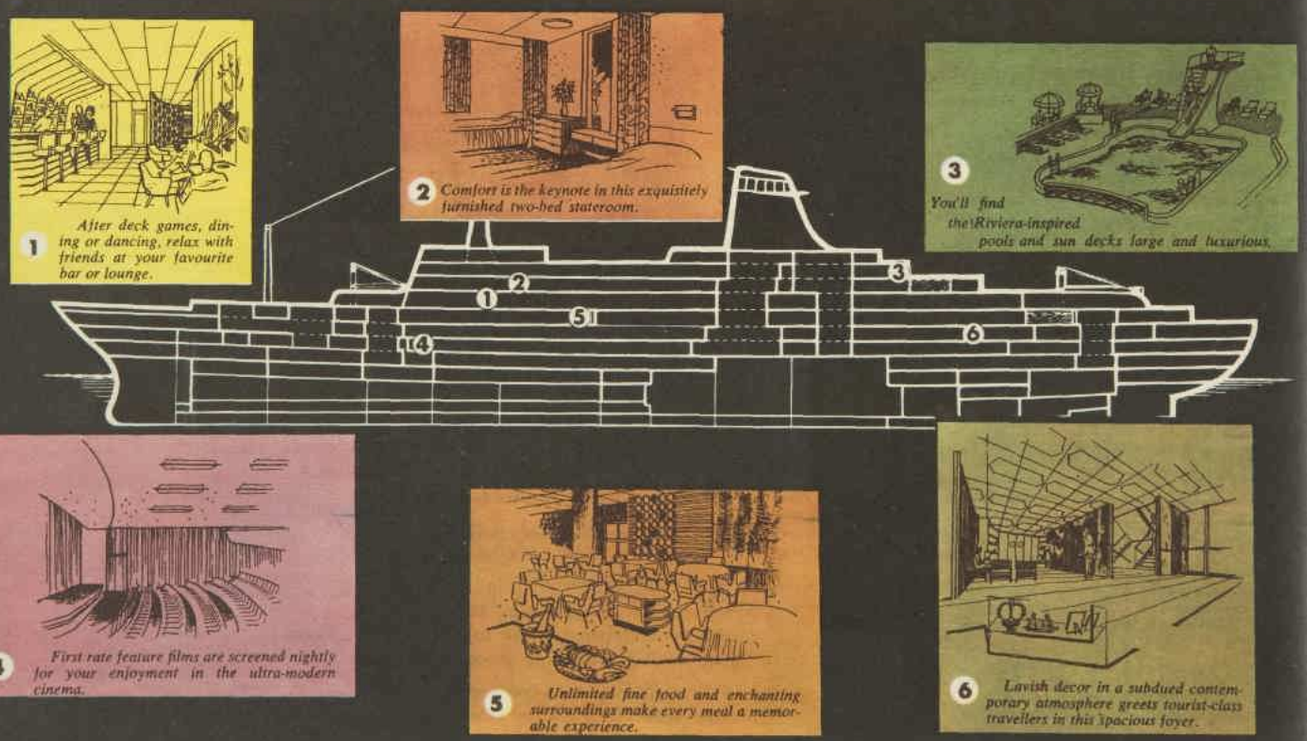

GALILEO * MARCONI

TWO GREAT NEW SHIPS

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TWO new comic series on 9

By DAWN JAMES

● Since TV is primarily a medium of entertainment — repeat, entertainment — it's pleasant to see so many good comedies arrive on Sydney TV screens.

THIS year we've had "McHale's Navy," "The Jetsons," "I'm Dickens, He's Fenster," and "Fair Exchange."

And now TCN9 intends to brighten Wednesday nights with two half-hour comedies in succession: "The Lucy Show" with Lucille Ball and Vivian Vance at 7 p.m., and "The Dick Van Dyke Show" at 7.30 p.m. Both begin this Wednesday, May 15.

Last week, after remarking with casual pride that "The Dick Van Dyke Show" is the fifth most popular programme in America, TCN9 invited me to preview the first half-hour in the series. (They left "The Lucy Show" as a treat-in-store.)

I began by regarding this gambit with some caution. The fact that about 180,000,000 people think a show is laughable is almost enough to make me decide I'm not going to be a conforming statistic.

As it happens, however, I am.

Family comedy

The first episode of "The Dick Van Dyke Show" is very funny indeed; I keep remembering some of the gags and rushing round to Tell People . . .

After a peculiar beginning with the longest "teaser" (amount of film before the titles and credits appear) I've ever seen, this episode turned out to be based on the trials and tribulations of an expectant father.

This is not precisely a new idea. So I heaved a resigned sigh, and assumed an expression of polite interest . . .

. . . and then began to laugh.

"The Dick Van Dyke Show" is funny because, as a family-type situation comedy, it stages (better than any other similar series) family-type situations as they *could* happen, but you hope to heaven they won't.

The wacky cast is headed by Dick Van Dyke himself, who is (a) good-looking and (b) has, I should say, a skeleton composed of funny bones.

Pretty Mary Tyler Moore is his reel-life wife, plus Morey Amsterdam and Rose Marie as Van Dyke's business partners.

The show is written, produced, and was created by Carl Reiner. He must have an agile mind, because he's very prodigal with his gags.

There is so much — too much—background laughter that it's impossible to hear all of them.

But in the first of the series, anyway, he set up some beautiful comedy routines: the almost-father practising quick-ways-to-leave-for-the-hospital-because-it's-any-day-now is one I particularly cherish.

Not to mention the local laundryman's remark when he took Mary Tyler Moore to the hospital (watch to see WHY he took her!): "Well," he said, "you know our motto: 'We pick up and deliver'!"

palm; he managed to inject some reality into his portrayal of a self-righteous murderer.

All the cast's goings-on went on in a painstakingly accurate set. It was London, 1911, down to the telephone, the stained-glass door, and the knick-knacks (imagine doing the housework in those days) scattered all over the place.

A terrible waste, it was. The play developed into a larger-than-life waste of time; "A Dead Secret" *should* be dead. And buried. And forgotten.

SUNDAY MOVIE. "The Black Rose," starring the late Tyrone Power (left) and Jack Hawkins, is TCN9's movie on Sunday, May 19, at 8 p.m. Orson Welles, Michael Rennie, and Cecile Aubry are in this historical drama, too. It cost 700,000 dollars and took more than three years to make.

☆ Television ☆

IN last week's "Divorce Court" (TCN9, Wednesdays, about 10.30 p.m., depending on the length of the movie) the defendant claimed that, even if he had the money, he wouldn't buy his wife any diamonds or mink.

"I'm a REAL person," he said, "and those things are just ostentatious."

Well, perhaps. But it's pretty yummy ostentation.

"Dead Secret" was dead

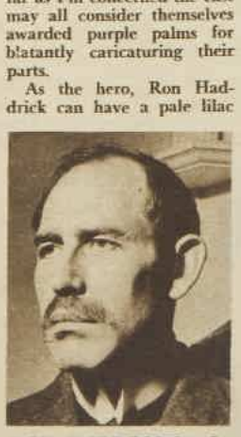
IF ABN2's live play "A Dead Secret" had a moral it was this: Greed for money and position can bring out the worst in a man; to bring his likeable self to the surface — hit him with a murder charge.

It was a very strange play. I kept thinking I should be entranced by the artistry of it all. But I wasn't.

According to the A.B.C. this was a "psychological thriller . . . peopled with colorful eccentrics."

I'll say they were. And as far as I'm concerned the cast may all consider themselves awarded purple palms for blatantly caricaturing their parts.

As the hero, Ron Haddrick can have a pale lilac



RON HADDRICK, plus walrus moustache, in "A Dead Secret."

★ ★ ★

A FEW weeks ago I directed a plaintive appeal to Johnny O'Keefe.

Starring in "Sing, Sing, Sing" (ATN7, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.), he would not look into the camera, which made me crossly feel I was missing something that wasn't being shown on the TV screen.

Gazing to the left and to the right, with an occasional peep at the viewing audience, Mr. O'Keefe was introducing his guests and sing, sing, singing with curiously impersonal effect.

I'm gratified to report that things have changed.

Mr. O'Keefe is now devoting most of his attention TO the cameras, and it's a marked improvement.

While "Sing, Sing, Sing" is not my favorite type of entertainment, the show itself is getting better all the time.

It's fast, bright, and lively. I might also compliment director-producer Ron Way on his sometimes startlingly original use of camera effect—and, indeed, on the show's progress generally.

"Ta Ta," said Robert

STILL in an affable mood, I must (sort of) commend ABN2's Bruce Webster and Robert/Bob Moore.

Announcing "Dr. Kildare" (Mondays, 7.30 p.m.) last week, Mr. Webster remembered that ending a sentence with a preposition can get people grammatical trouble into.

So the episode "features an Australian intern up against whom Dr. Kildare does come," he said brightly.

(The less said about this particular episode the better, as a matter of fact. But I was glumly fascinated; it did so much to help the Great Australian Drongo image in America.)

Robert/Bob Moore — so called, of course, because he's "Robert" on news and "Bob" on sports programmes and one should be impartial — caused me to blanch while he was compering ABN2's "The Coral Sea Show" last week.

He stood on the mighty U.S. aircraft-carrier's flight deck to introduce the show. "Before we go *downstairs* . . ." quoth Mr. Moore unseaworthily. And then, "I should say, *below decks* . . ."

I should say so, too.

Incidentally, Mr. Moore, repeat after me: Goodbye, farewell, so long, au revoir, adios, God speed, bon voyage, adieu . . .

And please, if you ever compere another show, PLEASE don't say "Ta Ta!"

Ham Burger gets humble

IT seems that at last District Attorney Hamilton Burger (William Talman) is developing an air of humility on "Perry Mason" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.).

Of course, this is not really surprising when you consider the regular courtroom trouncings he gets from TV's invincible lawyer.

But last week Hamilton's face cracked into a coy smile. "Y'know, Perry," he said, "maybe—just once—I was *wrong* on this case!"

NOTE: I have just realised why no one abbreviates his Christian name. The mind boggles at the thought of a District-Attorney called Ham Burger.

★ ★ ★

IF you're near a TV set in the daytime, you may have already seen "Take the Hint" (TCN9, Monday to Friday, 3.30 p.m.) this week.

If you haven't, then don't bother. Please, don't. Wait till NEXT week.

This week Melbourne's GTV9 invited a Sydney journalist — Dawn James — to be one of their "special" (!) guests on "Take the Hint."

While I must applaud GTV's sterling courage and pioneer spirit, I bet they're regretting that rash move.

"Take the Hint" is a word-association panel game. You wouldn't think it was a difficult game, now—would you?

No. Ho-hum. Well, Miss James can't play it. I am grieved to announce that, to be blunt, Miss James is not too bright.

Bob will find a way

THE new format of Bob Dyer's "Pick-A-Box" (ATN7, Mondays, 7 p.m.) doesn't appear to be a successful formula at the moment.

Now the show has (temporarily, I suppose) lost the sting of brilliant competitive brains — with Barry Jones carrying off the Ashes — it's just a quiz again.

Bob Dyer is packing his new-look show with plenty of contestants and secret sounds, but there's still something missing.

Knowing Mr. Dyer's ability, I'm sure he'll remedy this sooner or later. But I wonder how?

New Films, Movie Gossip

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★★ THE MIRACLE WORKER

The principal actresses in this film, Anne Bancroft (Academy Award for Best Actress of the Year) and newcomer Patty Duke (award for best supporting actress), well deserve the honors.

As Annie Sullivan, the teacher of Helen Keller, Anne Bancroft's acting is moving and magnificent. Patty Duke, as the child Helen, is a remarkable young actress.

How the two fight and struggle together until the near-blind Annie brings enlightenment to the deaf, dumb, and blind Helen wrenches the heart.

The supporting cast is superb, especially Victor Jory, as Captain Keller, and Inga Swensen, as Mrs. Keller, Helen's parents. This will be one of the outstanding films of the year. — **Palace, Sydney.**

In a word . . . MEMORABLE.

★ IT HAPPENED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

In this tourists' guide to the Seattle World's Fair, Elvis Presley, as an out-of-work crop-dusting pilot, pursues a pretty nurse (Joan O'Brien). He's assisted by an American-Chinese tot, who acts as little Miss Fixit.

This gives Elvis a chance to sing some easily forgettable love songs and lullabies. Not one of his most tuneful efforts. Strictly for Elvis fans.—**Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . TUNELESS.

PART of a tongue-in-cheek speech made by Alfred Hitchcock: "I am particularly concerned with the decline of murder in the home. The murder one reads about today is not committed by a Lizzie Borden engaging in her own version of family fun; instead we hear of muggings in the park, or killing by hired gangsters.

"I find it shocking that people will act this way in public. It is positively indecent. When I was young, respectable people committed murder in private, behind closed doors and among friends."

★ ★ ★

FRANK SINATRA and Gene Kelly are to make another film together. Frank will do the singing and Gene the dancing in "The New Yorkers." The film will be made by Sinatra's own film company.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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TOMMY HANLON

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

● *Momma once said: "Sometimes I think all wives are mind-readers. It's a certain gift you get after you have been married to a man for two or three years. You know what I mean? When he tries to tell you a lie there's always something that gives him away. It might be a certain look in the eyes, a twitch of the head, a certain fumbling with words, or the pawing of the ground with his feet. Every man has his own little way of telling you that he's lying. So, to all the husbands that read this, may I give you this little piece of advice . . ."*

MOMMA'S MORAL: When a husband pulls the wool over his wife's eyes, it's got to be a mighty good yarn.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE big question at the American Broadcasting Company network is whether to bring quiz shows back to television. Considered for next season is "120 Grand," a quiz with top money doubling the prize on the famous "64,000 Dollar Question."

★ ★ ★

BRITISH A.B.C. has launched a new ocean-going series with a truly international flavor. "Jezebel — ex U.K." is set in a passenger ship on charter to different parts of the world.

On her first voyage she came home to Britain from Australia—story by Australian Rex Rienits, and John Bonney and Heather Sears among the passengers. Some other stories are written by Canadian Lester Powell, Irishman Dominic Behan, and West Indian Evan Jones.

Story editor is New Zealander Bruce Stewart, who has worked for several years in Australia, like his compatriot Michael Noonan, who also contributes to the series.

★ ★ ★

DR. *FREDRIC WERTHAM, American psychiatrist, writing in "Redbook" magazine, said about TV violence: "What concerns me is not that TV violence scares children—but precisely the fact that it doesn't."*

★ ★ ★

GARRY MOORE is television's highest-paid personality. But Fred MacMurray is a close runner-up. For 65 days' work on the "My Three Sons" series, MacMurray took home an estimated 4000 dollars (about £A2000) a day.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH A.B.C.'s spy-network series "The Avengers" — now on offer to Australia — shortly starts production of a third round of 13 stories — still starring secret agents Patrick Macnee and Honor Blackman, the beautiful blonde who practises judo and literally throws strong men over her shoulder to land in a heap on the floor. Among the four directors of the new series is Raymond Menmuir from Sydney A.B.C.

Television

TELEVISION'S dedicated doctors, Casey and Kildare, will be joined soon by a dedicated teacher, "Mr. Novak," played by James Franciscus. Mr. Novak teaches in a metropolitan high school—and where Casey has Dr. Zorba and Kildare has Dr. Gillespie, Mr. Novak will have a headmaster, Dean Jagger.

★ ★ ★

BOB FULLER, of the "Laramie" series, will move over to the extended-to-90 minutes "Wagon Train" series as co-star. His replacement on "Laramie" has not been named.

★ ★ ★

INGER STEVENS worked for years to lose her Swedish accent. Next season, starring in the "Farmer's Daughter" series, she plays the title role — with a broad Swedish accent called for by the script.

★ ★ ★

LAUREN BACALL will make one of her rare television appearances in "A Dozen Deadly Roses," a comedy-melodrama.

★ ★ ★

RICHARD BOONE still collects royalties on 233 episodes of "Have Gun Will Travel," made in six years, now in world syndication.

★ ★ ★

FARMERS who leased their New Mexico land to the "Empire" Production Company were paid an unexpected bonus. When the script called for oil-drilling operations, rigs were set up—and struck water, a great boon in the New Mexico desert area.

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Television

BLONDES OF THE FLAPPER 'TWENTIES

CYNTHIA PEPPER stars as the pig-tailed heroine of "Margie."

CYNTHIA Pepper and Dorothy Provine are both small, blue-eyed, and blond. And they both star in programmes that turn the television clock back to the days of the mad, sometimes bad, 'twenties.

Cynthia Pepper is 22. But in the new family comedy "Margie" she plays a pert 17-year-old who is growing up in vintage America.

Talking about the series, Cynthia says, "Margie is a delightful girl and, although a little daffy at times, she's full of heart. She's definitely not the flapper type. That term is better applied to my girl-friend in the show, Maybelle, played by Penny Parker. She's the lively extrovert, while Margie is rather quiet and reserved.

"The teenagers of that period lived in a froth of wonderful nonsense. The men and women who today are developing and guiding our nation are those same adolescents of the 1920s. It wasn't all 'flaming youth' and our series makes a point of disregarding that aspect of the era, as well as the gang wars and the rest."

In real life, Cynthia is very much 1963-conscious. She likes water-skiing, tenpin bowling, dancing, movies, sewing, cooking, painting, and her parakeet, Shakespeare.

While Cynthia Pepper is a comparative newcomer, Dorothy Provine is more familiar to Australian viewers — as, of course, the effervescent nightclub star Pinky Pinkham — in the long-running "The Roaring 20's" series.

Dorothy was here in person in November, 1961, when she made a flying trip to Australia with Frank Sinatra and his entourage. ("Frank is just an acquaintance of mine, although I must admit he is very nice," she said.)

Wearing her flapper-style dresses, Dorothy was the "It" girl off-screen as well as on. "I get sort of angry when people say 'Those are funny clothes you're wearing,'" she said then. "I don't think they're a bit funny. I've been wearing them a long time; girls were more charming in the 1920's with short hair and shorter dresses . . ."

Although "The Roaring 20's" finished filming long ago in America, Dorothy-Pinky is still shimmying across the TV screens in some Australian States. Here, she reached the top of the television personality parade—Sydney's TCN9, for example, rated her one of their most popular stars.

There is good news for all the people who want to see more of pretty Pinky. Dorothy Provine recently began making a new TV series for Warner Brothers called "The Perils of Pauline"—based on the classic old movie serial—and it will probably be offered for sale to Australian TV channels next year.

DOROTHY PROVINE — Pinky Pinkham, blond bombshell of "The Roaring 20's."

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HAPPILY MARRIED Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray (she was formerly actress June Haver) photographed recently at a Hollywood premiere.

Fred counts it in millions

● Asked about his business interests, Fred MacMurray's reply is usually a grin and the comment: "I've made a few little investments here and there."

HIS "few little investments" are, however, assets running into millions of dollars.

An awed Hollywood report says Fred MacMurray controls interests in factories, country clubs, oil, a refrigerator locker plant, and several ranches.

Then there's his TV and movie career . . .

On television MacMurray is Steve Douglas of "My Three Sons."

For the 38 shows in the series' third season he received more than £100,000 for his role, which was concentrated into 65 days to allow him to work in films as well.

Then, said MacMurray casually, "I was going to pull out of the show, but I'd grown more attached to Steve Douglas than I'd realised."

So when he signed a new contract with producer Don Fedderson to do a further 38 shows he dictated his own financial and working terms.

These were described by an associate of Fedderson's as "substantially more healthy than last year's."

It is this sort of determined bargaining—plus a keen business brain—that has made MacMurray one of the richest men in Hollywood.

But the star himself goes out of his way to play down this fact.

His way of life has been called "hardly ostentatious," and he lives quietly in an elegant West Los Angeles home with his second wife (the former actress June Haver).

Since his first wife died in 1953 and he married June Haver the following year, MacMurray has been re-establishing his name as one of the top box-office attractions.

It began perhaps with "The Shaggy Dog," a film he made for Walt Disney, and was carried on by his string of successes in "The Absent-minded Professor," "Bon Voyage," "Son Of Flubber," and, of course, as TV father Steve Douglas to "My Three Sons."

But, apart from the movie work, MacMurray has another reason for laying down the terms of his TV contract. And that is his wife, June.

They have been married for nearly ten years and in that time have become one of Los Angeles' most popular and apparently happiest couples.

"June gave up her career when she married Fred," said Cesar Romero, a close friend of the couple. "Fred feels that to the best of his ability this action should be kind of mutual.

"So he spends as much time with her and their two adopted children as possible. In fact, they've recently come back from ten days in Hawaii."

Television

When he's not working MacMurray spends days with his wife and small twin daughters, Katie and Laurie, at a 2700-acre ranch in Santa Rosa, California, where he retains a manager and half a dozen hands looking after his valuable herd of Angus bulls.

"I would describe Fred," added Romero, "as a gentleman actor. When he's not before the cameras he likes to go hunting, shooting, and fishing, and June always goes with him."

June MacMurray likes the outdoor life. Recently she told friends:

"Fred and I are hoping we'll soon be able to take a little time off at Jackson Hole in Wyoming. The fishing there is always great.

"While Fred goes after the fish I take out an easel, a brush, and some watercolours and do a little painting.

"Life with Mr. MacMurray," she added happily, "is very pleasant. Before I met him my life was unstable and uncertain.

"His calm confidence and unruffled nature have straightened me out and given me the happiest years of my life."

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Busy bookworm

I WONDER if other readers are as avid bookworms as I am? Besides The Australian Women's Weekly, I take another Australian weekly magazine and two English weeklies. I have also a monthly magazine sent to me, a condensed volume of four books every three months, and I belong to a book club which sends me a non-fiction book each month. We also take two daily newspapers. Having seven children, I do my reading in snatches, but as I am a fast reader I "consume" a lot in a week. I often have two books on the "go" at once.

£1/1/- to "Reader" (name supplied), Ballarat East, Vic.

She married the stranger

LIKE "Jilleroo" (N.Z.), I won my husband through a misunderstanding. I was waiting for my "date" to arrive in a blue car. When it came along I waved, and a complete stranger stopped and smiled. I apologised, and at that moment my "date" pulled up in an identical blue car. He was furious to see me talking to someone else, and we didn't go out that night, or ever again. The stranger I had waved to eventually called at my place, introduced himself to my parents. He is now my husband, the father of six daughters, has three grandchildren, and is the best husband anyone could wish for.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. B. Newton, North Ryde, N.S.W.

The homing frogs

I HAVE just discovered that frogs will travel long distances to return to their homes, just as dogs do. A friend of mine was troubled with three frogs in her house, and rather than kill them she took them to a waterhole about three miles from the house. Three days later there were the frogs back in their old favorite corners. I wonder if anyone else has had the same experience.

£1/1/- to "Strange But True" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

Thongs are for casual wear

ONE sees this sight too often in our town—young girls dressed in beautiful, expensive clothes and with bouffant hairstyles. But, to spoil the whole chic appearance, they wear, of all things, thongs. Boys are culprits, too. Why can't they keep this footwear for relaxing at home or for the beach? Worn any other time they are very slovenly.

£1/1/- to "By the Dozens" (name supplied), Cairns, Nth Qld.

Scent-craving

LIKE Mrs. Wade (Vic.), who wrote of her craving for the smell of phenyle during her pregnancy, I have also experienced this craving, and at different times during pregnancies (I have ten children) I have positively gloated over the scent from a pungent wild shrub, the smell of petrol, the exhaust fumes from the milking machine. In fact, any sharp, acrid scent seemed to appeal to me, and I found myself taking deep, delighted breaths whenever I encountered them.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Ten" (name supplied), N.W. Coast, Tas.

★ ★ ★

MY particular fancy was for camphor, which I would inhale with great enjoyment. The patent-medicines department of the chainstores always brought me to a halt, and there I would sniff and eventually buy a block of camphor, simply because that stopped the salesgirl staring at me. Many times I had to fight off the temptation to nibble a block, having been told it was poisonous.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan Smith, Cairns, Nth. Qld.

★ ★ ★

I, TOO, craved a scent instead of food fancies during pregnancy. I hovered around the kerosene bottle, and often—quite secretly—put some kero on my hankies and indulged in a good sniff. However, in those days I wouldn't admit to such a strange craving, lest I be thought to be more than slightly mad.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Seven Boys" (name supplied), Woodburn, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY strongest craving for scents during pregnancy was for kerosene. I revelled in filling the bottle for the heater. My sister went into raptures over floorpolish and briquette dust. A friend of mine had an even stranger craving. She went round all day chewing a rubber band.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Sheehan, Parkdale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

DURING each of my mother's four pregnancies, she craved the smell of black boot polish, and, when the smell was not enough, she did, in fact, lick it to satisfy her craving. In fact, the tin was never out of Mum's pocket.

£1/1/- to "One of Four Girls" (name supplied), Stafford, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

BYE-BYE BLUES

A FRIEND of mine was complaining that he was "pretty unpopular at home last night."

"Why—were you late for dinner?" I asked.

"No, the trouble was I fell asleep straight after dinner," he said.

He had touched on one of the central problems of married life. Wives will put up with many things, but they can't forgive falling asleep after dinner.

Strangely enough, the habit afflicts men only. I have never heard a man complain that his wife fell asleep after dinner.

Some men would be relieved if the little woman did so. They could then drop off themselves with a clearer conscience. But for some reason wives become intensely wide-awake after dinner. They crave for excitement, bright conversation, television.

As a rule men develop this sleeping sickness only after marriage. As young bachelors they go to the other extreme, dashing about at night till all hours.

A girl who marries one of these gadabouts imagines there will be never a dull moment. But soon the pace slows down. The better her cooking is, the more placid her husband gets. One day she finds she is yoked to an eight o'clock sleepy-time pal.

The marriage guidance people

have done nothing to solve the problem. Some of them think it is a good sign for a husband to snooze contentedly in front of "The Rifleman" or "Dr. Kildare."

The best advice I have heard came from a woman who had to keep an unusually sleepy husband awake. "Don't let him get too *comfortable*," she said. "The dinner should be good but not too good. If you serve sausages, be sure there are not quite enough.

"In the living-room it pays to sit your husband in a slight draught. And see he doesn't have one of those big soft Father's Chairs."

A man can co-operate by not eating or drinking much and trying to remain tense. His after-dinner motto should be: "Don't relax." He should not wear slippers.

I have found that helping with homework staves off the heavy drowse. You can't snooze comfortably in the middle of your geometry.

If a man is incurably contented and can't stay awake for the nine o'clock programmes, he is in for trouble. His wife may rebel and seek the company of a young chap with insomnia.

I can only suggest that he dose himself with coffee and wakey-wakey pills, or else slip his wife a Mickey Finn. Then at least they will be in the same state, either merry and bright or sleepy bye-byes.

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One-room heart

A tender short short story

By ROSEMARY FRANCIS

Alone in the hotel room, his forehead burning with fever, Roy suddenly felt his wife was nearby.

FATE and her twin, Drama, all unsuspected, join hands in the lives of even commonplace people at times.

Before the accident no one would have predicted that Roy Carter, an average man, ever would hit print in any connection, violent or otherwise, least of all Roy himself. And when the truck ran him down Friday morning, the sketchy details of the ten-line item in the small town newspaper (Age, 33; Salesman) had to be extracted from Roy's wallet and the papers on him. It appeared dubious Roy would be able to supply them himself for some time, if ever.

This selling trip for the hardware firm had begun the day before, as all the others in the past years, except they'd added a county to his New England territory, so the town was absolutely new to Roy.

Driving into the drowsy village that evening before, along its one main street, past the square with bandstand, the stores interspersed with modest houses, uniformly old, white, neatly green-shuttered, Roy had experienced a strange, strong sensation he'd been here before. He knew he hadn't. He'd shaken his head, his vision having unaccountably blurred. Fact was, he told himself, he felt a little woozy. The cold he'd thought he'd licked was tightening again in his chest and head.

But the teasing sensation, almost of dream-walking, had persisted while he'd registered in the wicker-chaired lobby of the hotel, and unpacked in the impersonal room assigned him, a replica of scores he'd occupied one time or another in haunted loneliness.

He'd stood the bride's photo of Amy, gaily smiling, on the chest of drawers. Then he'd tossed shirts, socks, underwear into drawers. Back when Amy had occasionally accompanied him on his trips, she'd arranged everything meticulously, even on one-night stopovers.

Roy wandered to the window that Thursday evening, held aside its curtain, and looked down on the little square. A young couple, motionless in twilight's last muted moment, sat close on one of the benches. Roy turned unconsciously and spoke over his shoulder. "It's a nice town, Amy. You'd have loved it."

His own voice checked him, as though it floated, disembodied, not his own. He touched his hand to his forehead; it felt hot. In the bathroom he washed down an aspirin. He shouldn't talk aloud like that when he was alone. But sometimes Amy seemed so near, within reach. And where else should she be? She'd had no relatives, no one but him for their one brief, wonderful year.

"She's dead, Roy," Lila, his older married sister, with whom he lived between trips, pointed out when particularly exasperated with him. "You're still young. I know how mated you were — two peas in a pod. But you can't live with a one-room heart. I've rounded up enough candidates. It's ridiculous you haven't married again."

"I'm looking," Roy usually evaded gently.

He wasn't really. Maybe he did have a one-woman heart. Who could replace Amy? He wished Lila wouldn't keep at him. Emotionally inarticulate, she tagged him. Well, he did suffer and turn tongue-tied in those painfully obvious, trumped up situations where she tried to pair him off. And so, he imagined, did the poor girls. He wasn't any Romeo.

Roy swallowed more aspirin that Thursday night before going to bed. He slept fitfully, tangling in the covers, his cough making him sit up and grope for the water on the bedside table through the night.

In the morning, Friday morning, his limbs felt weighted. Vague aches twitched in his arms and back. He decided coffee would have to perk him up; he had a customer to see.

After breakfast Roy forced himself to walk along the main street in search of the hardware store. Last night's baffling sense of recognition returned. Everything looked so familiar. A possible explanation burst in his throbbing head. Of course! The town reminded him of Amy's sketches.

A small talent for drawing had filled her time on their trips; she'd drawn a railroad station here, a park there, had even sketched a house — a composite really, a box-like cottage with a two-windowed attic—a magnolia bush in front, that they'd find in some perfect town they'd meant to choose, when they could afford to move out of the two-room apartment. This town, this main street, had some quality of atmosphere, or of light, that matched Amy's drawings.

Shielding his eyes, Roy located the sign of the hardware store farther up. Then shock halted him: just beyond this cross-street, that corner house, box-like, two windows upstairs, a magnolia bush in front! A golden head appeared at the side window; its owner shook out a dust cloth. She gazed directly at Roy and called something. All the strange sensations of the last twenty-four hours mingled confusedly. Roy's hand jerked up in answer. He stepped off the kerb, into the cross-street.

He didn't even know when the truck hit him.

Hearing, the swiftest of the senses, returned first, but days later. Someone groaned. Roy realised he himself had made the sound. Was his head bandaged? Some burden encased his leg. A soft hand flitted over his forehead. Roy tried to focus his eyes. Everything swam: the room, the golden-haired girl bending over him.

"Amy . . .?" he asked weakly, trying to make her out.

"Yes . . ." she murmured. "Yes. You're all right."

Childishly reassured, but exhausted even from the brief exchange, Roy closed his eyes and slept. When he awoke he knew delirium had made him think the girl was Amy. He didn't think she'd been a nurse, though.

When she reappeared the next day at visiting hour, Roy saw she really was not much like Amy: younger; brown eyes, not blue, more a bubbler, a chatterer.

"I shouted to you that day," she explained earnestly. "You seemed to hear but went right ahead. Well, the doctor said later that you'd been walking around with pneumonia. I've come every day. I know it's silly, but I thought, somehow, the accident was my doing."

"That is silly," Roy assured her kindly.

He and the girl talked a while longer. She straightened his covers, and he noticed she wore no ring on her left hand. After she left, it bothered him that he'd noticed.

In the night he dreamed, and, only half awakening, fretted whether the jumbled dream had been of Amy or the girl. The girl had looked so like Amy that day when he'd blundered off the kerb, and she'd beckoned, as though to happiness again. "Was it you, Amy?" he cried out in his sleep. "You'd like her. She's a nice girl." And he sank into a deeper, untroubled sleep, the dream recorded, but wound away on some hurried subconscious spool.

The next day, feeling surprisingly better, he sat up, his eyes fastened on the door at visiting hour. The hour stretched almost to its end.

The girl arrived finally, out of breath. Roy let out his own held breath. Deep inside him his heart twisted slightly, as with a bidding of farewell, but it left no sense of disloyalty. There'd always be room for Amy in his heart, her own room. But his heart seemed to be expanding now, almost to bursting.

Their eyes held for a shy, aware, uncertain moment, his and the girl's, before she started toward him. "You're sitting up! How wonderful!" she said, and then, with quick concern, "Are you all right?"

"Yes," he answered. "Very much all right."

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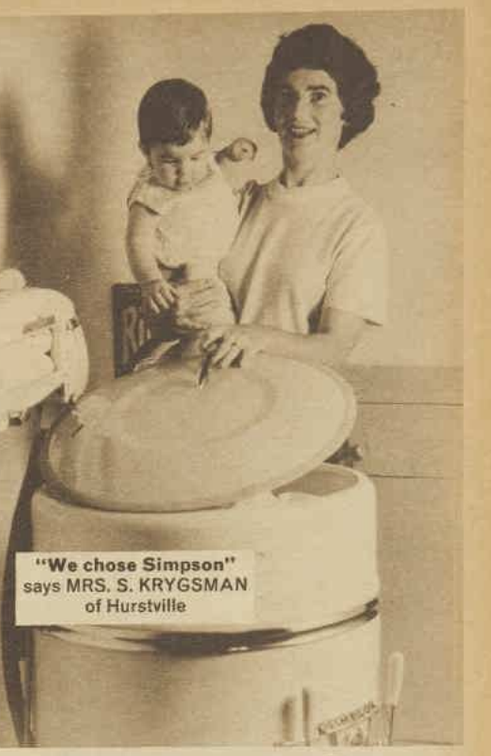

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ELEGANT LOOK IN TWEED

● Nothing looks newer in fashion than something made in tweed, rough or smooth in texture. Starting small, it might be a tweed cap or, on a grander scale, the elegant look of a sweeping floor-length dinner suit. Take note of the following new-again color mixes — black-and-white, blue-and-white, honey-and-blue — all have a fresh snap of flattery.

—*BETTY KEEP*

● *Town suit (right) from Lanvin shows a slightly longer skirtline and loosely tied jacket. The hat in matching tweed has a mesh veil.*

● *Smooth-surface orange tweed one-piece (below) is curved lightly to the body and belted low. Fur collar and cuffs add extra luxury.*

● *Saint-Laurent tweed sweater (left) has a deeply scooped neck and is worn over a classic shirtwaist dress.*

● *Suit (below) was shown in the Jean Desses spring collection. The honey-and-blue tweed is fabric news.*

● *Count the floor-length dinner suit as one of 1963's most influential looks. The one above, designed by Simonetta et Fabiani, of Paris, has a black jet overblouse beneath the tailored jacket.*

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. . . AND HOW PARIS WEARS IT

● *The Paris bicycle suit (left) designed by Jacques Heim. The suit has amusing bloomer trousers. The little hat is in matching tweed.*

● *Cardin featured the tweed suit (left) in his autumn collection. The longer skirt was one of the few released for autumn.*

● *Top Paris milliner Jean Barthet designed the tweed cap above. It is a direct steal from caps worn by Englishmen for sporty events.*

● *Back in fashion, the tweed topcoat (below). Current details to note in this design: Throat-concealing collar, double-breasted fastenings.*

● *Chic new Paris look contrasting patterned tweeds mixed in the one ensemble. Example below: Suit in brown-and-white speckled tweed, top and belt in bold black-and-white plaid, hood in black.*

● *Keynote to spring, 1963 (left), the suit with a belted jacket designed to show a glimpse of the blouse beneath. In direct contrast, the skirt is straw-slender.*

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The lace-trimmed sheath dress illustrated below is my design choice for a late-day dress. The request comes from a young matron.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you design a late-day sheath in black crepe with a white guipure-lace trim? I want the style well fitted, but as I am rather thin I don't want a low-cut bodice. Can I buy a 32in.-bust pattern for the design you suggest?"

Note the figure-flattering curves in the sheath dress illustrated below. Note, too, how pretty and feminine the guipure lace looks appliqued to the white sheer yoke. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"Please advise me: I have received an invitation to attend a formal public function and have no idea how to dress."

The time of day or night governs what you should wear. From noon to 6.30 p.m., the correct fashion is a rather dressy street-length dress or suit, worn with a hat and gloves. For dinner, you will be correctly dressed in a short-skirted dinner dress. Gloves are optional, but are mostly worn. For a public after-dinner affair, such as a formal ball, you will need a floor-length ball gown and white gloves.

"Is it correct for a bridesmaid to wear flowers instead of a hat? The bridesmaid frock is sky-blue."

Perfectly correct. I suggest a circlet of white flowers tied at the back with streamer ends. The flowers could be real or artificial.

DS523.—One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2⅝yds. 36in. material plus ¾yd. 36in. sheer and ⅝yd. guipure lace. Price 4/6. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Would you advise me about a couple of outfits to take to Europe. I have to restrict my choice of clothes as I am flying tourist."

A topcoat and matching skirt with several blouses in varying degrees of formality plus a late-day dress to harmonise with the coat is just about the best capsule travel wardrobe I know.

"I am a young widow about to marry for the second time. Can I wear a bridal gown and veil?"

No, you are a bride only once.

"Could a black wool coat be lined with colored silk?"

Yes. Apricot, rose-pink, or just plain white would look attractive with black.

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DROP DEAD

Suspicion points to many — part four of our mystery serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

Bob leant down and gazed in horror at the body lying against the post.

WHEN CLAUDE NEVINSON dies in a mysterious fall from a balcony at Braham Court, where he was dining with ANNA HERBERT, a widow living on the seventh floor, DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING question Anna as well as other tenants on the same floor and regular visitors to Braham Court. All have alibis for the time of death, which is approximately 8 p.m. Grogan questions BOB RIVERS, a friend of Anna's, about an unsigned cable he had lost during a scrimmage with an unknown assailant in an empty sixth floor flat which is being painted. He also questions HERMIONE WEBB and LIZZIE BROWNLOW, seventh floor tenants, about a dinner appointment Nevinson failed to keep with Hermione on the night of his death.

Lizzie angrily objects when Grogan asks did she know Anna well. When Bob visits Anna she is frantically worried because the scarf she was wearing when Nevinson came to dinner and which had blown away when she walked on to the balcony for a breath of air was now caught on a cane blind in a lower flat. Bob succeeds in releasing it with a broom handle and umbrella, but it falls to the pavement. When they go to retrieve it, it has disappeared.

In another seventh-floor flat are ESTELLE NEVINSON, widow of the dead man, and WILLY STANLEY, in love with her. He is distressed to learn her sister in London wants her to join her. He appears quite violent and she is frightened he may harm her. Later, when Grogan visits Anna he produces the missing scarf which CAVANAGH, the caretaker, had found. When Grogan points out the scarf has paint on it she admits she had been in the sixth-floor flat at midday of the day of Nevinson's death to see a mural NOEL FALLOW is painting in the flat. She denies knowing the scarf was smeared with paint when she asked Bob to retrieve it for her. NOW READ ON:

FLATLY, expressionlessly, Manning looked at her. Grogan nodded slowly, a non-committal nod. For Bob the relief was like the surge of ease after a bout of acute pain; relief mixed with rage with himself for having had those doubting thoughts of her a minute ago.

He went over and jabbed and rammed his cigarette out in the ashtray. Damn them all! Fallow included. His self-disgust turned to anger against all concerned. It was easy to see how Fallow would have been boring people with his masterpiece and insisting on everyone seeing it. He and Lizzie had sold it to the incoming tenant for a high figure, and naturally they'd want to have it talked about and praised by everyone.

Now what Anna had just told them must clear up the whole matter and end this suspicion of her. It made you sick to see how circumstances could put a person on the spot and yet the explanation be as simple as this.

Unlike himself, the inspector, unfortunately, was ready to worry the point a little longer.

"The painters, Mrs. Herbert? Where were they while you were taking a look at Mr. Fallow's wall?"

"I don't know. It was between twelve and one, so they were probably at lunch."

"Oh? Mr. Cavanagh says they eat their sandwiches in there. He happened to mention picking up the greasy papers they'd left lying around."

"Well, I don't know, then. They must've been in one of the other rooms, perhaps in the kitchen boiling their billy."

"And Mr. Fallow himself?"

She shook her head. "No, he wasn't there. He may have gone home or been upstairs at Mrs. Brownlow's. She's almost always home for lunch, because I know Mr. Dyason comes and has it with her. Anyhow, I didn't see anyone."

"I see. No one saw you."

The inspector's switch of pronouns did its job. Without answering, Anna looked away from him, and for the first time a faint flush tinged her face.

Satisfied, Grogan changed the subject. "About that wallet again. Would you happen to have thought any more as to how it came to be lying beside Mr. Nevinson's body?"

Anna, her feelings quickly back under control, said she'd thought about it a great deal, naturally, but that she was as much in the dark as ever; that she had no idea what it was doing there or how he came by it.

He went on to ask if it was the wallet her husband always carried about with him? She couldn't say, eh? And then, his financial affairs at the time of his death. Not very flourishing, were they? And her own affairs at the present time? She was living on a legacy from an aunt left her since her husband's death, was she? And was her husband alone in the car when it crashed? He was? At Pelli Beach, eh, while they were having a brief holiday in a furnished cottage there?

When the session was at an end and the detectives had gone, Bob, for the first time, felt embarrassed at being alone with Anna. Nothing he could find to say could cover the last hour, could throw a blanket over the dangerous depths which had opened before her at every turn.

He went to the kitchen and brought back drinks for them, two stiff whiskies. Lifting his glass he said: "Here's damnation to Old Smoothie and Sourface."

Anna sank into a chair, drank, and put down the glass. "Well, come what may," she said, "it's nice to know that one person could never have an instant's doubt of me."

She looked up at him, and, try as he would, he couldn't tell if her words were sincere or carried a cruel irony. Had his mind been an open book to her? Had she seen clean into it, to that detestable doubt of her innocence when the inspector had produced the paint-stained scarf? Had she known that during the past ten minutes he had been teetering like someone on a tightrope, dizzily, between belief and unbelief?

On leaving Anna, Bob, not giving himself time to think, cutting short any further speculation, turned aside to Estelle's door. But even in the minute or so while he waited, against his will those two shifting pictures of Anna rose before him: Anna, close to him, lovely, wrongfully suspected, frank and brave, concealing nothing; then Anna, lovely still, but subtle, two-faced, consciously using

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BEGGARMAN RICH MAN OR THIEF

A short story

By KATINKA LOESER

HE kicked the back door open, slammed it shut behind him, jerked a kitchen chair to attention, sat down on it and stared straight ahead. He was eight years old. His white sandshoes were filthy beyond comment; the tips of the laces had long since disappeared and the laces were frayed and at the breaking point. On the knees of his khaki pants two lighter patches were conspicuously new. A damp shirt clung like a second skin to his ribs and bony shoulders.

His hair was lemon-colored, like the patches on his pants. His face was soiled and the color, texture, and temperature of a sun-ripened peach which had just fallen from the tree of grace. He had achieved what the jam recipes call a "rolling boil."

"Don't expect to see me in heaven," he stated conclusively.

"All right," I said, turning the cold water into the sink.

He sniffed.

"You said everybody goes to heaven," he said. "Everybody means Sid, too. So if Sid goes, I don't."

"Oh, come on," I said. "We'd miss you."

"Sure you would."

"Is there a reason for this?" I asked.

"That's what you always say. Is there a reason? I'll say there's a reason," he said bitterly.

"Tell me what it is."

"Listen," he said. "I wouldn't go anywhere with that creep." He was still dangerously close to saying "Cweep."

"There'll be plenty of other people in heaven," I told him. "You wouldn't have to play with Sid all the time."

"Ha! With my luck, we'll live right across the road from him again. You don't care."

"Of course I care," I said. "I'd want you around."

"Then why don't you listen?" he demanded.

"I am listening," I told him. "I can listen and wash the lettuce at the same time."

"Sure you can."

I put the lettuce down and turned and faced him. "All right. I'm listening."

He looked up at me without moving his head. "What's so great about heaven?" he said. "What does it look like?"

"You go to Sunday school," I said. "You ought to know."

"Oh, sure."

"Well, haven't you heard anything about it there?"

"No," he said flatly.

"What do you do there?"

"Oh —" he sighed — "make angels out of pipe-stem cleaners. Color."

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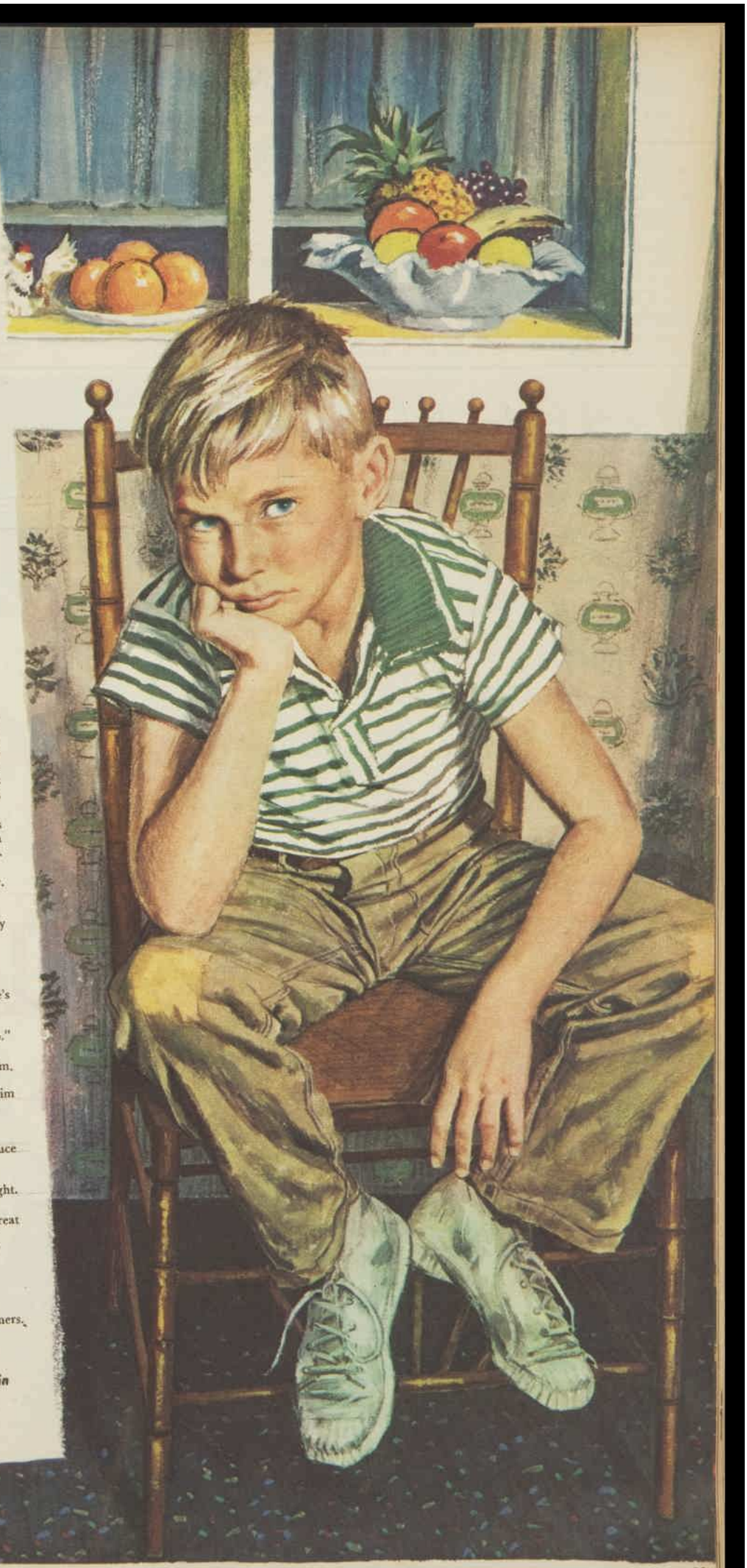

Seated firmly in the kitchen chair, he cupped his chin in his hand and stared steadily ahead.

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Continuing . . . BEGGARMAN, RICH MAN OR THIEF

from page 31

"Well. Heaven probably looks like some of the places you color."

"What else?"

"I expect it looks like the country. You know, like some of the country around here, when we go for drives."

"Sounds stupid. Where does everybody live? Aren't there any houses or anything, or any tall buildings?"

"Yes, I guess there are. Maybe there is a big city, like New York. That would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"New York. New York. Who wants to go to New York!"

"You do."

"Only if we take the train. New York is for oddballs."

"What's an oddball?" I said.

He squirmed impatiently. "An oddball is a fink."

I was very curious about this renaissance of "fink" among the very young, as a term of general opprobrium, completely apart from its original meaning. "Do you know what a fink is?" I asked.

"Do I know what a fink is!" he said, throwing up both hands.

"It's a strikebreaker," I told him.

"A strikebreaker. If that's what they do, no wonder they call them finks. Sid is a fink. What are all those little holes in your face?"

"Those are the pores in my skin. You see, there are pores in your skin so the skin can breathe."

"Who cares about pores? That's all you ever talk about, pores, pores, pores. I suppose pores go to heaven, too. Why does everybody have to go there even if they don't want to?"

"Well," I said, "a lot of people believe that everybody doesn't have to. That some people aren't allowed?"

"Who's not allowed?"

"Oh—people who have been bad."

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "That's what I believe, too. So Sid won't."

"Everybody," I said firmly.

"Even Bobby? His family don't believe in God."

"Who said?"

"Who cares who said. Anyway, I'm glad we're not Christians, like Sid."

"But we are."

"That does it." He hit the table with his fist.

"You haven't told me yet," I reminded him, "why you're mad at Sid."

He sat upright. "He stole my dime."

"What dime?"

"You know. The one I got this morning when I put that tooth under my pillow last night."

"Oh, yes," I said. "By the way, how come you didn't tell me you had a loose tooth? I didn't even know about it until you had it in your hand and showed it to me before you went to bed last night."

He sighed. "I don't have to tell you everything. I'm not a baby, you know."

"Don't get mad. I was just wondering, that's all. How did Sid steal your dime?"

"Took it right out of my hand when I showed it to him."

"Why didn't you take it back?"

"He's bigger than me. You know that."

"I guess I can't do anything about it. This seems to be your problem. I'm sorry."

"Sure," he said. "You're sorry. That's all you ever say. You're sorry. But you don't do anything about it. You just stand around and wash lettuce."

"You like to eat, don't you?"

"No. Not any more. What's for dinner?"

"Hamburgers."

"Ugh."

"Now may I go on with my work?"

He shrugged. "Listen," he said, "you know you said some people think that bad people don't go to heaven. Name some bad people. I thought they were all dead, like on television."

"I should say not. There are still plenty of bad ones around."

"How can you tell?"

"They lie and steal and hurt other people."

"Aha!" He pointed a finger at me. "Sid steals."

"Now, look," I said, "Sid seems like a nice little boy to me. I can't believe he would take your dime."

"You always think other kids are nice. You never think your own kids are nice, though. Oh, no. And you wouldn't get their dimes back for them, either."

"Now, you listen to me," I said. "I do think my own kids are nice. I know also that they wouldn't lie or steal or hurt other people."

"You do? You know that?"

"Of course. Why don't you run on out and go over to Sid's and ask him to give you your dime back?"

"Well," he said, "maybe I'll do that later."

"Later will be too late," I said. "You have to eat, and I'm sure you haven't finished your homework."

He slid off the chair and came and stood by me as I unwrapped the meat and began to shape it into patties. "I like you, Mum," he said, standing very close. "Hamburglars. Boy, Mum, what happened to that tooth I got the dime for?"

"It's gone," I told him. "You got the dime in place of the tooth."

"I know," he said.

"Now run on over and get the dime back. Just say to Sid, 'That was my dime that I got for my tooth, and please give it back!'"

"That's just the trouble," he said.

"What's the trouble?"

He looked up at me and smiled, but it was a smile beaded with tears. "See," he said, "it was Sid's tooth."

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A leading home economist and cookery expert of national reputation has selected 12 main course dishes, each of which would, together with a particular Rosella Soup, make a delightful and appetising meal. When this competition closes the cookery expert will select which Rosella Soup she considers best complements and introduces each main course. This list will be lodged in the Strongroom of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, Collins Street, Melbourne, and will only be made available to the three judges who will use it in judging the contest.

CHECK THESE RULES BEFORE YOU START

1. All entries must be accompanied by 1 Rosella Soup label. This is not required in States where it infringes State laws. There is no entry fee. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish.
2. All entries will be considered and must carry the name of the grocer, together with your own name and address written in block letters.
3. If more than one correct entry is received, the neatest will be judged the winner; should none contain the correct list, the prize will be awarded to the first nearest correct entry. In the event of a tie, prizes will be divided. A panel of three judges will make the final decisions and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. The following are not eligible to compete. Members and families of Staff of Rosella. Members of the Advertising Agency or their families. Staff members of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney.

Enter today — as many entries as you like! "Match-a-Meal" competition closes June 30th, 1963. Results will be announced in the "Public Notices" column of major daily newspapers on July 27th, 1963.

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In My Opinion *(Use block letters)*

1. Baked Fish	matches	.....	SOUP
2. Casserole of Steak	matches	.....	SOUP
3. Crumbed Cutlets	matches	.....	SOUP
4. Fried Fish	matches	.....	SOUP
5. Grilled Sausages	matches	.....	SOUP
6. Grilled Steak	matches	.....	SOUP
7. Lobster Mayonnaise	matches	.....	SOUP
8. Mixed Grill	matches	.....	SOUP
9. Roast Beef	matches	.....	SOUP
10. Roast Chicken	matches	.....	SOUP
11. Roast Pork	matches	.....	SOUP
12. Steak and Kidney Pie	matches	.....	SOUP

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An amusing, romantic short story

By HARRIET FRANK, Jr.

Lightly turn to thoughts of Love

UNTIL the advent of Mr. Davies J. Aston, the men in my life had consisted largely of Messieurs Adams, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. Unless you live in the world of Danish Modern and bent-steel tubing, you know that this is not a list of eligible bachelors but a group of distinguished cabinet-makers.

A few tenderly cared-for examples of their craft grace the antique shop I run just outside of Astoria, Oregon. I also carry paperweights, hobby-horses, Sandwich glass, dolls, and the blackberry jam my mother makes every summer. This potpourri elicits comments ranging from, "Oh, Harry, stop, I've got to look at that darling rocking-chair," to "Whadaya want with that junk? You threw away better'n that last week."

In the early spring, business is slow. The lilac bush flowers dramatically in the yard, and I begin to wonder dreamily if twenty-five summers haven't made me into something of an antique myself. Except for the refinisher who tried to kiss me last week and then overcharged me for doing a cherry corner-cupboard and that nasty little collector of wedgwood who pinches me while he bargains, life in Grandma's Attic along the Oregon coast is as subdued as a Victorian etching.

Then came Mr. Davies J. Aston. He arrived at my door one lovely blue and white morning in a foreign sports car. It was small. He was tall. It was compact. He was limber. He stopped to pat my dog and admire the hollyhocks. He actually used the doormat before stepping into the shop. Once inside, he glanced around with the quick discerning eye of the connoisseur, found the very

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Inside my shop Mr. Davies J. Aston looked around with a connoisseur's eye.

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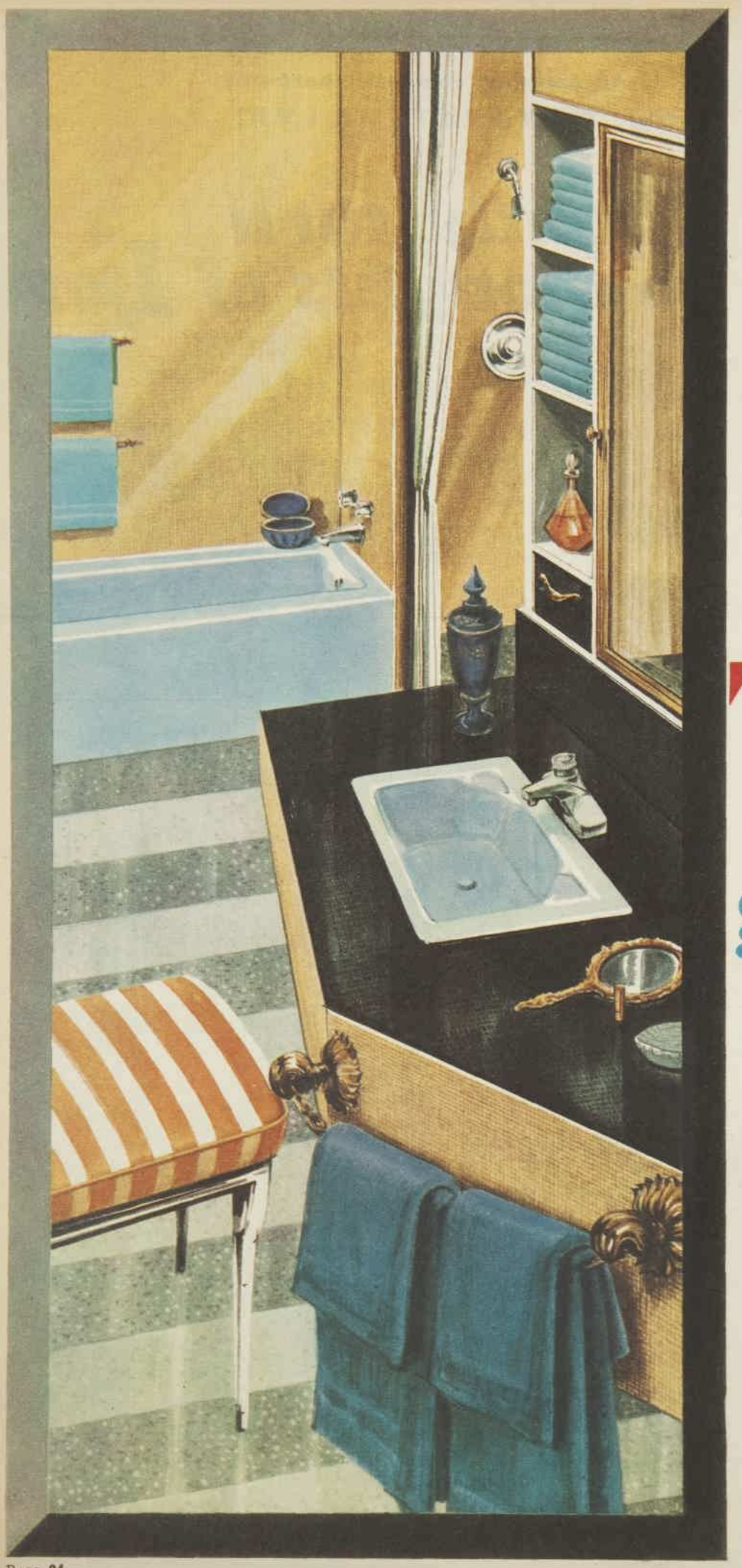

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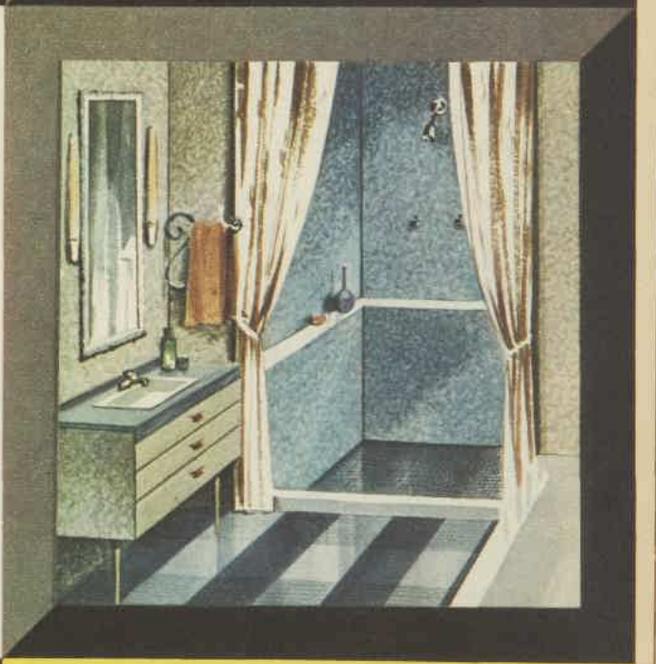

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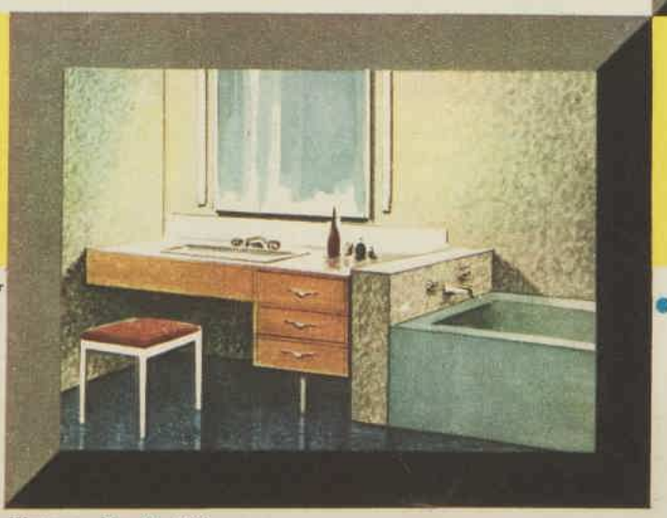

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Continuing . . . LIGHTLY TURN TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE

best Queen Anne lowboy I'd ever had, and murmured, "Elegant," with a look which included me, too.

"Is there something special I can show you?" I began graciously.

"You already have," he replied with a slow smile. I was suddenly glad I'd pinned my hair up the night before.

He studied me with a faint air of amusement. "You blush the shade of pink satin glass," he said.

I promptly turned the red of Early American turkey carpeting. "If you'd care to browse," I murmured.

"No," he said, "I've come to see you. Miss Amy Williams, isn't it?"

I nodded. It would probably turn out that he wanted to sell me his father's cherished collection of moustache cups or a Japanese ceremonial sword or a primitive painting he'd done himself on the advice of friends. I hardened my heart against his resemblance to Gregory Peck.

"I buy only from collectors, dealers, or estates," I said firmly.

"Good practice," he said approvingly, "but you got rooked on that Rhode Island chest-of-drawers over there. The top is restored and the brass handles are modern." He grinned. "We all make mistakes."

"Why," I said hotly, "Mrs. McGivern swore it was her great-grandfather's."

from page 33

"From the look of that thing, he was born in 1940."

"Well," I remarked tartly, "the very next time she shows me her priceless Meissen I'm going to tell her straight out that it's Japanese!"

He laughed aloud. "An eye for an eye. Good for you. A fighting spirit is just what I'm looking for right now. Miss Williams, could your aid be enlisted in a worthy cause?" His face assumed an earnest look. "Do you have regional pride?"

I thought of Oregon's soft, rain-washed forests and the stern beauty of its coastline, and I nodded gravely.

"So do I. I think each section of this country has something wonderful to offer its people. There are great historical landmarks to be restored here. And only people of taste and imagination, with a real veneration of the past, can do the job."

I felt a little as if I were being addressed from a lecture platform, but he looked so sincere I bobbed my head in agreement.

"Then you will join the Friends of the Josiah Fossgood Restoration Project and help us restore that great man's home to former eminence. Of course, you know what a deserving man he was."

I didn't know him from Adam, but I was ashamed to say so. I brazened it out with muttered, "Wonderful man."

"I head the committee myself. We've got all the experts we need. What we're short of is pretty girls."

I removed a thread rather primly from my skirt. "I don't see the connection," I said rather coldly, wondering what kind of "friends" he was really looking for.

"Well, it's rather a delicate situation. Josiah Fossgood was undeniably a great man. And a great philanthropist. However," he cleared his throat tactfully, "as we began restorative work on his house in Portland, we, uh, came across some correspondence which revealed that Mr. Fossgood was not above a—a peccadillo."

"Ah. Hanky-panky," I said reprovingly.

"There was a lady in his life, apart from Mrs. Fossgood, whose daguerreotype reveals her as something of an old battle-axe. At his death, much of his furniture and personal effects went to his lady friend. Her direct heir now holds these priceless antiques in his possession."

"That should be fairly simple. Ask him to make a gift of them to the Foundation. As a patriotic gesture."

"We did. He replied, 'Send a pretty girl and I might discuss it.'"

"He sounds rather crass," I said.

"Unspeakably. Now we have several charming ladies on our staff but they're more or less period pieces. No one, if I may say so, could resist an approach made by you."

I AVERTED my glance and toyed delicately with a Victorian valentine on the table beside me. He shifted his chair closer.

"He's got his grimy paws on the finest Sheraton sideboard I've ever heard about. Satinwood. Strung with ebony. Not a day later than 1780." He lowered his tone conspiratorially. "It's said to be signed."

This tale of hidden treasure was like the slow drawing of a cord to a drunkard. I thought of all the barns and attics I had been in, all the dusty garages and musty warehouses. Hadn't I spotted a Lowestoft bowl catching the dripping from an old icebox? Hadn't I discovered a fruitwood Chippendale chest under hideous green paint?

Mr. Aston went on heatedly. "He can't appreciate its quality. He writes rock-'n-roll music. He's a complete vulgarian. Still, we must deal with him if Fossgood House is to take its place among American landmarks."

"Well," I said timidly, "the President has said that part of our American heritage is transmitted in the possessions of our great men. But your Mr. Fossgood — and his lady friends—" I shook my head.

"They breathed scandal about Andy Jackson, too, Miss Williams. Be a sport," he urged, "get us that sideboard. Think of it in its proper place. Polished. Magnificent. Was it made to moulder in a low-brow's shanty outside of Klamath Falls?"

"I'll go and and see him," I said.

He stood up triumphantly. "You'll have him eating out of your hand. His name is Peter Bean." He scribbled a number on a card and handed it to me. "That's his address. I'll call you nightly until we have results. And," he added suavely, "I'll enjoy doing it."

By this time I was so dazzled I would have searched out the Golden Fleece for him. I saw him to the door and once he was out of sight I sank into a slipper chair and grasped a handy vinaigrette.

The next day I took the bus to Klamath Falls. I'd made a small gesture toward the role of femme fatale by breaking out a spring hat resplendent with violets. I tried a touch of lavender eye shadow. I dabbled with a bit of French perfume. The rain wrecked my hat, blurred the eye shadow, and diluted the scent. I stopped in the local drugstore for a discreet inquiry.

"Old Pete Bean?" chortled the young man behind the fountain. "Yeah, his pad is about two miles out of town. You ain't goin' out there alone?"

"And why not?"

To page 64

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● Nine detailed lessons for making the perfect omelet, souffle, sauces, curry, cheesecake, tournedos, baba, bombe, and pizza--with recipes.

CHEESE SOUFFLE See page 40.

FRENCH OMELET. See page 39.

BOMBE ALASKA. See page 45.

BABA DESSERT. See page 45.

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● You may now be a good cook — or just average. This special section will teach you how to be a specialist cook. Concentrate on learning to make a special dish to perfection and earn a reputation as the hostess who serves the best omelets, or souffles, or any of the other dishes in this 12-page feature.

OMELETS

AN omelet is the cook's best friend. It is quick, inexpensive, and versatile. One of the simplest of dishes, good eggs and cooking skill are all it needs.

A plain omelet makes a nourishing breakfast; with one of the fillings given here, it is an ideal luncheon or supper dish; and the small dessert omelet, filled with fruit and topped with sugar, or spectacularly flamed with rum, can establish your reputation as a truly fine cook.

As with most accomplishments, it's a case of "practice makes perfect." But when, with a smooth flick of the wrist, you fold a perfect omelet neatly from the pan, velvety smooth on the inside, golden, firm, and delicate outside, you will know you are on the way to being an expert cook.

A special pan

Cooks who pride themselves on their omelets often keep a special pan for omelet-making.

A new omelet pan can be treated or "seasoned" so eggs do not stick. Pour about ¼in. of salad oil into pan and heat until oil smokes slightly. Remove from heat, allow oil to cool in pan, then drain and wipe pan clean.

Each time after using the pan, wipe it clean with a dry cloth or paper towel—do not wash it. If any egg should still cling, sprinkle pan with salt and rub clean.

If you have an old pan and want to keep it specially for omelets, just give it the oil treatment.

Scouring powder or steel-wool should never be used to clean an omelet pan.

There are three basic types of omelet—Spanish, Souffle (or puffy), the classic French omelet. Recipes for each are given on this page, and for a Chinese omelet. This is a variation of the French with the omelet mixture poured over a variety of savory ingredients.

French omelet

The ratio of eggs to pan size has great influence on the success of the omelet. Number of eggs to be used can be determined as follows: 7in. or 8in. pan, allow 2 to 3 eggs; 9in. or 10in. pan, 5 to 6 eggs.

For each person, allow 2 to 3 eggs per omelet; 6-egg omelet will serve 3.

Omelets larger than 6-egg size are awkward to handle. It is better to make smaller omelets for individual servings.

The secret of a good omelet is speed. There can be no stopping in the middle to look at directions, so it is wise to memorise these basic proportions:

For each egg allow 1 teaspoon of water, a little salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon of butter for the pan (allow a little more butter in proportion for small omelet, little less for larger one — in other words, just enough butter, when melted, to cover base of pan).

Breaking and Beating: Break eggs into bowl, add water, salt and pepper. Put pan over low flame to heat. Beat eggs vigorously with fork (about 30 seconds for a 3-egg omelet) or until yolks and whites are just blended and there is slight froth on top.

Some chefs say an omelet should never be beaten—it should be stirred only until whites and yolks are combined. (Too much beating or stirring will result in a heavy, watery omelet.)

Experiment with both methods, then decide which produces the omelet you prefer.

Add butter to hot pan; it should sizzle and foam almost immediately, but should not be allowed to brown. Tip and roll pan so butter flows over bottom and part way up sides. As soon as butter foams, pour in eggs, all at once. They should begin to set round edges almost instantly.

Slide pan rapidly back and forth over heat, keeping omelet in motion and free from bottom of pan to avoid sticking.

As soon as bottom of omelet begins to set, slip thin-bladed spatula well under edges, let uncooked egg flow into contact with centre of pan. This lifting (with frequent shaking) causes rippled surface and irregular edges, characteristic of a good omelet.

The omelet is cooked when egg no longer runs freely, but top still looks liquid and creamy. If filling is to be added, do so now.

Holding omelet-pan with left hand, tilt pan sideways and lift right side off heat. With right hand, use spatula to guide omelet as right side is folded over centre.

With warm plate ready under pan and with a quick flick of the wrist, turn pan upside-down. This will give omelet another fold and leave it neatly in centre of plate.

Spread a little butter on top of each hot omelet to give a golden shine.

VARIATIONS: These are numerous. Some ideas are given below, but experiment to make your own individual creations.

Savory: Add to egg mixture 1 tablespoon of finely chopped chives or parsley, or 1 dessertspoon finely grated cheese.

Mushroom: Saute ¼lb. mushrooms in little butter until tender, drain, chop very finely, add to egg mixture.

Bacon: Grill 2 slices lean bacon with rind removed, chop finely, add to eggs with 1 teaspoon chopped chives.

Asparagus: Add ¼ cup drained, chopped asparagus tips. When omelet is cooked, lay 2 or 3 asparagus pieces in centre, then fold and turn out on to hot plate.

Chinese Prawn or Chicken Omelet (Foo Yong): Cut ¼lb. mushrooms into thin slices, saute in hot oil until cooked. Add ¼lb. shelled cooked prawns or ¼lb. chopped cooked chicken, and ½ cup finely chopped shallots. Pour omelet mixture over, cook as for French omelet.

Serve with sauce made by combining 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cornflour, and ½ cup water; stir over low heat until boiling. Serve at once.

FILLINGS: Below are some sound practices to follow when filling an omelet:

- Have fillings ready before starting omelet. Cooked fillings should be hot.
- Cut ingredeients into fairly small pieces.
- Allow about 1 dessertspoon of filling per egg. Extra filling can be spooned over omelet or beside it.

Cream Cheese: Beat 4oz. packaged cream cheese until smooth, spoon on one half of omelet, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon chopped green shallots. Serve with grilled tomato halves and crisp bacon.

Avocado and Tomato: Combine ½ cup diced avocado with 1 tomato (peeled and diced), 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, and ⅛ teaspoon curry-powder. Toss lightly. Garnish omelet with additional avocado slices. (A little curry-powder can be added to omelet mixture for this filling.)

Sherried Seafood: Simmer ½ cup finely chopped mushrooms and 1 dessertspoon shallots in 1½ tablespoons butter until mushrooms are cooked. Add ¼lb. shelled whole prawns or 1 small can crab, chopped. Stir in 1½ dessertspoons flour. Gradually add ¾ cup cream, cook until thickened. Blend in ¼ cup sherry.

Souffle omelet

The souffle (or "puffy") omelet, as its name indicates, puffs up like a small souffle while cooking. It is slid under griller or put into hot oven for a few minutes to set top lightly.

For a savory topping, sprinkle finely grated cheese over before placing under griller; or use one of the variations or fillings given for French omelet.

BASIC RECIPE

Four eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Separate eggs, beat yolks until thick. Add salt, pepper, and milk. Beat egg-whites until they form peaks. Fold whites into yolks. Pour into heated pan, in which butter has been melted and swirled around. Spread mixture evenly, cook slowly until omelet puffs up and under-part is lightly golden. (Lift up edge of omelet to watch this and, if it begins to stick, add little more butter.)

Bake in moderate oven about 5 minutes, or place under medium griller, until top is slightly dry and springs back when pressed lightly with fingertip. Slip carefully on to hot plate and fold in half. Serve immediately. Serves 2.

Spanish omelet

Unlike the French or souffle omelets, the Spanish version is not folded or rolled, but is served flat. When omelet is golden underneath, turn with spatula and cook the other side, as with a pancake.

Ingredients are basically the same as for French omelet, but there are two interesting methods of preparation.

In the first, 1 dessertspoon of finely chopped onion and 2 dessertspoons of skinned, diced tomato (both of which have been sauteed in little butter) and little finely chopped parsley are added to the egg mixture.

Then it is cooked, turned, and served flat, as above.

In the second method, the omelet (made with the plain egg mixture) is cooked, turned, served flat, and topped with a rich, tasty sauce, such as:

Spanish Onion Sauce: Thinly slice 2 onions, separate into rings, saute in little butter until onions are tender and transparent. Add 1 tablespoon each red and green peppers, 2 tomatoes, skinned and chopped, ¼lb. mushrooms, finely chopped. Cook until tender. Add 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, little finely chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Spoon over omelet.

THERE'S no magic in being a good cook. It's just a matter of doing the right things in the right way. Weigh ingredients and follow recipe instructions exactly.

After you have made a dish several times, and know it well, then you can experiment by changing the seasoning ingredients, varying the method of serving, adding your own individual garnishes.

Classical recipes have certain specific garnishes and methods of preparation. If you change these, then you must change the name of the dish. Name the new creation for yourself, or after a special guest.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

Dessert omelets

These are a version of the souffle omelet with ½ teaspoon sugar per egg added before mixing omelet. Pepper, of course, is omitted.

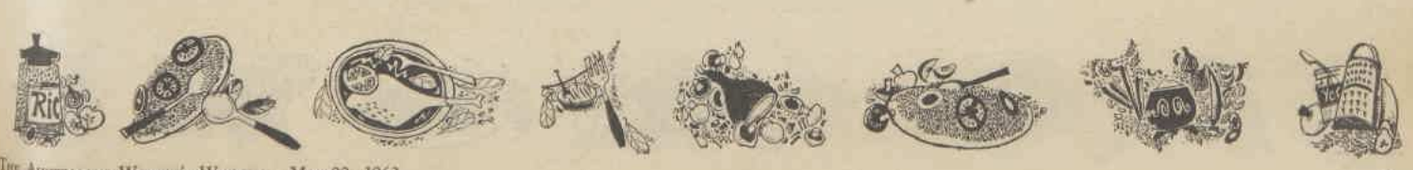
Small dessert omelets can be made with 2 eggs, in 6in. pan.

Strawberries and Cream: Sweeten sliced fresh strawberries to taste, or use thawed frozen berries. Fill omelet with 1 dessertspoon berries for each egg used. Fold and top with cream, garnish with whole strawberries.

Or top with sour cream, dust with castor sugar and hold under griller just long enough to set cream.

Rum-Peaches: Add 1 dessertspoon rum to omelet mixture in place of water. Before folding, fill centre with drained sliced peaches heated in their own syrup to which a little rum has been added. Top folded omelet with a little hot peach syrup, or spoon warm rum over and set aflame. Serve with additional hot rum-peaches.

Apricot and Cream: Spoon hot apricot jam over half of omelet (or use canned apricot halves, chopped); turn on to hot plate. Serve separately a bowl of whipped cream dusted with nutmeg.



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Souffles

• A souffle is a creation; and famous chefs send it to the table with pride and a flourish. Yet nothing could be more homely in basic ingredients or simpler to prepare than these light-as-a-feather masterpieces.

NOTHING is more spectacular or enhances the reputation of a cook so much as a high, golden, savory souffle—tasty with cheese or tender chicken; or a dessert souffle, dark and delectable with chocolate, or rich and luscious with strawberries or other fruits soaked in brandy or liqueur.

The souffle is said to have been created originally for a French Court trumpeter — a souffleur. Queen Marie Antoinette of France, when a child, asked the Court chef to prepare a special birthday dessert for her souffleur to match his title.

The chef invented a dish light enough to rise like a trumpet note, and christened it a souffle.

Nowadays French housewives automatically reach for the eggs and the souffle dish whenever they have a few tasty leftovers. For this is one of the simplest and most economical ways of transforming small portions of chicken, seafood, mushrooms, or almost any other food into a gourmet dish.

In its short, airy life, the souffle is cookery perfection.

It should be light and delicate in texture, with the top gently cracked to give a tantalising glimpse of the goodness within.

Basically, a souffle is a thick white sauce, flavored, blended with egg-yolks, with whipped egg-whites folded in, then baked. The egg-yolks give it stability, the egg-whites an airy lightness.

Souffle additions are usually chopped very finely or else forced through a sieve to make a smooth puree. A light, delicate souffle cannot be made by mixing coarse particles of food into the souffle batter. Sometimes, however, better flavor and contrast of texture result if the food is cut into small, thin slices.

Some people prefer a souffle to be firm and cooked right through. For this, cooking time may be extended as long as 45 minutes.

Most souffle-lovers prefer a creamy, slightly liquid centre; in other words, a souffle with its own inbuilt sauce.

Cooking times, therefore, depend on personal preference. After you have experimented with one or two souffle varieties, you can decide the cooking time that suits you and your oven best.

But, like time and tide, a hot souffle waits for no man! Within a few seconds of leaving the oven, the centre begins to subside, and slowly down it goes as the air inside cools. So it should be served immediately it is taken from the oven.

Entree or dessert

A baked souffle made from the basic mixture can be either savory or sweet—the savory souffle to serve as an entree or a main dish of a light meal, and the sweet souffle for a wonderful dessert.

An entree souffle to serve 4 or 5 people takes 4 or 5 eggs, 1 cup of thick bechamel sauce (the basic souffle white sauce), and 1 cup of the flavoring ingredient.

Recipes for the main types of souffle are given on this page, plus all the information needed to make successful souffles every time.

Here are the secrets:

Basic Sauce: This must be the consistency of a thick white sauce. If too thin, the souffle may fall before it is cooked; if too thick, it will not fold well into the egg-whites.

Egg-whites: Should be whipped just to the point where they hold distinct but moist peaks. Over-beating will cause the finished souffle to taste dry; under-beating will prevent it rising as high as it should.

Fold in the egg-whites thoroughly so there will be no solid streaks of white in the baked souffle. Never stir in the egg-whites. Stirring crushes the delicate network and releases air.

Souffles will stand up longer if a pinch of cream of tartar is added to egg-whites when they are beaten.

The heat of the oven causes the millions of little air bubbles to expand. The cream of tartar strengthens them so they don't collapse so readily when the souffle is cooked.

Number of Eggs: Can be varied in ratio to sauce: 1 cup of thick white sauce provides adequate support for 4 to 9 eggs. If there are extra yolks or whites on hand, 1 extra yolk can be added for every 3 whole eggs, or 1 extra white for every 4 whole eggs.

Extra yolks give a souffle greater stability. It rises higher, falls more slowly, has slightly finer texture, heavier crust, browner color.

Extra whites make texture airier, give greater volume before baking but less when cooked.

Souffle Dish: Should be lightly buttered. Some cooks prefer an unbuttered souffle dish, believing that the souffle climbs higher, clinging to the unbuttered sides. However, it doesn't make a great deal of difference—and an unbuttered souffle-dish is certainly difficult to wash!

Always use the round, straight-sided souffle-dish, which allows the mixture to rise evenly; standard size is 8in.

For the finished souffle to look its best, dish should be three-quarters full of souffle mixture. If container is too big, the souffle will not rise above rim.

For a higher souffle use a smaller dish than usual and tie collar of greased waxed paper or aluminium foil round top of dish. This collar has two purposes:

- It lends support to hot souffles as they rise in the oven. (Remember to remove collar before serving.)
- It helps to give cold souffles a well-risen appearance. The prepared cold souffle mixture is poured into the dish which has collar attached; after the souffle has been chilled to firmness, the collar is peeled off carefully.

On top of savory souffles, draw a circle about 1in. from edge of dish with the tip of a knife to encourage the souffle to form a "crown" as it bakes.

Sugar: When making dessert souffles, add sugar gradually after egg-whites are whipped, just to hold their shape. Don't beat as you would for a meringue mixture—this would make the souffle dry.

Preparation: To start a souffle ahead of time, prepare the sauce, separate the eggs, butter the dish, and heat the oven. When ready to make the souffle, reheat sauce, add yolks, and proceed as recipe directs.

The egg-whites must be beaten and added at the last minute.

Sometimes the souffle-dish is stood in a pan of hot water to bake, but this prevents a good, golden crust forming on bottom and sides of souffle.

If your souffle is ready—but your guests are not—don't despair entirely. Let it stand in the oven, door ajar about 3in. It can be kept up to 5 minutes in this way without losing its shape.

Savory souffles

Below is the basic mixture for making a savory souffle, and some flavor variations.

BASIC RECIPE

One and a half tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper to taste, 4 eggs (separated).

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan and blend in flour; add milk, salt and pepper, stir over medium heat until sauce is thick and smooth. Stir in beaten egg-yolks, one at a time; let mixture cool a little. Whip whites until they hold short, moist peaks. Fold about half whites thoroughly into sauce, fold in remaining whites. Pour into buttered 1½-quart-size souffle-dish (or 4 to 6 small dishes of 1-cup size); draw circle on surface 1in. in from edge; bake in moderately hot oven 35 minutes for large size, 20 minutes for 1-cup size.

Cheese Souffle: Before adding egg-yolks to sauce, stir in ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup shredded cheddar or swiss cheese; stir until cheese has melted.

Mushroom Souffle: Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add ½lb. chopped mushrooms and chopped white part of 3 shallots; simmer, rapidly stirring, until all liquid has cooked away. Stir in flour, gradually blend in 1-3rd cup sherry, ¾ cup milk, and salt. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Proceed then as for basic recipe.

Other Variations: One cup finely chopped chicken, meat, fish, or vegetables can be added as variation. Finely chopped parsley or chives also will enhance flavor; or add 1½ teaspoons curry-powder, small piece of root ginger or ½ clove garlic to the basic sauce. Remove ginger and garlic before adding egg-yolks. (Let them stand only long enough in sauce to add flavor.) Chopped lobster, prawns, well-drained asparagus, oysters, tomatoes cooked gently to a pulp and rubbed through a strainer are all delicious additions to souffles.

Dessert souffles

Follow the basic recipe above, but omit pepper and gently beat into the egg-whites 1 tablespoon castor-sugar.

Then let your imagination take over.

Dessert souffles are improved if, after the dish is buttered, it is sprinkled lightly with castor-sugar, then filled with the mixture.

To give a golden top-crust to dessert souffle, sprinkle with a little castor-sugar just before putting into oven.

Whether a sauce is served with a dessert souffle is a matter of taste. If souffle has creamy centre, sauce is not actually necessary.

For vanilla, chocolate, and coffee souffles, whipped cream can be blended into a simple custard, with flavoring that complements the flavor of the souffle. Sauces flavored with a liqueur such as Grand Marnier are delicious. With berry souffles, choose a sauce made from the same fruit used in the souffle, sprinkle with a little liqueur if desired.

When making liqueur-flavored souffles, a little liqueur is sprinkled on base of mould and small sponge ladyfingers or crumbled macaroons, moistened with liqueur, are placed between 2 layers of souffle.

As heat evaporates the liqueur, its fragrance rises through the whole souffle.

Here are some of the most popular dessert souffles:

Chocolate: Melt 2oz. dark chocolate, blend into sauce base.

Coffee: Add to thickened base 1 tablespoon instant coffee dissolved in little hot milk.

Lemon: Just before folding in egg-whites, add finely grated rind of 1 lemon and juice of ½ lemon. (Orange juice and rind can be used for orange souffle.)

Apricot: Add 1 cup cooked apricot pulp, or sieved canned apricots, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice to basic sauce.

Cold souffles

Another type of souffle, which is not cooked and can be served savory or sweet, is the cold souffle. It can be made in endless variations. Simply prepared, it stands above the rim of the dish in distinguished imitation of the baked souffle.

BASIC RECIPE

Five eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, ½ pint cream, flavoring (see below).

Beat eggs with sugar until mixture is very thick and lemon-colored. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water, add to eggs, mix well. Fold in cream, stiffly beaten.

Butter souffle-dish lightly, tie round top edge a stand-up collar of lightly greased waxed paper or aluminium foil. Turn souffle mixture into dish, refrigerate until set. Remove collar. If desired, decorate top with extra whipped cream.

Mocha: Melt 3oz. dark chocolate over boiling water with 1 tablespoon strong coffee; beat into egg mixture.

Apricot: Sieve enough canned apricots to make 1 cup of puree; add 1 dessertspoon brandy or rum. Stir into egg mixture.

Ham: Omit sugar from basic recipe, add salt and pepper to taste. Fold into souffle mixture 1 cup minced ham, pinch nutmeg, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives.

And for a special-occasion dessert that guests will remember and remark upon—try the superb recipe below.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE-CREAM DE LUXE

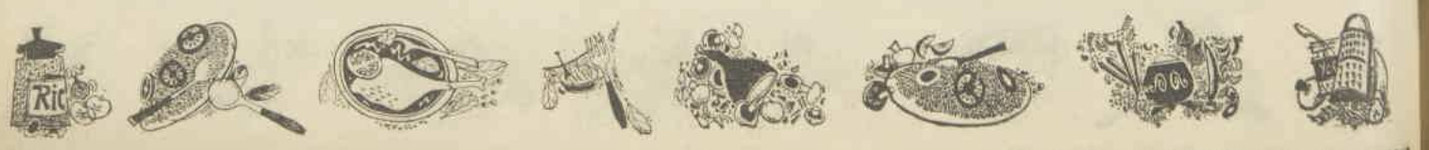
Four eggs, 3 egg-yolks (extra), 3 tablespoons castor-sugar, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water, 5oz. dark sweet chocolate, 3 dessertspoons cold strong coffee, 2 tablespoons brandy, 1½ cups whipped cream, 3 dessertspoons icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla.

Beat whole eggs, egg-yolks, castor-sugar until mixture is very thick and holds its shape when dropped from spoon. Soften gelatine in lemon juice and water, then stir over low heat until gelatine is quite dissolved. Cool a little. Cut chocolate into small pieces, combine with coffee and brandy, stir over low heat until melted. Carefully mix gelatine into egg mixture, then mix in melted chocolate.

Whip cream until it just holds its shape, then mix ½ cup of whipped cream carefully into other ingredients.

Tie band of lightly oiled waxed paper round outside of 8in. souffle-dish, projecting 3in. above top of dish. Pour souffle mixture in. It will rise at least 2in. above rim of dish, but waxed paper will hold it firm. Refrigerate several hours to chill and set. Take out, remove waxed paper very carefully.

Add vanilla and sifted icing-sugar to remainder of cream; beat a little more until it holds its shape. Cover top of souffle with whipped cream, pipe small cream rosettes round edge. If desired, coarsely grated chocolate can be pressed round outer raised edge of souffle.



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SAUCES

● "One can learn to cook and one can be taught to roast, but a good sauce-maker is a genius born, not made," said the famous French master of cuisine, Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin.

LUCKILY, we do not all have to cook to the exacting standards of Brillat-Savarin. But anyone who has dined in French restaurants and seen how French gourmets capture on bread the last drops of a savory sauce on their plates will know how much importance they attach to the preparation of perfect sauces.

In the Middle Ages, sauce-making was considered so important that a saucier, or Master of the Sauces, was retained by royal personages and by rich gourmets and was always present at banquets and notable functions. Old engravings show this Master of Sauces working at elaborately equipped side-tables, with a corps of young assistants.

Today, the saucier in a hotel or restaurant kitchen stands second in rank to the executive chef himself. Every ambitious young apprentice knows that he must spend hours at the big copper pans learning the art of the saucier.

Although they are the foundation of fine cuisine, sauces have their origins in simple cooking practice.

The combination of ingredients for the varieties of sauces may seem endless, but the same basic methods are followed over and over again.

Two basic types

Basically there are two types of sauces—brown and white—and nearly all sauces are variations of these. Once you have learned to make these two types correctly, the whole flavorsome range of sauce cookery is yours.

What is a good sauce?

● A good sauce complements and enhances by its flavor and texture the food it accompanies. It must neither overpower the food nor be overpowered by it.

● A good sauce should possess the following characteristics: a glossy, colorful appearance; a bouquet as in wine—subtle and well blended; a smooth, velvety texture with fluidity of body; complete absence of any sight or taste of greasiness.

The perfect sauce, then, must be appetising and inviting in appearance; never, never must it seem cold or set or solid or greasy or lumpy.

THE SAUCE PAN: This should be heavy so that it will hold and distribute heat evenly. Sauces scorch readily in lightweight pans, despite constant stirring. If no heavy pan is available, put an asbestos mat between heat and saucepan.

A pan with a slightly rounded inside edge is best; it has no corners where the sauce can hide, and the possibility of uneven blending or scorching is reduced.

THE ROUX: A good sauce-maker must understand "the ritual of the roux." This is the initial step in making a good sauce. It is simply the blending together of butter and flour with perfect precision.

To this mixture is added hot milk, flavored perhaps with onion and a bayleaf or stock made of broths of meat, fowl, or fish condensed after slow, long simmering into rich, full-flavored essences.

A question often asked is: "When is a sauce really a sauce—not just broth, bouillon, or essence?" The answer is, "When it is thickened."

It is the roux—the scientific blending of flour, fat, and liquid—which provides this thickening.

Equal quantities of flour and butter are used to make the roux. To thicken 1 pint of liquid and make sauces of the following three consistencies you need.

Thin Sauce (pouring consistency): Flour—1oz., butter—1oz.

Medium Sauce (masking consistency): Flour—1½oz., butter—1½oz.

Thick Sauce (binding consistency for mixed ingredients such as croquettes): Flour—2-2½oz., butter—2-2½oz.

Melt butter, add flour, and cook roux over low heat, stirring constantly. The flour must be thoroughly cooked, but high heat will shrivel the starch grains in the flour and the texture of the finished sauce will suffer.

If no kitchen scales are available, a tablespoon is a handy measure; one level tablespoon of flour measures ½oz.; 1 level tablespoon of butter measures 1oz.

White Sauce: The roux should be cooked 2 to 3 minutes slowly so it does not color.

Blond Sauce (light creamy golden in color): The roux is cooked a little longer until colored slightly.

Brown Sauce: The roux is cooked until rich golden brown. Or flour for roux may be placed first in a moderate oven and heated until light brown before adding to the hot butter. While in oven it should be stirred constantly to avoid burning.

For all sauces, heat liquid before adding it to the roux to obtain quicker and more thorough liaison; always remove saucepan from heat until liquid has been blended into roux. Add liquid slowly, stirring constantly.

Return to heat and stir constantly; as sauce cooks, it begins to thicken.

THE REDUCTION: It has been said, "A sauce is like a woman—both improve greatly by reducing." The next step in sauce-making—the reduction—reduces the amount of liquid, and during the process the flavors of the ingredients are extracted and blended and the starch is thoroughly cooked; the sauce has a velvety texture, with no trace of starchiness in the flavor.

To reduce sauce, lower heat and simmer very slowly until liquid is reduced by up to as much as half.

White sauces improve in color and texture the more they are whipped. Stir brown sauces only often enough to stop them sticking to pan and scorching.

Strain sauce when finished to give an elegant smoothness.

If the sauce has to stand for a time or is prepared in advance, cover the saucepan closely with a tight-fitting lid or a piece of greased paper or aluminium foil.

KEEPING SAUCES: Almost any sauce can be made ahead of time and reheated, but sauces containing milk, cream, or eggs should not be stored longer than one day.

Veloute (which is made with white meat or fish stock), brown, and tomato sauces can be stored in the refrigerator for one or two weeks. Pour sauce into jar and cover with a seal of melted fat or float a little sherry on surface.

If the sauce is not used within a week, boil it a few minutes, pour back into freshly washed jars, seal, and store as before.

Sauces stored in a freezer will keep several months, but need care while being reconstituted.

The white sauces

The basic white sauces are Bechamel and Veloute. Addition of milk, cream, stock, mushrooms, wine, egg-yolks, and cheese in various combinations, seasoned with onion, shallot, lemon juice, herbs, or spices, produces countless different sauces.

Adding Egg-yolk: Whisk egg-yolk; a spoonful or two of cream can be beaten with yolk. Then warm the egg by mixing a little of the hot sauce with it, then add the mixture to remaining sauce. If cold egg is added to hot sauce it coagulates instead of blending in and sauce curdles. Stir sauce constantly after egg-yolk has been added, until it almost reaches boiling-point, but do not allow to boil.

Adding Cream: When cream is used as part of the liquid of a sauce, use unwhipped cream. But when cream is added at the last for greater richness, whipped cream should be folded in.

Adding Cheese: When adding cheese to sauce, use hard cheese in preference to soft. Dry cheeses grate finely and blend thoroughly with the sauce without changing its texture or adding excess fat.

Finishing with Butter: A little butter swirled into a sauce just before serving improves flavor and thickens sauce a little. Do not stir—just swirl butter in by moving pan in circular motion. Remove sauce from heat before butter is completely melted.

SAUCE BECHAMEL

Melt butter. Saute 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion until transparent (this can be omitted; the onion flavor can be obtained by adding the onion to the milk and letting it remain there while milk is brought to scalding-point, then strained). Add flour, mix well, cook slowly, stirring constantly, a few minutes. Set aside to cool slightly. Blend in scalded milk flavored with a bayleaf; cook slowly, stirring, until mixture is thick and smooth. Season with salt. Cook sauce very slowly about 30 minutes or until well reduced in volume; strain.

VELOUTE SAUCE

Make roux and cook, stirring, until it is more golden—or blond—than for Bechamel. Add hot white stock (made from poultry or veal if to be served with poultry or meats, or fish for a Fish Veloute). Stir until mixture is well combined. Simmer sauce, stirring frequently, about 1 hour or until well reduced and thick as cream; skim sauce occasionally. Season to taste; strain.

From the two basic sauces the following variations are easy:

Sauce Creme: To reduced Bechamel Sauce fold in ¼ pint whipped cream. Add a little more salt or seasoning if necessary.

Supreme Sauce: Cook 2 cups chicken stock with 3 sliced white mushrooms until liquid is reduced to 1-3rd original quantity. Add 1 cup Veloute Sauce, bring just to boil, simmer until mixture is reduced to 1 cup. Gradually stir in 1 cup whipped cream, correct seasoning; strain.

Allemande Sauce: This is one of the richest of all the cream sauces. Mix 2 lightly beaten egg-yolks with little cream and little hot Supreme Sauce. Add this to 2 cups hot Supreme Sauce. Heat, stirring constantly, just to boiling-point. Fold in 1 tablespoon whipped cream.

Sauce Mornay: Mix 2 slightly beaten egg-yolks with a little cream, combine with 2 cups hot Bechamel Sauce; cook, stirring constantly, until sauce just reaches boiling-point; do not boil. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 2 tablespoons grated cheese. Stir until cheese has melted.

Sauce Aurore: Add 1½ tablespoons tomato puree to 2 cups Bechamel or Mornay Sauce; swirl in 1 dessertspoon butter.

Sauce Bercy: Cook 1 dessertspoon chopped shallots in ¾ cup white wine until liquid is reduced to about 2 tablespoons. Add 1½ cups Fish Veloute, cook slowly 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, swirl in 1 tablespoon butter. This sauce is generally used for glazing fish. Spread sauce over fish, put dish under griller or into oven to brown. To obtain even browning and nice shine to the glaze, fold in 1 dessertspoon whipped cream to each ½ cup of sauce.

Sauce Vin Blanc: Combine ½ cup chopped mushrooms, ½ cup dry white wine, ½ cup reduced fish stock. Cook liquid until reduced to 1-3rd original quantity. Add 1 cup Sauce Creme or Fish Veloute, season to taste. Finish sauce with ½ cup whipped cream or swirl in 1 dessertspoon butter. (When serving with poached fish, liquid in which fish is poached is usually reduced to make stock for sauce.)

French White Sauce: Less rich than the other foundation sauces, it is sometimes used instead of Hollandaise on vegetables such as asparagus, or on fish. Add hot water to the roux (instead of milk or stock), season to taste. Combine with 2 slightly beaten egg-yolks, cook until just on boiling-point, stirring continuously; do not boil. Remove from heat, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and swirl in 1 dessertspoon butter.

The brown sauces

The basic brown sauces are Sauce Espagnole and Tomato Sauce. Most other brown sauces are variations of these. The majority of the directions for making white sauce apply also to brown. The exception is that strained meat dripping or fat from the stockpot can sometimes replace butter in making brown sauce. Do not use lamb or chicken fat, because their flavors are too disinctive.

The roux for brown sauce is cooked very slowly until rich golden brown. It must be stirred constantly to prevent scorching, which makes the sauce bitter. The sauce must also be stirred constantly while liquid is being added and until sauce thickens. During the reduction, however, stir sauce only occasionally or shake pan to prevent sticking and scorching. Too much stirring lightens color of sauce. More liquid is used for brown sauce to permit longer reduction.

SAUCE ESPAGNOLE
(Brown Sauce)

In a heavy saucepan, melt ½ cup fat or butter. Add 1 small carrot and 2 medium onions, coarsely chopped; cook until they just start to turn golden. Add ½ cup flour and cook, stirring frequently, until roux is nicely brown and vegetables are also well browned. Add 3 cups hot brown stock, 1 clove garlic, 1 chopped stalk of celery, 3 sprigs of parsley, 1 small bayleaf, pinch of thyme. Cook, stirring frequently, until mixture thickens, then add 3 more cups of hot stock. Cook sauce very slowly over low heat, stirring occasionally, 1 to 1½ hours or until sauce is reduced to about 3 cups. As it cooks, skim off excess fat. Add ½ cup tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, or ½ cup tomato puree; cook sauce few minutes longer; strain.

TOMATO SAUCE

Make roux, as for Sauce Espagnole, with carrot and onion; cook until roux is golden but not brown. Add 2 to 2½ cups chopped tomatoes, 1½ cups brown stock or water, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 stalks celery (chopped), 1 small bayleaf, 3 sprigs parsley, pinch of thyme, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt. Cook sauce slowly, stirring constantly, until thickened. Continue to cook slowly, stirring (skimming when necessary), 1 to 1½ hours or until sauce is reduced to about 2 cups. Strain through fine sieve, rubbing pulp through. Bring sauce again to boil, cook 4 or 5 minutes longer.

Tomato sauce must be watched very carefully—it scorches easily. Stir frequently.

The following sauces are variations of the basic brown sauces:

Sauce Madeira: Reduce 2 cups brown sauce to about 1 cup. Add one-third cup good Madeira wine and bring sauce just to boil, do not let it boil.

Brown Sauce (without fat): Cook ¾ cup flour in oven or under griller until golden brown; stir constantly to avoid scorching. Brown 1 carrot and 1 onion, both coarsely chopped, in oven or under griller, shaking pan occasionally. Put flour in saucepan, blend in 5 cups boiling brown stock, stir until sauce thickens. Add carrot and onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup tomato sauce or chopped fresh tomatoes, few peppercorns, 2 chopped stalks celery, few sprigs of parsley, ½ bayleaf. Cook sauce slowly 1½-2 hours. Strain through fine sieve, correct seasoning.

Sauce Chasseur: Peel and slice thinly 1lb. mushrooms. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add mushrooms with ½ teaspoon salt and pepper to taste; saute, shaking pan frequently, until mushrooms are golden brown. Add 2 chopped shallots and ½ cup dry white wine; cook until liquid is reduced to about half original quantity. Add 1 cup brown sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, and ½ teaspoon each chopped parsley and tarragon.

Demi-glaze Sauce: This is the richest of basic brown sauces and is usually served with red meats.

Cook 2 small carrots and 2 medium onions (both finely chopped) in 1 tablespoon butter until soft and brown. Add few beefbones (previously browned in oven in clean fat or strained meat dripping), 3 sprigs of parsley, ½ cup mushroom-stems, 3 cups brown sauce and 2 cups brown stock (or 5 cups good brown stock). Cook slowly 1½ hours, skimming frequently. Strain demi-glaze through a fine sieve, reboil, skim once more. Add 1-3rd cup Madeira wine or sherry; serve.

A simple demi-glaze sauce can be made by cooking chopped stems of a few mushrooms in 1-3rd cup dry sherry until wine is reduced to about half. Add 2 cups brown sauce and 1 dessertspoon meat-glaze. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes; strain.

Continued overleaf

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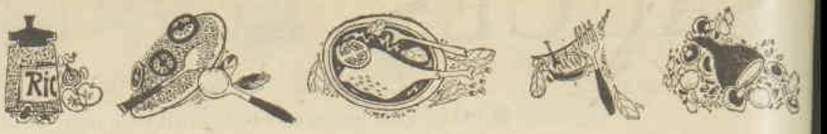
TOURNEDOS



● Cooked to succulent perfection, the tender little steaks called tournedos have an immediate and irresistible appeal to eye and appetite. Below are some of the most famous tournedos recipes, complete with traditional accompaniments.

TOURNEDOS (pronounced toor-ne-do) are small, uniform slices of beef about 1 to 1½in. thick, cut from the lower, narrow portion of the fillet between the chateaubriand and the filet mignon cuts.

There are nearly 500 different versions of tournedos. Each is named according to the method of serving and individual garnishings which accompany it.

Some of the accompaniments that make up tournedos variations are: mushrooms; parsleyed potatoes; baby marrow slices dipped in batter and deep-fried; miniature carrot balls simmered in butter; artichoke hearts; tiny savory pastry-shells filled with green peas; shredded lettuce with a hint of garlic.

Top the steak with stuffed tomatoes and mushroom caps and you have the classic Tournedos Richelieu. Garnish with asparagus tips au gratin, fancy-shaped carrots, turnips, and green peas, and add Madeira sauce for the delicious Tournedos Delagrange.

Experiment by all means and name a tournedos yourself. But if you want to serve a classically named tournedos, then you must adhere to the correct traditional garnishings.

Preparations

The simple rules for cooking tournedos are:

- If necessary, trim or shape tournedos into a round, then tie or secure with small cocktail pick.
- If tournedos are to be grilled, brush them generously with softened butter or oil.
- If tournedos are to be sauteed, add enough butter to cover, when melted, the bottom of a heavy pan; add a tablespoon or more of oil.
- Start cooking over high heat, then reduce heat to moderate and cook tournedos to desired degree of doneness.
- Remove cocktail pick.
- Serve at once on hot plate, accompanied by their garniture.

The tournedos is often raised above the level of its garniture. Hot pilaf rice, circles of fried bread, small mounds of golden-buttered potatoes all make appetising bases.

Sauces served with the steak are rich and savory, due to a simple but subtle blending of herbs. Often laced with wine for color and flavor, they spill their goodness over the hot, tender meat.

Classic recipes

The following recipes include some of the classic ways of garnishing and serving tournedos.

TOURNEDOS A LA MONEGASQUE

One tournedos for each person, sauteed slices of eggplant, tomato fondue, black olives, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 teaspoon chopped tarragon leaves, ½ cup chicken stock, 1 tablespoon butter.

Top each cooked tournedos with a slice of eggplant, spoon a little tomato fondue on top of eggplant slices. Garnish plate with olives. To make sauce, add white wine and tarragon leaves to the pan in which tournedos were cooked. Cook over high heat until sauce is reduced by half. Add chicken stock, stir until sauce is smooth; swirl in butter, serve sauce at once over tournedos.

Tomato Fondue: Peel, seed, and chop 4 large ripe tomatoes. Combine in saucepan with 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt to taste. Cook, stirring frequently, until tomatoes are soft.

TOURNEDOS AUX CHAMPIGNONS

(Tournedos with Mushroom Sauce)

One tournedos for each person, Mushroom Sauce, shoestring potatoes, watercress or other greens, butter, ½ cup chicken stock, fried bread rounds.

Saute tournedos, remove from pan, keep hot. Drain butter from pan, add ½ cup chicken stock, cook sauce over high heat, stirring in the brown bits that cling to the pan. Stir in Mushroom Sauce and reheat, but do not let it boil. Serve tournedos on rounds of fried bread, ladle Mushroom Sauce generously over. Serve with shoestring potatoes (potatoes cut into very fine straws and deep-fried until golden brown) and with watercress.

Mushroom Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan; in it saute for 5 minutes ¼lb. finely chopped mushrooms. Sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon flour; blend in well. Add 1 cup cream and cook gently, stirring, for 10 minutes. Blend in 2 tablespoons whipped cream, 1 tablespoon Madeira or sherry; season to taste.

TOURNEDOS BELLECLAIRE

One tournedos for each person, grilled tomato halves, tiny baked tartlet-shells of shortcrust pastry, potato balls with finely chopped shallots, whole mushrooms, finely diced red peppers, butter, mint.

Serve tournedos on top of grilled tomato halves. Fill baked tartlet-shells with finely diced red peppers which have been sauteed in a little butter. Fill sauteed whole mushroom caps with potato balls. To make potato balls, peel potatoes and, with melon-baller, cut small balls from potatoes (or potatoes can be diced). In colander over hot water, steam potato balls with few mint leaves until almost done. Remove from colander, let dry a minute or two, then saute until lightly golden in little butter to which 2 or 3 finely chopped shallots have been added.

Sauce: Pour butter from pan in which tournedos were cooked, add ½ cup stock and 1 tablespoon Madeira or sherry, cook over high heat, stirring in the brown bits that cling to pan. Spoon over tournedos.

Variations

Here are some other well-known variations:

Tournedos a l'Estragon (Tournedos with Tarragon): Serve tournedos on bread rounds sauteed in butter; drain off butter from pan, add ½ cup each white wine and stock in which 4 tarragon leaves (or little dried tarragon) have been soaked at least 30 minutes. Cook sauce over high heat, stirring, until reduced by one-half. Swirl 1 dessertspoon butter into sauce, pour over steak. Decorate each tournedos with 2 crossed tarragon leaves.

Tournedos Czech Style: Place tournedos on base of risotto, garnish with tomatoes concasses (halve tomatoes, remove centres, dice pulp, mix with finely chopped onions which have been sauteed in butter, add seasoning, heat, refill tomato halves) and with deep-fried onion-rings.

Tournedos Cecil: Garnish tournedos with souffle potatoes, asparagus tips, and sauteed mushrooms; serve with Madeira sauce.

Tournedos Lesseps: Saute tournedos, place on rice croquette mixed with saffron and diced red peppers; garnish with stuffed tomatoes, serve with Madeira sauce.

Tournedos Rossini: Spread each cooked steak with pate de foie gras, top with truffle slice; spoon over a rich Madeira sauce.

Tournedos Chasseur: Add some white wine to pan in which tournedos were cooked, stirring in all the brown bits. Add some rich brown sauce flavored with mushrooms and chopped shallots; pour over steak.

Maitre d'Hotel: Just the simple steak cooked perfectly, served with parsley-topped butter-balls.

Tournedos Othello: Place a small poached egg on each steak, spoon over brown sauce; garnish with straw potatoes and green peas.

Tournedos Adelaide: Grilled tournedos served with small golden tartlets of shortcrust pastry filled with creamed corn; thick slices of firm banana, dipped in beaten egg, then in fine breadcrumbs, and deep-fried. A thick tomato sauce, into which a little butter is swirled, is served separately.

Tournedos Continental Style: Serve three tournedos grilled and garnished with grilled tomatoes, grilled mushroom caps, souffle potatoes, and watercress. Serve a savory herb butter separately.

Tournedos Shepherd Style: Serve tournedos with golden-glazed tiny onions (sauteed whole), fried diced bacon, and straw potatoes.

Tournedos Victoria: Place tournedos on a flat round chicken croquette. On top of tournedos, place grilled or fried tomato-half or thick slice of tomato.

SAUCES . . . continued from previous page

French chefs say butter bears the same relationship to French sauces that good sauces bear to French cooking; one is inconceivable without the other.

And there are the sauces, such as the following, of which butter is the main ingredient.

Featuring butter

Butter flavored with a variety of ingredients makes sauces that are delicious to serve over most meats or fish. To make compound butters, the butter should be whipped to creamy consistency, then incorporated with whatever flavoring is desired.

If flavoring includes lemon juice or another liquid, the liquid should be worked into the creamed butter very gradually.

The finished butter should not be chilled in refrigerator; excess chilling encourages liquid to separate from the fat. Let the butter become firm in a cool place.

Try Garlic Butter over hot baked oysters; Anchovy Butter over grilled fish; Shallot Butter over grilled meat or poultry.

Here are two compound butter sauces whose delicious flavor has made them famous: these are Hollandaise Sauce and Bearnaise Sauce.

Hollandaise is a delicious accompaniment to vegetables (try it with asparagus or cauliflower) and also poached fish.

Bearnaise is a similar sauce, but has added piquancy of herbs, wine, and vinegar. It is generally served with grilled meats, sometimes with grilled fish.

SAUCE HOLLANDAISE

Have ¼lb. butter at room temperature. Combine 3 egg-yolks and 1 tablespoon water in top of double saucepan or a heatproof basin over hot, but not boiling, water; stir mixture briskly with a wire whip until light and fluffy. Add some of the butter—not more than ¼; whip constantly until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, add remainder of butter in small portions, stirring briskly. Thoroughly blend in butter after each addition. Season to taste with salt and little lemon juice. For a lighter sauce, thin with 1 dessertspoon hot water.

BEARNAISE SAUCE

This is made in similar manner to Hollandaise. In place of water use equal quantities (¼ cup each) of tarragon vinegar and white wine. Boil these together with 2 finely chopped shallots and little fresh or dried tarragon until only 1 tablespoon remains. Then add egg-yolks, then butter in small amounts. Season to taste, adding little finely chopped tarragon or chervil if desired.

Mayonnaise

Mayonnaise, the delicate, uncooked combination of oil, egg-yolks, and lemon juice, or the cooked-smooth egg sauce, is perhaps the most popular of cold sauces. It teams well with all types of salad dishes and can be made in quantity and stored in the refrigerator. Mayonnaise will keep better if 1 dessertspoon of boiling water is mixed in after the last of the oil has been added.

Store in cold, but not freezing, place; excessive cold will cause mayonnaise to separate.

Making mayonnaise presents only one problem—it may curdle or separate. If it is not too badly curdled, the addition of a little hot water, beaten in well, may restore its smooth consistency.

However, to restore the emulsion properly, wash beater and, in another bowl, beat an egg-yolk with ½ teaspoon water or vinegar. Gradually beat in curdled mayonnaise, a teaspoon at a time at first, then more quickly until all has been beaten into the new emulsion.

BASIC RECIPE

Two egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1 cup olive or salad oil.

Rinse bowl with hot water; dry well. Put into it egg-yolks, salt, mustard, and 1 teaspoon vinegar. Beat vigorously with beater or at low speed on electric mixer; add oil, drop by drop, until a little more than ½ cup of oil has been added. Add ½ teaspoon vinegar, still beating, then very slowly pour in remainder of oil in thin stream, beating continually. When all oil has been added, add the final teaspoon vinegar.

Lemon juice can replace the vinegar.

COOKED MAYONNAISE

For those who prefer a mayonnaise without oil there is the rich, creamy smoothness of the cooked variety. The following basic recipe can be varied in many ways: add 1 tablespoon chopped chutney and ¼ cup whipped cream to ¾ cup of the cooled mayonnaise—serve with fruit or vegetable salads. Or, for a deliciously creamy mayonnaise, fold in ¾ cup whipped cream to the cooled mayonnaise just before serving.

One dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon dry mustard, few grains cayenne, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, ¾ cup milk, ½ cup vinegar.

Sift dry ingredients, add beaten eggs, butter, and milk. Stir to combine; cook, stirring, over boiling water, adding vinegar gradually, until mixture begins to thicken. Store, covered, until ready to use.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 22, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

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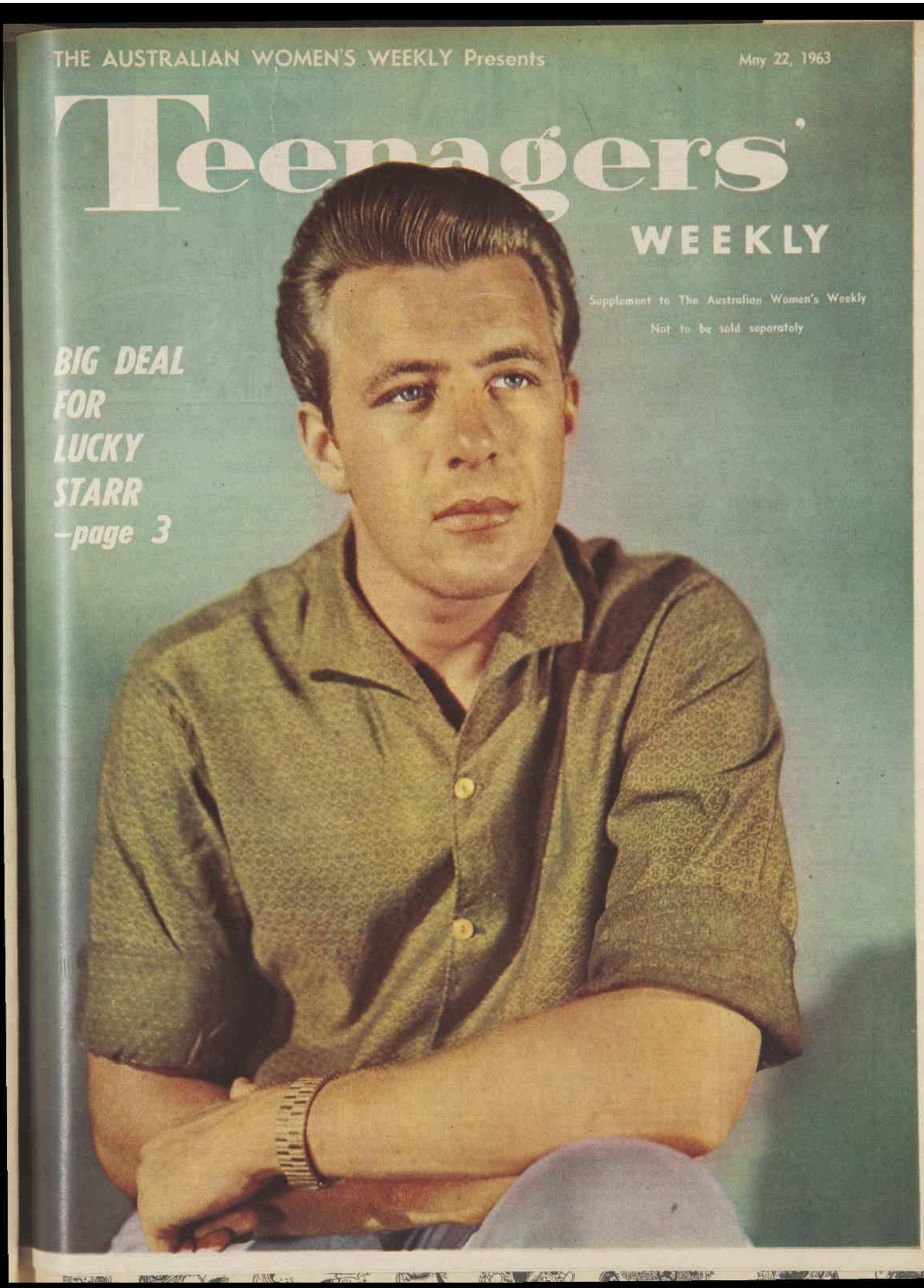

BIG DEAL FOR LUCKY STARR

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

The problem of choosing a career

MY friend is leaving school this year and is already seriously thinking of her future career. She is very clever and has excellent marks in all subjects. She could be a scientist, teacher, or mathematician.

However, all her life she has wanted to be an interior decorator. Her marks in art are good but not outstanding.

This sort of conflict is faced by many teenagers. Should they do what they want to do, or enter a profession they would probably succeed in but not enjoy? What do other readers think? — *Tina Harris, Canberra.*

Learning by post

I AM a correspondence-school student. I don't suppose I would have chosen a correspondence education if there had been any other course open to me, but there wasn't, so I had to make the best of it.

Now that I have been studying by this method for over a year I think perhaps the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

Although I work most of the day on my lessons I am still able to enjoy the life of a country girl instead of having to live in, or near, a big city, which I would hate.

Our property is about 50 miles south-west of Brisbane, so it doesn't take very long for my lessons to arrive at the school, be marked, and returned.

Doing my schoolwork through the post, I am able to work at my own pace. I neither have to keep up with others in something I do not understand properly, nor have to stay back in a subject I comprehend quite well.

However, there is the disadvantage of not having direct contact with my teachers.

Although the work is well set out in individual papers, little problems tend to crop up which, if they were explained verbally, would scarcely be problems at all.

I am deeply grateful to this school, though, and I think most of the students will agree with me in saying the teachers are doing a grand job, helping to spread knowledge through this vast land of ours. — *Robyn Webster, Mt. Pleasant, Qld.*

Date bait

THE kind of date that he likes best
Is tubbed and scrubbed and neatly dressed.
Learn to talk both soft and low,
Don't be reckless with his dough.
Be on time, he hates to wait,
Build him up till he thinks he's great.
Snooty ways can cost you friends,
Sweetness pays off dividends.
A doll with a smile upon her face
And a charming manner gets some place.

— *Diane Wattis, Sydenham, S.A.*

Make-up

I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl and am considered a square by my classmates because I don't use make-up. Most of the girls wear pancake make-up and put rinses through their hair.

But I think I'm attractive enough without using cosmetics. At least I look my age and not like a miniature woman. — *"Schoolgirl," Granville, N.S.W.*

Public speaking

DO many schools have public-speaking sessions? It is essential for students to be able to speak well and express themselves properly, especially if they intend graduating at a university.

We have such a session in our school, consisting of debating, prepared and impromptu speeches, and discussions about general problems.

As well as being entertaining, this session gives students confidence, increases their general knowledge, and gives a clear understanding of world affairs. —*Jan Moloney, Beaumaris, Vic.*

Distorted image

WHY do we allow ourselves to be humiliated by the ridiculous picture of Australia and Australians painted by American movies and TV, and do nothing about it?

It is ignorance, rather than malice, that causes these misunderstandings, but it is our fault that there is ignorance overseas about us.

Our young country has advanced more in 175 years than any other, but we are portrayed as crude, backward, uneducated simpletons.

The danger is that moviegoers and TV viewers take as absolute truth all that is presented to them. — *"Sydney Simpleton," Eastlakes, N.S.W.*

Bad hostess

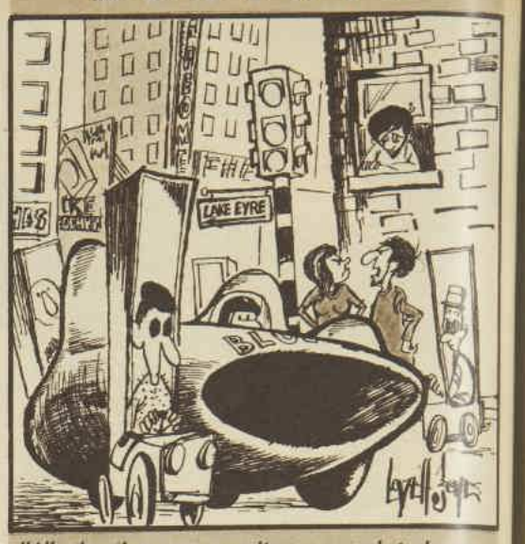
RECENTLY I was invited to spend the day at a friend's place and was shocked at the lack of hospitality she showed me.

When I arrived I was ushered into a bedroom that was littered with magazines, newspapers, and records, the bed unmade, the table filthy.

A hasty lunch of cheese sandwiches was produced, and in the afternoon I was left to my own devices while my hostess rushed off to a "forgotten" appointment.

As I had been expected for quite some time beforehand, my hostess (who, incidentally, is quite well off) surely could have arranged my visit with some warmth and hospitality. — *"Hospitality Blues," Ingleburn, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"All the time yap, yappity, yap — what do you think I am, a telephone or something?"

Father "unfair"

MY father, who is a subject master at a Sydney high school, has adopted an overbearing attitude toward my studies for the Leaving Certificate this year. He insists that I must pass in his subject, even if it means sacrificing other subjects.

I feel that his attitude is most unfair, as I hope to become a journalist after I leave school, and I fail to see any advantage in this forced learning of a subject I hate.

I have to spend so much time on this subject that my chance of a pass in the Leaving Certificate is diminishing.

Coupled with this examination dilemma is the fact that I am allowed out only one Saturday night in four, and even on these nights I must be home by 11 p.m.

I find this most embarrassing among my friends, including a girl I like, who is going to get heartily sick of the fact that I cannot take her out more regularly.

Could other readers help me with my problems? — *"Fed Up," Sydney.*

Next week

HAVE you ever dreamed of a grand tour through Europe? Next week we have the story of how two young Australians drove 16,500 miles through Europe in seven months, and how they organised it for maximum pleasure at minimum cost.

PUZZLE

● Mr. Jones had a large fishpond in his backyard and wanted to know the total number of fish in the pond. One day, using a fish-net, he caught 135 fish. He put tags on each of the 135 and threw them back into the pond. Later he caught 247 fish in his net, and in this catch were 35 tagged fish.

With this information he determined the approximate number of fish in his pond. Approximately how many fish were there?

Answer, page 7.

Girl answers the boys

● The writer of the letter below is fed up with boys' complaints about girls. She maintains that if girls acted and dressed the way boys say they want them to, no one would be happy.

IN her letter she answers questions which she says are typical of the average boy's critical attitude.

Q.: Why don't girls wear their hair soft and long like they used to?

A.: Well, boys, this was fine when we only had to sit around doing fancy work, rode in carriages, and were generally treated as gentlewomen. But how would our ringlets look after eight hours behind a shop counter, or seated in your little sports cars, or being thrown halfway across the room dancing rock-'n-roll?

Q.: Where have all the billowing dance dresses got to? Why do you modern girls always wear tight straight skirts to dances?

A.: Yes, we're all sorry about that, too — they were lovely. But, boys, what happened to you? Once we used to spend romantic evenings waltzing and whispering sweet nothings. But you've changed, you know.

Now you take us to the local hop and fling us round the floor — at the same time telling us how to change a tyre. And if you've ever seen a girl struggling to control yards of material while dancing the Twist you'll understand why we've switched to something more practical.

Q.: Why have girls adopted clothes like blue jeans and sloppy jumpers, which were originally designed for men?

A.: After all, you can hardly expect us to tramp round a football ground in the pouring rain in five stiff petticoats and yards of silk.

We girls loved the times when our long skirts rustled as you helped us in and out of our coaches, but how, we ask, do you expect us to fit yards of lace behind you on a motor-bike?

Q.: Why don't girls sound more feminine when they speak?

A.: Once you used to woo us with flowers and sweet words, and we returned sweetness. What use would poetry be to us now?

The last poem most of you learnt was "Humpty Dumpty." You slap us on the back, and expect us to appreciate your (often) tasteless jokes.

When we act like ladies (which you *say* you want) you get all insulted.

Gee, boys, you're hard on us!

—*M. Sutton, Cowra, N.S.W.*

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£67,000 for American tour

How Lucky Starr reached stardom

● For his first professional booking Sydney singer Les Morrison was paid a packet of cigarettes. From his first record he made about 2/6.

By ROBIN ADAIR

FOR a 20-week singing tour starting next month, however, he should receive 150,000 dollars (nearly £A67,000).

Les Morrison is, of course, better known as Lucky Starr, the 22-year-old Australian entertainer who has very successfully cracked the American musical "sound barrier."

Fair-haired, well-built Lucky was still in a whirl when I talked to him on the day after the big deal was settled.

"It's all a bit bewildering," he admitted frankly. "I won't really believe it until the plane takes off."

It was a bit sudden. One night Lucky was performing in a Sydney nightclub; American entertainer Norman Kaye, visiting with the Mary Kaye Trio, taped the performance and took the recording back to the U.S.

Three weeks later the American tour was on.

The tour involves 18 weeks playing in Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe (all in Nevada) nightclubs, appearances on TV shows, including the top-rating "Steve Allen Show," and a screen test in Hollywood for producer Joe Pasternak, who is after a young Australian for a film role.

Biggest prize

If Lucky Starr's future is rather up in the air, his past is an open book—and it tells a story with an unusual twist.

For Lucky has snared what is probably the biggest prize for a young Australian entertainer after abandoning, to a large degree, the teenage market.

But let's start at the beginning . . .

Les Morrison was born in Maroot, Sydney, on December 29, 1940. He now lives with his parents ("My father is a motor mechanic; Mum is just a wonderful mother") and teenage sister in the suburb of Kingsgrove.

After gaining his Intermediate Certificate at Canterbury Boys' High School, Les became an apprentice electrician. He was to serve only about two and a half years of his "time," however.

In 1957 Les made the move that was eventually to put the young electrician's name up in lights instead of his fixing lights for other people.

He became a part-time rock-'n-roll entertainer, at first appearing in small suburban talent quests—and that's where the now-famous stage name cropped up.

He first called himself Les Starr. After he had won seven quests in quick succession, someone idly punned that he was "a lucky Starr."

Lucky recalled that his first formal booking, in 1958, was typical of many of his early engagements — there was not much money, little planned entertainment.

His first disc

The first booking was made by organisers of a physical culture display. Lucky and a band of mates who played piano, drums, guitar, and bass filled in between exercises.

"We each received a packet of cigarettes," said Lucky, "and I don't suppose we deserved much more—certainly I didn't. You see, we had talent — but we lacked direction . . . an act."

Lucky lit up a pipe, an impressive leather-bound affair, and went on: "Imitation of existing overseas artists was the order of the day then for most Australian teenage entertainers.

"There were dozens of Bill Haleys, for instance, and we were all Buddy Holleys, I think, that first night."

Before long Lucky became a full-time entertainer and made his first disc.

It was a number called "Somebody Touched Me," but it seems it didn't touch many other people.

"It sold about five copies," said Lucky. At the recording royalty rate of five per cent. of the retail price (6d. on a 10/- single) going to the performer, Lucky's take from the sales was about 2/6!

Lucky fared better on TV and before audiences — but he still needed a hit record. "Until an artist has a hit, he can't make the big-time," he said.

Fateful decision

Lucky waited a long time for his big hit. In 1960 he came close with "Wrong," backed by "Bill Bailey." This made the first ten in Australian charts. But No. 1 was still to be reached.

Behind the scenes, however, Lucky's career was being helped along. He met his idol, Billy Eckstine, and the throaty singer spent a lot of time advising and training his young fan.

About the same time Lucky also gave up managing himself ("It was more like mis-managing myself—performing is a full-time job, so is management") and put himself in the hands of manager and entrepreneur Bill Watson.

Watson, says Lucky, about two years ago made a fateful decision. He advised Lucky to become an adult entertainer instead of only a contender for the throne of king of the kids.

Lucky liked the idea, so, guided by Watson, he went on the club circuit—his first booking was in Brisbane 18 or so months ago—and found himself in a vastly different world of entertainment.

He traded his wardrobe of bright clothes for quiet and tasteful business and dinner suits; his hair was cut short; his shoes stayed "sharp" — but not quite so much to the Italian point.

"And suddenly I needed an act," Lucky said. "Now I have 45 minutes to fill with enough obvious talent to satisfy club customers who pay a few pounds to be entertained.

"I also have to balance the act—it can't be all singing. So I take dancing and trumpet lessons — and I'm relearning the guitar.

"I also have to gather gag material and study the subtleties of joke-telling."

"Everywhere" hit

Then Lucky found his hit. The number was a breathless exercise in rhythm and rhyming called "I've Been Everywhere."

Lucky was performing in a Kings Cross club when he heard the song from its Australian composer, Geoff Mack. Lucky believes that Mack had been playing with the song for about 15 years—so the hit-song had been waiting for Lucky longer than Lucky had been waiting for it!

"As soon as I heard 'Everywhere' I wanted to sing it," Lucky told me, "but Mack didn't seem all that interested. However, he took it along to the company for which I record and they asked me if I wanted to do it . . . If I wanted to do it!"

THE GIRL Lucky will meet again in America. She is Cheryl Holdridge, pictured three years ago when they first met while she was touring Australia as a Mouseketeer. At left, Norman Kaye, American entertainer who organised Lucky's £67,000 U.S. tour.

Lucky's subsequent rattling-good recitation of 94 Australian place-names in 46 seconds went, in turn, everywhere.

Not since Slim Dusty's "Pub With No Beer" had an Australian number swept to such success. It was five weeks as No. 1 on parades. Lucky had his hit.

New Zealand, British, and American versions were also hits.

The days of playing for cigarettes are over for Lucky, even without the American tour. He has made quite a lot of money — in one month recently he averaged almost £2000 a week.

He has a sporty Karmann Ghia car, and wisely, though unusual for a young man, he has invested most of his earnings.

Lucky has no steady girl-friend. "I'm not yet ready for a steady," he said. "I date, though—I go out with about five girls."

He admits, however, that when he was 19 he thought he had found "the" girl. He was appearing with the Mouseketeers during their 1960 Australian tour, and he fell in love with one of the American entertainers, Cheryl Holdridge, then 15.

U.S. girl-friend

"We corresponded when she went back to the States," Lucky said, "and I decided then to follow her, somehow. Once, in 1961, I waited up all night to phone her when she was recovering from a tonsils operation.

"But we are not 'in love' any more, I guess," said Lucky, "although we are still good friends and write to each other regularly.

"We will meet in Los Angeles during my American tour."

That's the Lucky Starr story up to date. Soon he'll be off to see if he can win—and keep — the entertainers' "Opera House Lottery" — the American market.

Loud applause from Americans, Lucky believes, would be an "open sesame" to stage doors throughout the world.

Still nervous

He's nervous, not completely confident. "But," he pulled on his pipe and told me, "I really feel the way I did when I tackled the talent quests: I'll try hard."

For quite a long time now the last of Lucky's gold lame rock-'n-roll jackets has been just hanging around, literally, in his wardrobe.

For all its newness it is, nevertheless, a museum piece—a relic of not just the rise to fame of one 22-year-old lad but also of a crazy, colorful period in Australian show business.

If he succeeds in America, perhaps Lucky Starr could well hang with it the suit he will wear when he makes his debut in Reno . . . A lame jacket that gathered dust and a conservatively cut, quiet suit that gathered gold-dust . . .

Together they would pretty well sum up the story of how Les Morrison got Lucky.

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Freshest fashion afoot – winter boots

TRIM, black suede ankle-boots lined with red; sculptured gold heels and threaded bands of matching lacing round the top are a sophisticated touch. (£5/5/0.)

● *High boots, low boots, in-between boots: boots for indoors and outdoors, for day and night, and even a few boots for both. Here, in soft suede and shiny calf, luxury kid, ocelot spots and gleaming sealskin, are some of the new shapes and styles in boots (together with prices) that you might very easily be wearing this winter. Top fashion colors are especially great, we think, with bright red a sure-fire scene-stealer all round the clock.*

TALL, above - the - knee evening boots of dark blue glove-kid show the length to which boot fashions can go. They're pure, pure gimmick designed for girls with long, slim legs, an eye for zany footwear, and presumably a fat boot budget. Zips ensure close fit above the knee where there's a deep band of glittering diamente. A sample from Italy. (£20.)

GLOWING SEALSKIN boots, all set to warm up the dreariest winter day, are height-of-fashion news for indoor-outdoor wear. They're snugly fur lined (an after-ski idea?), sport a black leather strap and buckle, rubber soles. (£13/13/0.)

All boots from the Myer Emporium, Melbourne

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HIGH red Cossack-type boots of soft kid look wonderfully chic in town worn below a free-swinging black-and-white tweed coat with black fox collar, hat and muff. Fully lined with cosy lambswool, the boots have narrow bow-trim on point of cutaway top and strip-leather "handles" on sides of boot-top. (£13.)

GLAMOROUS and fun, these shiny red calf ankle-boots with pointed toes and slim little heels are pulled on and held secure with a gathered strap at back of the heel. Nice, don't you think? (£4/9/11.)

All pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

PONYSKIN with ocelot markings (below) looks for all the world like the genuine article. Lined with fur and trimmed with black leather strap and buckle, these boots couldn't be snugger for feet on the move. (£13/13/0.)

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

That first kiss

"I AM a girl of 17, attractive, with not a bad figure, and am fairly popular with boys. I get around in the town gang consisting of about 75 boys and girls. I've been out on dates, but when boys attempt to kiss me goodnight I make up the excuse that I don't kiss boys on my first date. But the problem is, I don't know how to kiss. My mother told me it just comes naturally, but I feel that if I did respond to a boy I'd do something wrong and make a fool of myself. Could you please give me some advice, as I am scared that I might end up an old maid."

"Old Maid," N.S.W.

Put that old-maid idea right out of your mind to begin with. And when you're out on your next date just forget about your problem. Relax and enjoy yourself. Mother is quite right. That goodnight kiss will come naturally when you are ready for it. It may be after quite a number of dates with a boy you really like. You'll know when the time is right.

Lonely sister

"I HAVE an older sister, aged 15, who is constantly complaining about lack of friends, both boys and girls. At first we didn't take much notice of her, but she finally wouldn't eat and spent most of our discussions on that subject in tears. We have suggested joining social clubs and going to dances and mixing with the young generation, but she says she has no one to take her and that she is too shy to make herself known. I have been told by a few of my girl-friends that she acts as if she is too good for everyone, and some boys have told me that they think she is a snob. I have told her this, but she says she doesn't mean to seem like that. As she is really a very nice girl the problem of friendship is becoming quite serious. What would you advise us to do?"

"Candy," Vic.

A little bit of quiet conniving seems necessary to get your sister out to one or two social-club functions or dances for her own good. She really needs just one friend to give her confidence and help her mix with other boys and girls.

Have you any schoolfriends with older sisters who belong to church or social clubs? I'm sure you would find one of them sympathetic and willing to invite your sister to join in some of their activities. Or even to ask her to the pictures or some other outing which does not mean that she would need a boy escort.

You might try finding an excuse for an informal party at your home as soon as possible, so that you could ask some of these older teenagers along. Make it a do for which you and your sister are entirely responsible (mother can just advise in the background).

Your sister should soon forget her self-consciousness, which is her real trouble, if she is busy looking after the guests.

After that it's up to her to make an effort. She is lucky to have a younger sister so willing to help her.

Bookworm and boys

"I AM not as attractive as most girls, and I wear glasses—so most boys don't like me. I am known as a bookworm because I work in a bookshop. I am 19 years old and have never been out with a boy, but there is one boy who I think is attracted to me because he often looks at me when he visits our bookshop. Once he even asked me did I live near the shop, but I haven't had much experience with boys and didn't know how to answer, so I merely said 'no.' Please tell me how to 'win' his or anybody else's heart. I get so upset when my friends go out every night and I never go out at all. Do you think I am too young to start going out with boys, or am I just an ugly duckling? Also, I am wondering if I am too skinny to wear tight skirts. My 'vital statistics' are 36-21-35. Please help me."

"Ugly Duckling," N.S.W.

Don't believe that "men never make passes at girls who wear glasses." They do. Glasses, nowadays, can even enhance a girl's looks.

You are not too young to go out with boys. Your main problem is lack of confidence in yourself. Forget that phrase "ugly duckling." Add up your good points and try to make the most of them. For instance, many a girl would envy your shape-statistics. You should certainly be able to wear sheath skirts (but don't make them too tight) and the currently modish shift line should suit you.

Your job in the bookshop can be an asset to you. If you take a keen interest in books, both fiction and non-fiction, you need never be stuck for a topic of conversation.

Do a little research on the type of book the boy who visits your shop seems interested in and try to chat to him about it next time he comes in. (You might start by asking, "Have you read this?") You'll probably be glad you ARE a bookworm one of these days . . .

Bending the truth

"I HAVE a terrible habit of exaggerating things I tell people, also of telling white lies. I feel very ashamed after these things happen, but I cannot seem to control the habit. My boy-friend gets very angry with me and is threatening to give me up. I love him very much and I think I would die if he ever left me. Could you please give me some advice?"

D.C., Qld.

Few people can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ALL the time. Consideration for other people's feelings often makes it necessary to fib a little. For instance, how many women are prepared to offend a friend by always replying frankly to such questions as, "How do you like my new dress?"

It is important that you should guard against deliberate falsehoods. They can cause much harm and unhappiness and damage other people's reputations and your own character.

If your conscience is clear about this, don't let your tendency to exaggerate distress you too much — just try to keep it under reasonable control. People with a lively imagination can seldom resist the temptation to make a good story into a better one. It is part of the coloring of their personality.

If your boy-friend doesn't recognise this you may have to face the fact that he just isn't the right one for you, tough as it may seem right now. If he really loves you, he should accept you as you are.

Severe features

"I AM a 16-year-old girl with an extremely hard-looking face and straight hair. Recently I was told that if I had my hair softly permed it would soften my appearance. Is this correct? I try to smile often and look happy to take the hard look away, but I still feel very depressed."

"Depressed," W.A.

A hairstyle with gently rounded lines does much to soften any face and enhance the wearer's femininity. Few girls can get away with really straight hair, but beware of tight curls and waves—they can be just as harsh in their effect.

Before you have your hair permed, why not go to a hairdresser and have it shaped and set? Good cutting can do wonders with straight hair. The hairdresser will suggest a style to suit you.

Keep on smiling. And be interested in people. A new hairstyle will give a lift to your self-confidence, but the glow which makes a girl really attractive comes from within.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A word from Debbie

BABY-SITTING for the first time? Well, don't think it's just a matter of sitting in someone else's house and waiting for them to come home. After all, it's the baby you're looking after, not the house.

Before the parents leave, find out these basic details:

1. The telephone number where they can be reached at the theatre, restaurant, or home where they will be spending the evening.

2. A second telephone number to ring if you can't reach them at the first number.

3. What to do if the baby wakens.

4. Where to find extra nappies.

5. If necessary, what to feed him—milk, boiled water, orange juice, etc.

6. The time any older children should be put to bed, and how to deal with them if they become troublesome.

7. The approximate time the parents expect to return home.

8. Whether they will drive you home afterwards (this is usual).

With all this information there'll be no cause for panic.

For your own comfort, ask whether you may make yourself some tea or coffee during the evening, how to work the stove, and if you may use the TV set and how to operate it.

Beauty in brief: WINTER MAKE-UP

DISCOVERING the delights of the snow country and skiing for the first time is frequently a mixed blessing for your complexion.

High altitudes, combined with sun or dull weather, have a notoriously drying effect on the skin. Add to this the well-known drying action of indoor heat and fires, and you have some compelling reasons for pampering your skin a little more than usual.

The first step should be to equip yourself with a few anti-dry beauty preparations such as moisture cream, sun-screen lotion and lip cream, in addition to your normal make-up.

A bit of moisture cream smoothed from chest to brow after gentle washing and drying at night and in the morning helps to fortify you against the elements.

By day, touch on a creamy, tinted foundation for more protection and an even color tone.

If the breezes bring an unbecoming glow to the tip of your nose, try a slightly darker foundation at that sensitive point, and then powder it over.

When it comes to lipstick, a creamy type is better than the indelible kind; each coat of lipstick that you put on adds another protection film to your lips. On really raw days a smear of lip-cream underneath your lip color is even more of a protection.

Even if your skin is used to the sun, a good suntan preparation—for preference one that helps the tanning process and stops loss of natural moisture from the skin—is a must for the snow. Pick a non-greasy type that's easy to apply underneath ordinary make-up.

—Carolyn Earle

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Local boy makes good as singer, actor

● It's always good to hear the first recording of a local boy or girl getting air play and going over well with the young set — and that's what is happening with Tim Gaunt's revival of "Another Sleepless Night."

QUITE a lot of things have happened to handsome, blue-eyed Tim since he was discovered several years ago by the now-disbanded Norwegian folk-singing group The Wind-jammers and taken on as an Australian member.

He appeared with them in Australia on TV, then went with them to Norway, where he learnt the language and made a film, and after the group broke up went on to England.

But the Australian life suited Tim (his interests are sailing, fishing, riding, shooting, and swimming) and he came home, striking out as a solo act, with spots on "Bandstand," the old "Singalong" and the "Lorrae Desmond Show."

Next thing he was invited to join the cast of "Flaming Youth" at Sydney's Phillip Theatre, and also signed a recording contract with C.B.S.

So for Tim, at the age of 20, the future's looking pretty good. He's the composer of "Sad Eyes," the Latin-beat flipside of his debut disc, and has some more songs to be recorded later.

NOW that they're functioning as a quartet **The Steeds** are widening the scope of their act, and before they left on a big Queensland tour with Lucky Starr (his last before leaving for the U.S.A.), Dig Richards, The Delltones, and Jay Justin they'd been rehearsing for six hours a day.

All the Steeds are the same age (18), and the next thing they plan to do is to make a record.

Local talent: There seems to be quite a difference of opinion as to which side of **Col Joye's** Festival single is the better, some people going for the stronger beat and more mature style of "Put 'Em Down" and others liking the romantic "Starlight Of Love" composed by Barry Gibb (of the Bee Gees).

I'm one of the "some people."

THAT easy-going, good-humored sound of **Graeme Bell** and his All Stars seems to go down well even with people who don't normally like jazz. "Rag Trade Rag Plus II" is the title of a Festival LP that's good value, because the only track they've recorded before is "Rag Trade."

IF you want to have **Judy Stone** singing "Once In Awhile," "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," "I Cried For You," or "Where Are You?" they are all on "Once In Awhile" (Festival EP).

Incidentally, Judy, her sister, and a bunch of girlfriends recently spent a weekend at the old mining town of Hill End, N.S.W., and tried their hand at fossicking.

Judy brought home some gold dust, but denies she has become a "gold digger."

TIM GAUNT, 20-year-old singer, whose first record has been well received by disc jockeys and public.

Pops: A batch of 10 new songs from **Elvis Presley**, including his current U.S. chart entry, "One Broken Heart For Sale," are to be heard on "It Happened At The World's Fair" (R.C.A. LP). This is a soundtrack recording from Elvis' film of the same name which we featured in Teenagers' Weekly on May 8.

As an alternative for Elvis fans, there's an R.C.A. single, with "One Broken Heart For Sale" and another "World's Fair" number, "They Remind Me Too Much Of You."

WITH "The Folk Singer" (Ampar 45), **Tommy Roe** breaks into the sweet ballad field, and though he makes a good enough impression it could be that fans will like him best in his old teenage form with "Count On Me." It's repetitive, but more what you expect.

WHEN I first heard him some months ago I was rather taken with a singer called **Bobby Goldsboro.** Though he still doesn't seem to know which way he's heading, he could break out with a big success any time. In "The Runaround," with its light, ragtime beat, he sounds teenage, and on the other side, "The Letter," he's as serious and sentimental as they come, indulging in a long, dramatic spoken passage.

SURELY the greatest degree of pop ever reached by the 95-piece Boston Pops orchestra under conducter **Arthur Fiedler** must have been during the recording of "Our Man From Boston" (R.C.A. LP). There's some music from "Guys and Dolls," a medley of TV commercial themes, a standard in "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," and several film themes including that from "The Apartment."

Jazz: Saxophonist **Jerry Mulligan** leads a five-man group in some relaxed, warm-hearted jazz on "Jeru" (C.B.S. LP). None of the seven numbers is specially outstanding, but — perhaps because they don't seem to be going anywhere in particular — the players produce a sound that's cosy and friendly.

SOME of the most dramatic and effective film music ever composed was Elmer Bernstein's score for "The Man With The Golden Arm." Two themes from the soundtrack, "Frankie Machine" and "The Cure," are now on the Festival EP "Jazz Sequences From The Man With The Golden Arm," with **Shorty Rogers** on flugel horn and **Shelly Manne** on drums.

Show tunes: If modern musicals such as "Bye Bye Birdie" and "West Side Story" are to your taste, you could enjoy listening to another recent Broadway success, "Subways Are For Sleeping" (C.B.S. LP). Stars are **Sydney Chaplin** and **Carol Lawrence,** and composer Jules Styne has provided a lively and melodic musical score. The action's quite easy to follow with the aid of jacket notes.

Puzzle answer

● Here is the answer to our puzzle on page 2:

Mr. Jones knew that 35/247ths of all the fish he caught were tagged on the second trapping. He tagged 135 fish to begin with, so:

35/247ths of all the fish equals 135.

1/247th of all the fish equals 135 divided by 35, equalling 3.86 approx.

247/247ths of all the fish equals 247 multiplied by 3.86, equals 953.

So Mr. Jones had approximately 950 fish.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

BRIDES AND PREJUDICE!

● I've never known why the groom bothers to turn up for—or, at least, stay long at—the wedding ceremony.

I DON'T mean that he should jilt his bride.

But, even if he's so obviously in love with the girl that her mother believes him, he should just pop in to say, "I do," then nick off and wait until the celebrations are over and his wife is unfettered by confetti, has dried-off after soggy kisses by sobbing aunts, and has told her mother to leave her alone and comfort poor, broke old Dad.

The groom might as well do a flit while sentence is being passed.

For he's definitely not wanted at the wedding.

I found further proof of that fact just after the Princess Alexandra-Hon. Angus Ogilvy (by the way, if he had left Alex waiting at the Abbey would he have henceforth been called "Dishon."?) wedding.

My bovish blood boiled as, in a story about a TV coverage of the big event, I read:

"The on-the-spot telecast was directed by Joan Kemp-Welch.

"It was felt that, as a wedding was essentially a woman's occasion, Miss Kemp-Welch would give the telecast the necessary woman's touch . . ."

I make no complaint about the telecast. It was brilliant TV reporting.

I only mention it to make my point that men don't get a fair shake at a wedding.

No one ever describes the clothes of the groom or his attendants—though a good new suit often costs as much as a wedding gown.

For example, in all the thousands of words written about Alex's wedding, was there one about Angus' get-out?

And it's good fun if the bride is five minutes late and leaves the poor dog sweating before the merciless stares of her relatives.

But if he was late someone would have the police after him!

No uncle in the audience weeps as he bravely strides past —though, heaven knows, the bride has enough faithful old retinas!

The bitter irony of it all, of course, is that later, at the reception, it is the groom who has to thank everyone — for taking no blamed notice of him!

It's all a sweet mystery of life to me.

— Robin Adair

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"Really great" on skis

● Jeanie Paynter is a teenager who can ski down the highest mountains with the greatest of ease. In fact, so great is her potential on the snow that probably the only obstacle between her and a trip to Innsbruck for the 1964 Winter Olympics is a pile of books.

By Cynthia Robinson

FOR Jeanie, who attends an exclusive Sydney girls' school, is studying hard for her Leaving Certificate this year and feels she can't take time out to compete in the National Ski Championships in Victoria in August.

And, according to this Jeanie with the very light brown hair and an undue modesty about her skiing prowess, this would rule out her prospects of making the Australian team.

"Not that I'd have any chance of getting in the 1964 team, anyway," Jeanie adds. "I'm just not good enough or experienced enough yet."

That's as maybe, for skiing officials consider her one of the most promising young stars Australia has produced.

They showed their faith in Jeanie's ability and potential by selecting her in a team of four boys and two girls who recently competed in the Japanese Junior Ski Championships.

Jeanie was skiing well in the championships until she had a fall in the second round. But she still finished a creditable 21st in a field of 95, and she considers the international competition was an invaluable experience.

Invaluable because though she's resigned to the fact that she won't be in next year's Winter Olympics, it's her ambition to make the 1968 team.

"First I must get my Leaving," said 16-year-old Jeanie. "Then I must decide on a career. I don't know yet what I want to do, but I hope it will give me plenty of time for skiing, too."

Jeanie first started skiing when she was eight. "For a while I only played around in the snow," she said. "But I've been learning seriously at Thredbo since 1957.

Three years ago she started racing, and in 1961, when the N.S.W. State Junior Championships were held for the first time, she took the title.

Last year she was a better skier than ever, but she lost the title because she sprained her ankle just before the races.

"But there was no point in being downhearted about it," said Jeanie. "It's an occupational hazard in skiing."

During the snow season Jeanie and her mother leave their harborside home unit at Darling Point and head for the family ski lodge at Thredbo every weekend.

There this winter Jeanie hopes she'll be able to get into top form to capture the first National Junior Title to be contested.

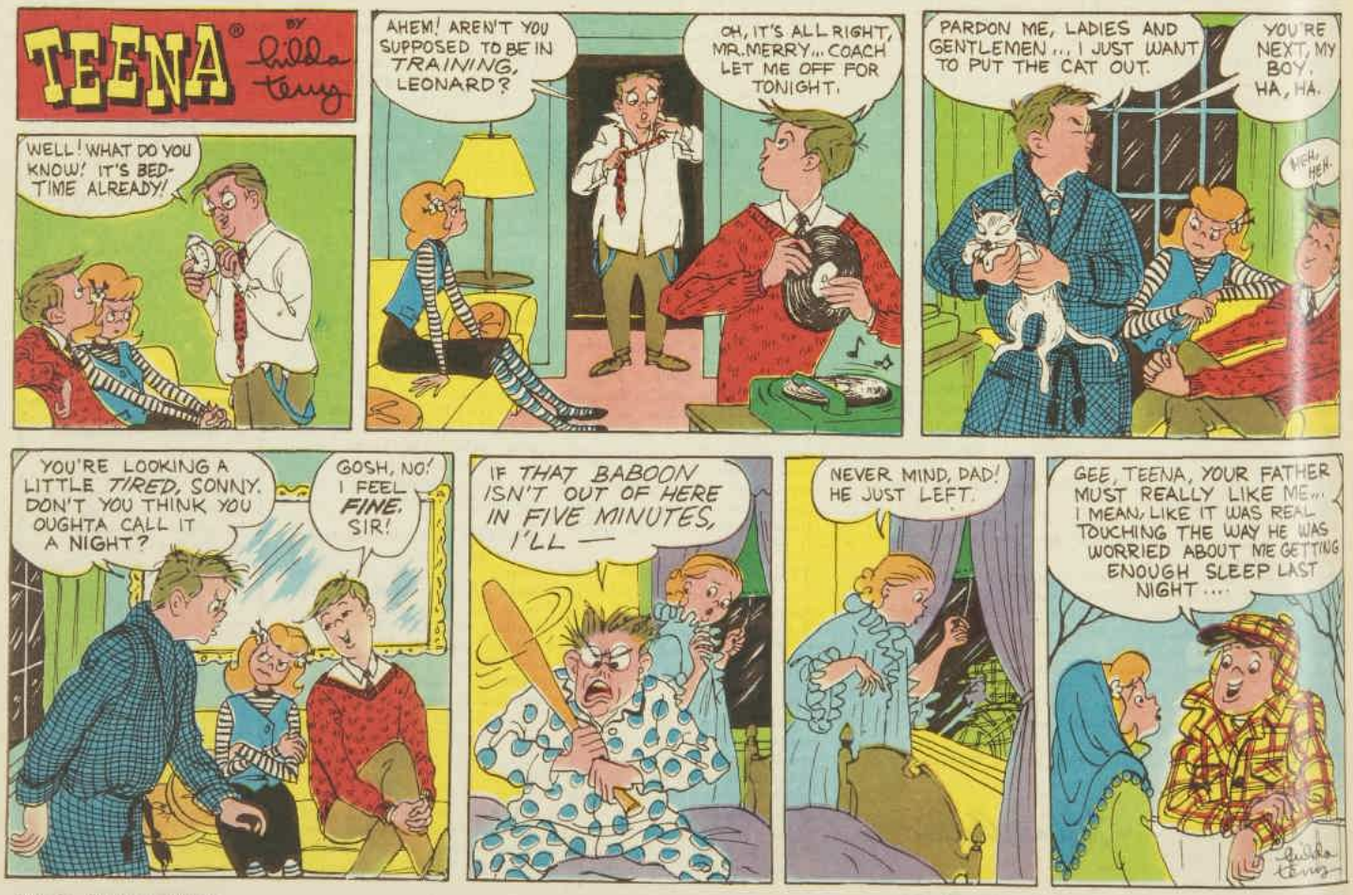
Jeanie's interest in competitive skiing has been encouraged by her older (and now married) brother Malcolm, who was a member of the Australian team two years ago.

In the summer, when the snow's melted, Jeanie's favorite pastime is riding the horse which she keeps at Malcolm's home in West Pennant Hills.

But while she's riding she's still dreaming of the snow, and the day when—with just average luck—she'll be an Australian star in Winter Olympics competition.

Next week: Bill Anderson

JEANIE PAYNTER, 16, an outstanding young pupil of Leonhard Erharter at the Thredbo Ski School, is considered by experts to have the makings of a great champion.



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is for colour

No paint brushes?
No paint? Never mind.
You don't really
have to colour-in
this book.
It's just a fun-way
of learning how
eye make-up can make
your eyes look
much more beautiful.

MAX FACTOR eye make-up colouring book

HIGH red Cossack-type boots of soft kid look wonderfully chic in town worn below a free-swinging black-and-white tweed coat with black fox collar, hat and muff. Fully lined with cosy lambswool, the boots have narrow bow-trim on point of cutaway top and strip-leather "handles" on sides of boot-top. (£13.)

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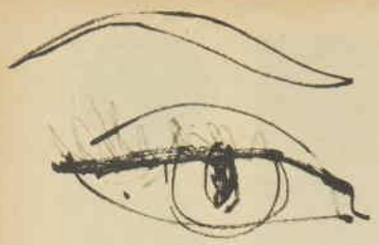
first comes eyeshadow



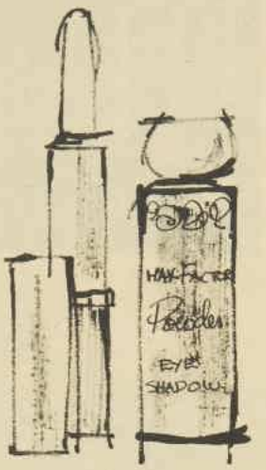
THIS IS A NAKED EYE. *(Looks sad, doesn't it.)* Turn to page 7 and see how much prettier it looks *with* make-up. (And so will yours, we promise you.)

Before you do anything...

take a **close-up** look. Unflattering grey shadows, under your eyes? Watch them disappear when you colour them skin-tone with Erace. This is how.

First, choose the Erace one shade lighter than your complexion. Then lightly stroke it on over the hollow area under your eyes, then very gently blend in with a fingertip.

NOTE: Apply Erace *under* compressed-type foundations like Pan-Cake or Creme Puff. Apply Erace *over* creamy foundations like Hi-Fi, Sheer Genius and Pan-Stik.



These are eyeshadows. One is a Stick, one is a Powder. Colour them pastel, vibrant or iridescent. (Name *any* colour you want. Max Factor has it! See them all in their full-colour glory on pages 6 and 7.)

This is an eye. Colour it beautiful with a dash of CREME eyeshadow. This is how to apply it.

Apply make-up base over eyelid. (*Gently* does it, as the skin on this area is thinner, more delicate.) Stroke on Creme eyeshadow close to the base of the lashes, starting near inner corner of eyelid, then soften and blend with fingertip, fading away upwards and outwards towards the outer corner of the eyebrow. Apply a light dusting of 'Creme Puff' to 'set' the eyeshadow.

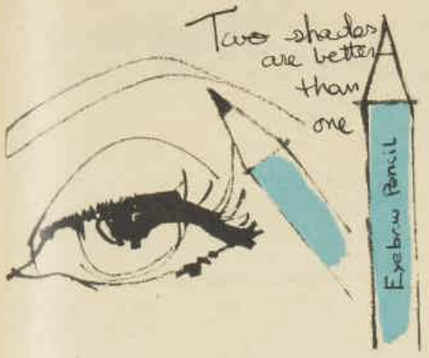
This is another eye. Colour it in iridescent jewel-tones with a wisp of POWDER eyeshadow. This is how to apply it. Apply make-up base over eyelid, then a light dusting of 'Creme Puff'. Shake eyeshadow powder bottle gently. Tip bottle onto fingertip and rotate slowly. Dot small amounts over eyelid with fingertip, starting near inner corner of eyelid. Then soften and blend, fading away upwards towards outer corner of the eyebrow. (You can add an *extra* helping of colour for night-time wear.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4937358

then, your eyebrows

This is a pair of tweezers. They make eyebrows shapely. And shapely eyebrows make pretty eyes look *beautiful.* This is how it's done.

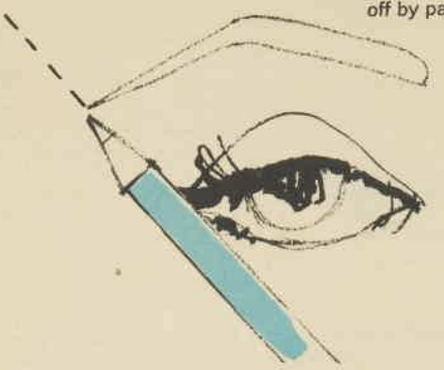
Tweezing is easier when pores are open, so dab eyebrows with a little warm water. When tweezing, concentrate mainly on stray hairs underneath the brow and any growth of hair across the nose bridge. Finish off by patting over with astringent to tauten your skin.



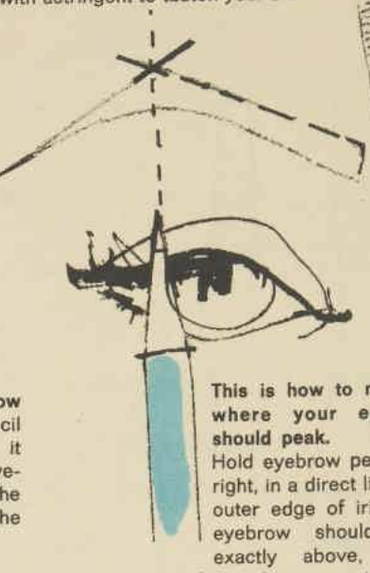
This is an eyebrow. Colour it like this and match your hair-colouring perfectly.

Always try a lighter shade of pencil before deciding on a darker tone. Frequently, two shades will give you the most natural effect—the lighter tone for preliminary sketching of the brow, the darker shade for "flecking". For example: Red or auburn hair—use Auburn first, and fleck with Brown. Brown hair—use light Brown and fleck with Brown.

P.S. Never, but never, use black, unless your hair is black. Otherwise your brows will have a harsh, unnatural look.

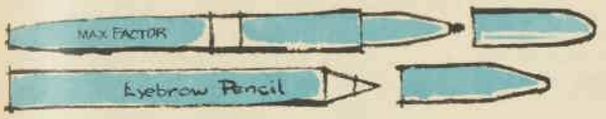


This is how to measure where your eyebrow should end. Position end of eyebrow pencil at corner of nostril. From there, angle it across the outer corner of eye. Your eyebrow should end where the point of the pencil meets the natural downsweep of the brow.



This is how to measure where your eyebrow should peak.

Hold eyebrow pencil upright, in a direct line from outer edge of iris. Your eyebrow should peak exactly above, where inner edge of pencil meets outer edge of iris. Most faces are prettier with peaked eyebrows, except for angular faces which need *curved* eyebrows.



These are Eyebrow-Eyeliner pencils. Use them to sketch beautiful eyebrows. This is how: First, smooth out eyebrows (and remove excess powder) by brushing through with an eyebrow brush. Then hold your pencil lightly, and with short hair-like strokes, softly sketch the brow. Begin directly above the inner corner of the eye and follow the natural outline of the brow to a point just beyond the outer eye corner.

This is a hint. Colour it worth-remembering. Eyebrows should *start* right above the inner corner of the eye—as the ideal distance between eyebrows is the size of an extra eye.

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

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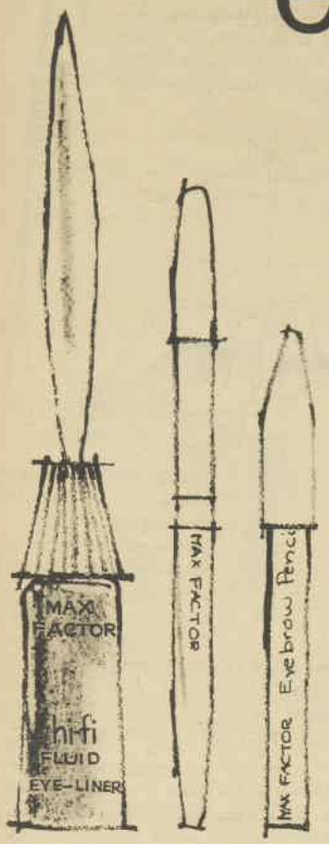
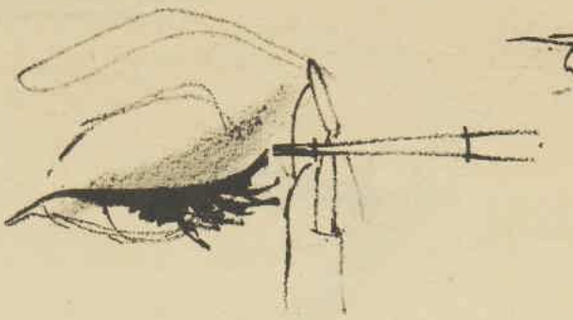
next, comes eye liner

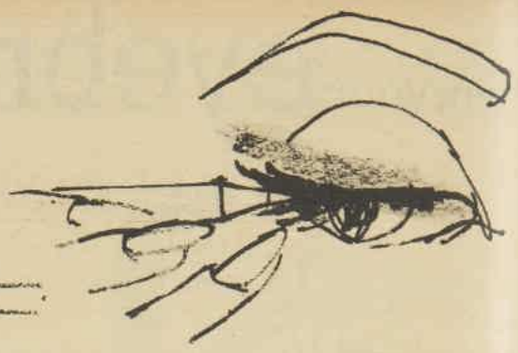


This Fluid is an eyeliner. So are the pencils. Any one of them will make you a wide-eyed beauty.



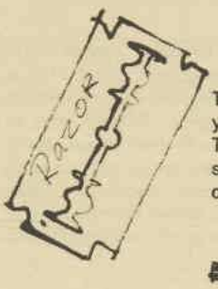
This is the Fluid eyeliner. It dries fast, is smear-proof, tear-proof, water-proof. Colour it in your choice of 10 glorious shades to match or contrast with your eyeshadow. This is how to apply it.

First, remove excess fluid from brush on a tissue. Then hold eyelid taut with your spare hand. Using your brush, draw a fine line the length of the upper lid, as close as possible to the base of the lashes. Extend line at the outer corner with an upward tilt.



These are tricks you should learn. They make applying eyeliner *extra* easy.

1. If your lashes have a tendency to flutter, steady your stroke by resting one finger against your cheek as you apply the eyeliner.
2. As you move liner (pencil or fluid) along the lid, hold it parallel to the eye, colouring with the *side* of the end.
3. Don't try to draw with one continuous stroke; shorter sketchings are easier to control.



This is a razor blade. Use it to keep your eyeliner-eyebrow pencil *sharp*. Then you can draw a non-fuzzy line staying close to the lashes so that colour and lash roots can mingle.

This is not a paint brush. It is a special Max Factor eyeliner brush with flat-tipped sable bristles. It has a contour-shaped handle for easy application.

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

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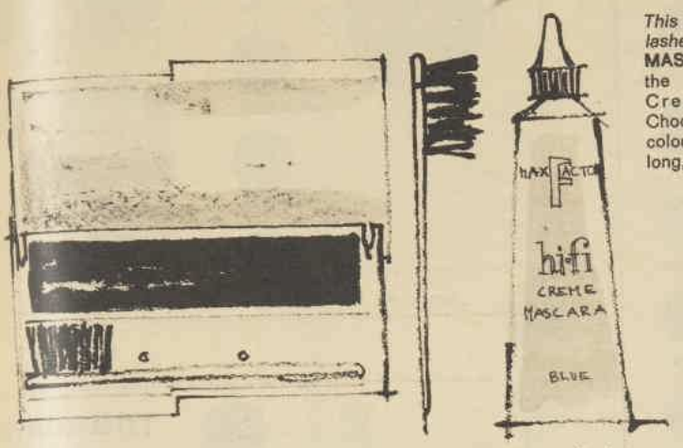
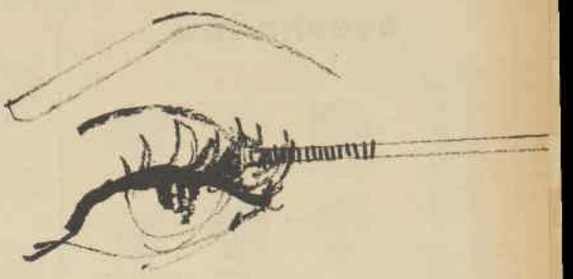
last, comes mascara



This is what makes eyelashes beautiful: **MASCARA.** These are the three types: Cake, Cream, and Wand. Choose your weapon and colour your eyelashes long, sweeping, gorgeous.

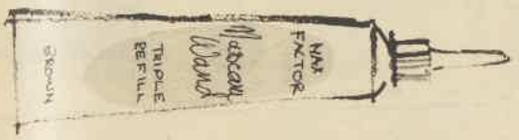


This is the Mascara Wand in action. Use it to colour your lashes blue, green, lavender, turquoise, true gray, brown, brownish-black or black. *Devastating* when colour-matched to your eyeshadow, especially when there's a *contrasting* fluid eyeliner in between (brown for example).

CREME **MASCARA AND CAKE MASCARA** are both supplied with a fine-bristle brush that makes application quick as a wink. Remember the golden rule: two *light* coats are better than one.

This is a hint. Hold your mouth *open* as you're applying mascara, and you'll find you won't blink! (Clever?)

MASCARA WAND Curls as it Colours and separates your lashes. Controls them, too. Water-proof, it's refillable *and* pleasantly perfumed.



This is a refill for your Mascara Wand. It's easy to use *and* economical. (Refills your Wand over and over again.)

These can make you the belle-of-the-ball. Max Factor's Natural Hair Eyelashes; so natural-looking you can't tell them from real. Made of finest natural hair, easy to apply and remove. They're already coloured for you in luscious blue or green, as well as black and brown. Once applied, trim them a little (once and for all) to the desired length, so that they look effective, but natural.

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

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eyeshadow

Eye-shadow stick (refillable 12/6)

Eye-shadow stick Refill 8/11

AZURE MIST · BLUE MIST · GREEN MIST
JADE MIST · TURQUOISE · LILAC MIST
WHITE MAGIC · BASIC BLACK · SOFT BLUE-GRAY
SOFT BLUE · SOFT GREEN · SOFT CHARTREUSE
SOFT AQUA · REGAL AMETHYST · STAR SAPPHIRE
ROYAL EMERALD · IRID. GRAY · IRID. BROWN
IRID. BLUE · IRID. GREEN · IRID. LAVENDER
IRID. SILVER · GOLDEN FROST

eyebrow-eyeliner

Regular 3/11 Automatic 11/6 Refill 2/6

BLACK
BROWNISH-BLACK
BROWN
LIGHT BROWN
AUBURN
GRAY

eyeshadow

Compact 6/6

GRAY
BROWN
BLUE
GREEN

Iridescent powder eye-shadow 10/6

STAR SAPPHIRE
REGAL AMETHYST
ROYAL EMERALD

mascara

Creme mascara 9/11

BLACK
BROWNISH-BLACK
BROWN
BLUE
BLUE-GREEN

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

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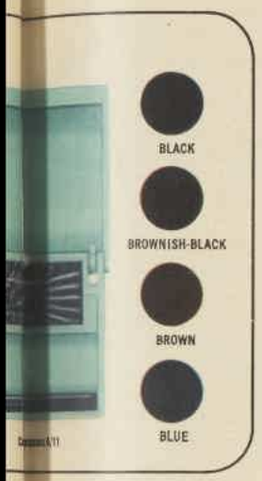
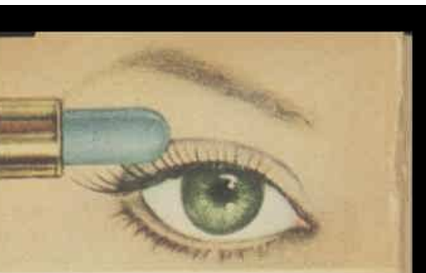
Here are the steps in **colouring your eyes beautiful**

choose your weapons and your colour

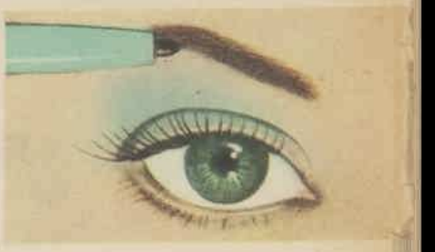


mascara wand

eyeliner



1. EYESHADOW (instructions on pages 2, 8, 9, 10, 12)



2. EYEBROWS (instructions on page 3)

3. EYELINER (instructions on pages 4, 8, 9, 10, 12)

4. MASCARA (instructions on pages 5, 8, 9, 10, 12)

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These are "problem"-shaped eyes. Colour them like this:

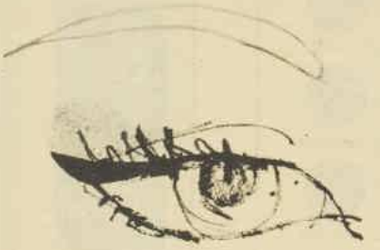
Remember, remember . . . *whatever* the shape of your eyes *always* apply a make-up base over eyelid before applying eye make-up.

This eye has a hidden lid. Colour it with *dark* eyeshadow blended up and out. Pluck stray hairs under the eyebrow and extend brows. Draw an elongated eyeline, apply mascara to upper lashes. Avoid too thin, too "flat" eyebrows.

This is a puffy lid. It needs to be minimised. Colour it with dark eyeshadow (Basic Black, Brown or Gray) over the entire lid, extending the shadow upward and out. For a touch of colour add powder eyeshadow on the base of the eyelid itself. Draw a strong, extended eyeline. (Elongated look will give illusion of less puffiness.)

This is a prominent eye. Watch it recede when you colour all over the lid (from eyelashes to eyebrows) *first* with Basic Black, Brown or Gray. Then add the colour of your choice directly above eyelashes. The darker, deeper eyeshadow shades are the beauty-makers in your case. Use liner above and mascara on upper lashes. Elongate eyebrow line and peak it two-thirds of the way across. Avoid too *thin* eyebrows.

This is a deep-set eye. Apply White Magic first, all over the lid, to help it look more prominent. Then colour it with pastel eyeshadow on the eyelid proper, and a slightly deeper shadow above the first crease of the lid and towards the other corner. Paint a very thin Fluid eyeline which curves upward at the outer corner. "Lift" the eyebrow by not carrying it too low at the inside corner. Avoid too *thick* eyebrows.



This eye is small, close-set. See it blossom when you colour it on the outer corners only, blending it up and out. Eyeliner should start about three-quarters of the way across the eye and extend out and up at the ends. Pluck eyebrows so that there is more space between them — as the ideal distance between eyebrows is the size of an extra eye. Apply mascara on upper lashes.

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

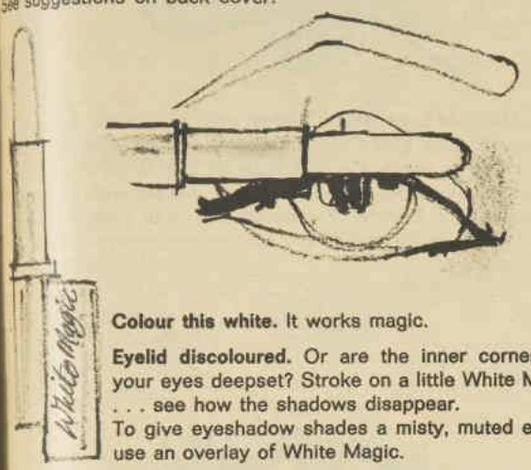
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4937364

This is a guide. It tells you how to choose the colours for your eyes

Colour your eyes pastel-soft . . . shimmeringly iridescent . . . or dramatically deep. The choice is yours; the (prettiest) colours are Max Factor's. Choose a colour which:

a. **heightens** the colour of your eyes or
b. **contrasts** with the colour of your eyes or
c. **tones** with the colour of your dress

See suggestions on back cover.



Colour this white. It works magic.

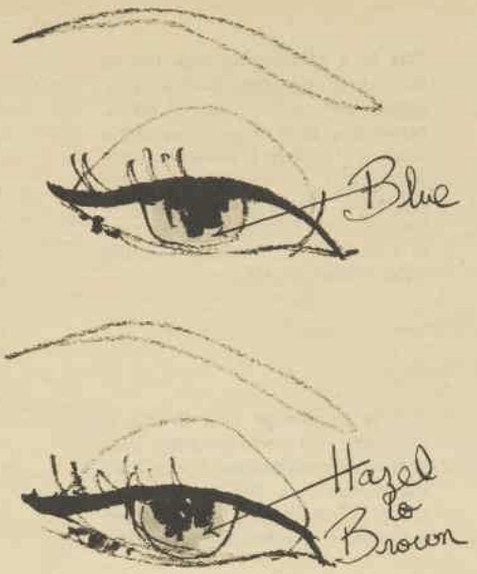
Eyelid discoloured. Or are the inner corners of your eyes deepset? Stroke on a little White Magic . . . see how the shadows disappear.
To give eyeshadow shades a misty, muted effect, use an overlay of White Magic.

To add a **high-light glow** to the whole eye area, try this with White Magic. Gently stroke on a band of White Magic directly under the eyebrow, following the line of the brow. Blend in with fingertip. Now apply coloured eyeshadow to eyelid itself.

Colour this **rule Golden. And remember it.**

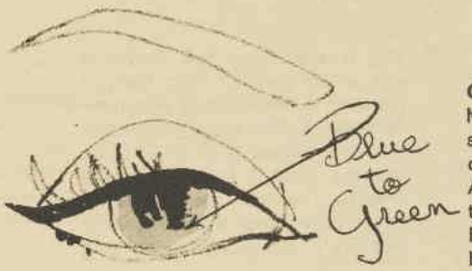
DON'T use the same shade for eyeshadow, eyeliner *and* mascara. It's too dazzling (and too boring).

DO use *matching* shades of eyeshadow and mascara, contrasting eyeliner (OR *matching* shades of eyeliner and mascara, contrasting eyeshadow).



Colour this eye blue. *Heighten* its colour by choosing one of the blue shades on page 6. Or watch it sparkle when you *contrast* its colour with eyeshadow and mascara in matching shades of blue-green or green (eyeliner in True Gray).

Colour this eye hazel-to-brown. Make it look darkly dramatic by choosing toning shades of eye make-up (see them on page 6). Or add a wisp of *contrasting* eyeshadow in gold, lilac or turquoise (brown liner and mascara), and see how, suddenly, it glows with new highlights.



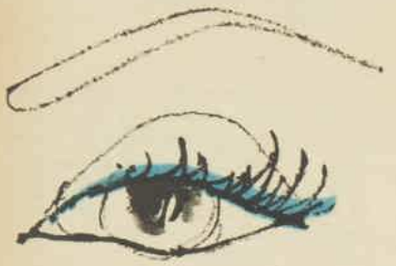
Colour this eye green or blue-green. Make it look deep and dreamy-as-the-sea by *heightening* its colour with any of the toning green shades on page 6. Alternatively, try a *contrast;* shades of turquoise or aqua eyeshadow (brown liner and mascara). See how it blossoms with unsuspected brilliance.

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4937365

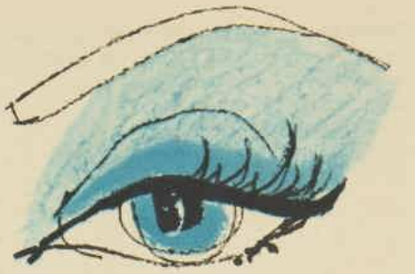
Here are 5 different "looks". Choose them (and colour them) to suit the occasion

This is a party-going eye. It's all done with eyeliner. Colour your eyelid with a thin line of black, brown or gray eyeliner, close to the base of the lashes, extending outwards and up beyond the outer corner of the eye. Add a second line, directly above, but this time in COLOUR . . . ending it at the outer corner of the eye.



This is a teenage eye. Colour it discreetly. Mascara, certainly. Eyeliner, too, provided the line is thin, the colour soft. By night, add a touch of eyeshadow, too, but keep the colours light-hearted and misty.

This is a day-time eye. Colour it with a *thin* band of Fluid Eyeliner matched to the shade of your mascara. Eyeshadow, too, if you please, but *soft* shades only. (P.S. Don't use the same 3 shades for eyeshadow, eyeliner and mascara. Either match your eyeshadow and mascara or eyeliner and mascara.)



This is the Mermaid Look. Wear it when swimming under the stars. Use a wave of *deep* green or blue eyeshadow on eyelids. From eyebrow to eyelid, apply a soft splash of *pastel* green or blue eyeshadow and blend out to the eyebrows. Accent with brown or brownish-black Fluid Eyeliner. For lashes, brown or brownish-black Mascara Wand. (Yes, *of course* the colours are waterproof!)

This is a night-time eye. It wears an iridescent sparkle. If your eyes are blue or gray, colour them like this with iridescent *silver* eyeliner. (If your eyes are hazel or brown substitute iridescent *gold*.) Apply a thin line of black or brown Fluid Eyeliner close to the base of the lashes. Add a second line directly above, but this time in Iridescent *Silver*, making the eyeline *slightly* thicker at the centre (above the iris). P.S. This lightning-flash of silver on the eyelid is specially flattering for girls with deep-set eyes.

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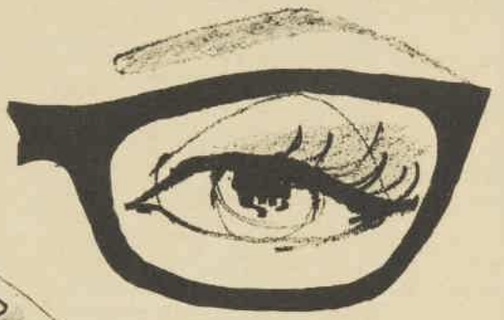
These are hints.

They're for **girls who wear glasses**

This poor little eye isn't wearing *any* make-up. See how it looks lost behind its glasses?

Solution. Colour it dramatically with eyeshadow, liner and mascara . . . watch it shine and sparkle, like a pretty picture inside a frame.



This eyebrow is showing. And it *always should* . . . above the frame of your glasses. Remember, eyebrows give your face expression . . . so keep them out in the open where people can see them.

This is a short-sighted eye. Applying make-up to it is easy when you do this. Slide your glasses to the tip of your nose, and look through them while you're working.

These are accessories.

They are indispensable

This is a ready-for-bed eye. All make-up scrupulously cleansed from it; the lashes soft, silky, supple.

This is how it's done. With Max Factor MASCARA REMOVER PADS. Silky-soft, oil-saturated pads that dissolve and whisk away *all* your eye make-up quick as a wink.

This is a tell-tale eye. Its crow's feet are showing.

Eight hours' sleep (as often as possible, please) and EYE CREME PLUS patted in here *gently* every night . . . and lo . . . the bird is on the wing. But do remember. The skin around the eye area is fragile so *pat it gently* . . . gently . . . gently.

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes

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This is a merry-go-round. From it you can choose all the weapons and colours that will make you a wide-eyed beauty. See it at your favourite Max Factor chemist or store.

THIS IS A CHART. It gives you a few examples of the eye make-up colours which harmonise best with the colour of **your** eyes . . . the colour of your clothes. (See **all** the colours on pages 6-7 **inside.)**

CLOTHES COLOURS	BLUE, BLUE-GRAY and GRAY EYES			GREEN, HAZEL, BROWN, DARK BROWN and BLACK EYES		
	Eyeshadows	Eyeliners	Mascara	Eyeshadows	Eyeliners	Mascara
Pink to Plum Pale Blue to Navy Lavender to Deep Violet	Blue Lilac Mist Silver (for evenings)	Azure Blue Lilac Irid. Silver	True Gray, Brown, Black or Brownish-Black	Regal Amethyst Star Sapphire Azure Mist	Lilac True Blue Black	Brownish-Black Black Black
Beige to Cocoa-Brown Yellow to Russet Beige to Deep Tan	Soft Aqua Turquoise Irid. Green	Brown Turquoise True Gray or Brown	True Gray, Brown, Black or Brownish-Black	Soft Green Soft Chartreuse Golden Frost (for evenings)	Brown True Green Irid. Gold	Brownish-Black Black Brownish-Black
Greens, Orange-to-Red Aqua to Blue-Green	Irid. Green Aqua Royal Emerald	True Gray True Gray Brown	Green True Gray Brownish-Black	Jade Mist Turquoise Royal Emerald	Brown Brown Black	Green Brownish-Black Black
Black, White and Grays	All shades of eyeshadow and eyeliner may be effectively used, regardless of natural eye colouring					

This is the end!

Didn't we tell you

MAX FACTOR has everything to dramatise your eyes?

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PIZZAS

● Pizza — piping-hot, golden-crusted, and topped with savory tomatoes, anchovies, and melting cheese — is a dish to tempt jaded appetites.

PIZZA is a pie-case made of an Italian bread-type dough and is flat, usually round in shape. It has fillings characteristic of the region or province where the individual pizza originated.

The word "pizza" (pronounced peetza) means something round and flat like a pie, so it's redundant to say "pizza pie."

It is by no means a modern dish. In the ruins of Pompeii there are still the remains of little shops which sold this delicacy nearly 2000 years ago. And it is also said that the slaves who built the Pyramids in Egypt ate pizza.

Now that we have adopted the modern version of this savory dish, the fragrance of its baking fills many an Australian kitchen.

Pizzas are simple to prepare and can be adapted to almost any meal. Serve them as a main course, at family meals, or as a late-supper dish.

Make one in advance for a barbecue. It can be reheated in aluminium foil over the coals and served with Italian Pizza Sauce, the recipe for which is given on this page.

They also pack and carry well on picnics.

Miniature pizzas are delicious as a party or cocktail savory prepared in individual servings.

For a special party pizza there's a recipe with the romantic name of Pizza de Quattro Venti (Pizza of the Four Winds), so called because this big oblong pizza is marked into four quarters with a choice of four different toppings. Guests choose their favorite — but they'll want to try them all.

To make dough

The traditional pizza-case is made of yeast dough. It can be either a simple water dough or one enriched with eggs and milk.

Recipes for both types are given on this page.

If you want to serve pizza but haven't time to allow for rising, a soft scone mixture can be substituted.

Shortcrust pastry can also be used to hold pizza fillings as in the Ham and Cream Cheese Pizza on this page. This unusual pizza departs from tradition because its top is covered over. The filling is rich, creamy, and savory.

PIZZA DOUGH

Half-ounce yeast, ½ cup lukewarm water, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon olive or salad oil.

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Sift flour and salt, add dissolved yeast, knead mixture thoroughly. Add oil and continue to knead dough until it can be worked into smooth ball. Cover and set in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Roll or stretch dough into large circle about ½in. thick, slightly thicker at the edges. Lay on well-oiled baking-sheet. Cover with filling, bake in hot oven until golden-brown. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: This dough can be used to make a delicious savory substitute for bread. It is the right accompaniment to serve with Italian meals or with a simple dish of meat-balls and tomato sauce.

To cook dough for use as above: Press pizza dough into a square baking-tin. Brush generously with oil, then sprinkle with salt, pepper, crushed rosemary or powdered oregano. Allow to rise as usual, then bake until golden brown. Cut into squares to serve.

These squares are also good as the basis for a savory lunch. Top each square with slice of cheese, slide under griller until golden and bubbly; or top with tomato slices and an anchovy, sprinkle with pepper and little chopped green parsley.

RICH PIZZA DOUGH

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ cup warm milk, 2 eggs, 2oz. softened butter, olive oil.

Sieve and warm flour and salt. Cream together yeast and sugar, add milk and beaten eggs. Make well in centre of flour, add liquid and stir in lightly, then add butter and beat well. Cover, leave to rise 40 minutes. Spread dough on well-oiled, round baking-tin about 8in. diameter, cover with filling, let stand 10 minutes. Glaze with little oil, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

SIMPLE PIZZA DOUGH

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1oz. butter or substitute, ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon oregano, 2 tablespoons finely chopped or minced onion.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute lightly, add onion and oregano, then liquid, gradually mixing to soft dough. Roll out and line 9in. pie-dish, top with desired filling.

MINIATURE PIZZA

Roll out dough, cut into 3in. circles with cutter, and press down slightly in centre to hold filling.

Top with desired filling, glaze with a little oil, bake until golden brown.

Or cut out as above, place some filling on half of circle, moisten edges, and fold in half, forming half-circle.

For a barbecue this *miniature* pizza can be cooked in advance, wrapped in foil and reheated over the coals. Spoon over them this rich tomato sauce.

ITALIAN PIZZA SAUCE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 2lb. tomatoes, salt.

Melt butter or substitute, add very finely chopped onion and crushed garlic, fry until pale brown, then add peeled, chopped tomatoes, salt to taste; simmer 20 minutes with lid on, then further 10 minutes with lid off, stirring occasionally.

Varied fillings

Variations of tomatoes, herbs, and cheese are some of the simplest and best-known fillings for pizza. You may like to experiment with some ingredient combinations of your own.

The following fillings are traditional—and most satisfyingly savory.

TOMATOES, CHEESE, ANCHOVIES

One tablespoon chopped shallot, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, salad oil, 3oz. Bel Paese cheese, 2oz. stuffed olives, 1 can anchovy fillets.

Saute shallot, peeled, chopped tomatoes, and herbs in a little oil for 3 or 4 minutes; cool, drain off excess liquor. Spread over pizza dough, cover with diced cheese, sliced olives, and anchovy fillets. Let stand 10 minutes. Glaze with little oil, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

ONION AND ANCHOVY

Two onions, ¼ cup salad or olive oil, 2oz. anchovy fillets, 6oz. tomato paste, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon oregano, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese.

Saute thinly sliced onions in oil until light brown, stirring occasionally. Add anchovies and oil from anchovy can. Stir until anchovies are well broken. Add tomato paste and water, stir until well blended; add oregano. Simmer uncovered until mixture is thick (about 1 hour), stirring occasionally; cool. Spread filling on top of pizza dough, allow to rise 10 minutes. Sprinkle with cheese, bake in moderate oven until pizza is golden brown (about 30 minutes).

MOZZARELLA CHEESE WITH TOMATOES AND MUSHROOMS

One small onion, 3oz. tomato paste, 1½ cups water, 1 rasher bacon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper, ½ cup sliced mushrooms, ¾lb. mozzarella cheese, pinch oregano, oil for frying.

Saute sliced onion in little oil until soft. Add tomato paste and water, stir until well blended. Simmer uncovered 20 minutes. In separate pan saute mushrooms in little oil. Cover pizza dough with mushrooms, chopped bacon, green pepper, sprinkle with oregano, cover with the tomato-onion sauce, top with thinly sliced cheese. Bake in hot oven until golden brown.

HAM AND SWISS CHEESE

Eight slices bacon, 4 slices ham, 4 slices swiss cheese, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, finely chopped parsley.

Fry bacon until crisp, crumble. Roll out pizza dough to fit 9in. x 9in. tin. Lay ham slices on dough, top with swiss cheese slices, then with crumbled bacon. Beat eggs lightly, combine with milk, and pour carefully over bacon. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes, until lightly browned. Cool 15 minutes; sprinkle with finely chopped parsley; serve cut in squares.

HERBED CHICKEN LIVERS

One clove garlic, 1lb. chicken livers, 1 cup tomato sauce or tomato puree, ½ teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon oregano, oil for frying.

Crush garlic, saute in little oil; do not allow it to brown. Discard garlic, and in oil brown chopped chicken livers. Add tomato sauce or puree, basil, and oregano, simmer 10 minutes. Spoon into pizza-case and bake.

TOMATO AND OLIVE

Four large tomatoes, 2 onions, ¼ cup parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon rosemary, 1 can anchovy fillets, black olives, oil for frying.

Peel, seed, and chop tomatoes, cook in a little oil until excess mixture is cooked away, mash so tomatoes form thick paste. In separate pan saute onions in oil until transparent. Sprinkle pizza-case with cheese, top with onions, sprinkle with rosemary, and cover with tomato paste. Arrange anchovies in lattice work on top, place olive-half in centre of each square. Brush olives and dough with oil, bake until crust is golden.

More pizza recipes

PIZZA DE QUATTRO VENTI

Two pounds tomatoes, ¾lb. salami sausage, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon salad or olive oil, 1 teaspoon oregano, ¾lb. mozzarella cheese, 4oz. anchovy fillets, 2oz. sliced stuffed olives, finely chopped parsley.

Peel tomatoes, cut into wedges. Add salt and simmer gently until very soft (about 10 minutes). Drain and set liquid aside. Roll pizza dough into long strip, fit it into greased tin, approximately 15in. x 10in. x 1in., stretching with fingers until dough touches pan at all sides. Spread tomatoes over dough, sprinkle with oil and oregano. Section dough into 4 quarters. Arrange thinly sliced salami over one quarter, cover remaining three-quarters with sliced cheese. Cover one of the cheese sections with chopped anchovies, another with sliced olives, leaving the remaining section with cheese only. Brush with oil. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven. Cut into squares or bars and serve hot, sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

HAM AND CREAM CHEESE PIZZA

Half-pound ham, ¾lb. salami, 3 eggs, 1lb. ricotta or cream cheese, 1 tablespoon grated parmesan cheese, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, pinch cinanmon, salt and pepper to taste, short pastry for top and bottom of 8in. pie-plate.

Cut ham and salami into small pieces. Beat eggs well, stir in ricotta or cream cheese. When smooth, stir in grated parmesan, parsley, cinnamon, salt and pepper. Spoon into pastry-lined 8in. pie-plate, cover with pastry; trim edges and seal. Make 2 slashes in top pie crust. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 45 minutes or until pastry is nicely brown.

TOMATO PIZZA, NEAPOLITAN STYLE

Three large ripe tomatoes, 2 tablespoons finely chopped anchovy fillets, ¾lb. salami, 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped green olives, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped celery and parsley, ¾lb. cheese, dough or pastry for 6 5in. pies.

Roll out dough to ⅛in. thickness, line 6 greased individual pie-plates, pressing dough in neatly and trimming it at edge; set aside. Peel and coarsely chop tomatoes, coarsely cut salami, finely chop onion, mash or chop garlic to pulp, cut cheese into small cubes. Combine all ingredients well, divide among the 6 individual pie-shells. Bake in moderate oven approximately 15 to 20 minutes or until filling is cooked and crust is nicely brown.

OYSTER PARTY PIZZA

Double quantity pizza dough or rich pizza dough.

Sauce: Four large tomatoes, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 large green pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, freshly ground pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon each finely chopped oregano and basil, or ½ teaspoon each of the dried herbs.

Topping: Three tablespoons melted butter, ¼lb. sliced swiss cheese, 2 dozen oysters, 2 small cans anchovy fillets, 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese.

When yeast dough has almost doubled in bulk, punch down, divide in halves. On lightly floured board roll each half into a circle about 18in. across. Place each circle on greased baking-sheet. Pinch up ¼in. edge all round.

Brush rounds of dough with melted butter. Arrange sliced cheese on top, cover with the pizza sauce. Arrange oysters on top, place an anchovy fillet across each oyster, sprinkle with grated parmesan, pour over remaining butter. Bake in hot oven approximately 20 minutes or until pie-case is golden brown and filling is bubbly. Cut each circle into 8 pie-shaped wedges to serve.

Pizza Sauce: Peel tomatoes, chop very finely. Combine with tomato sauce, finely chopped onion, crushed garlic, chopped green pepper, sugar, nutmeg, salt, pepper, oregano, and basil. Simmer slowly until thick (about 25 minutes), stirring often; cool.

SIMPLE LUNCHEON PIZZA

One quantity of Simple Pizza Dough, 4 slices cooked ham, ¼lb. sliced cheddar cheese, ½ cup tomato sauce, 6 olives.

Prepare dough, place on greased baking-dish and shape into round shape, about ¼in. thick. Cut ham and cheese into strips about 1in. wide, slice olives. Arrange ham pieces on dough, cover with cheese; pour tomato sauce over top, garnish with olive slices. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

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CURRIES

● Spices are to curry what fragrance is to a flower — the elusive ingredient that raises the commonplace to the unique. For the art of curry-making lies not in hot spicing but in the delicacy of flavor-blending.

THE word "curry" can conjure up a deliciously spicy creation or a badly flavored, stodgy stew — it all depends on how it is prepared, cooked, and served.

When well cooked, a curry is spice-cooking at its best.

Unlike most other spices, curry powder is not ground from any one herb or plant. It is a combination of from eight to 20 spices, pounded to a powder or blended to a paste.

The main spices used are turmeric, coriander, cumin, fresh green ginger, ground ginger, cloves, cinnamon, saffron, cardamom, mustard seed, nutmeg, mace.

Herbs most commonly used are sage, rosemary, basil, oregano, chervil, tarragon, and parsley.

Hot seasonings are cayenne, black and white peppers, dried red chilli, green chilli peppers, chilli powder, paprika.

All herbs and spices mentioned above are obtainable in Australia.

Onions are widely used, garlic sparingly, lemons or limes often, and oranges occasionally.

Curry can be used to flavor meat, seafood, fowl, or vegetable. The result may be a one-dish family meal or part of a party menu. (A curry party, incidentally, is known as a "curry-bat.")

Curry can also give additional flavor to tomato dishes, eggs, soups, sandwich spreads, cheese dips, rice, mayonnaise, sauces, butter, salad dressings, and many other foods.

Apart from sheer good eating, curries are practical, too. A good curry sauce, such as the one given on this page, can be used to heat up left-over meats and vegetables. Make the sauce, add the meat, and cook just long enough for the meat to heat through.

Make your own

In India each family makes its own blend of curry powder almost daily. Families in some provinces prefer a mild flavor, others like it more highly spiced, sweeter, and hotter.

In the neighboring countries of Indonesia, Malaya, and Ceylon curries have more "fire."

Knowing your spices makes Indian cooking more fun; it also allows you to experiment and mix curry powder to your own taste —mild, medium, or hot.

To make sure curry powder is always fresh and full tasting, it is wise to buy, or make, it in small amounts. Keep the jar or tin tightly closed between use.

Commercial curry powder can be used as a "starter." You can supplement it with several of the spices that go into most blends of curry powder, adding or subtracting until you have the blend which suits you best. The seasonings used in the recipe for Murgai Curry (Chicken Curry) on this page are a good example of this.

Here are recipes for home-made curry powder and curry paste.

CURRY POWDER

One oz. coriander seeds, 1oz. caraway seeds, 1oz. turmeric, ½oz. cumin seeds, ¾oz. black peppercorns, ½oz. cinnamon, ½oz. ginger, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cardamom seeds, 1 teaspoon fennugreek, pinch mace, chilli powder to taste.

Grind ingredients well in electric blender or with mortar and pestle.

CURRY PASTE

Two tablespoons ground coriander, 1 tablespoon pepper, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, pinch chilli powder, 1 crushed clove garlic, ½ cup vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Combine all dry ingredients and garlic, mix in vinegar and lemon juice; mix to smooth paste. Slowly add heated oil. Simmer paste 5 minutes; allow to cool before using. Bottle, seal, store in refrigerator.

Quantities below are a guide to the newcomer to curry cookery. As you gain experience you can alter them to suit yourself.

Meat: 2 to 3 teaspoons curry powder per lb.

Fish: 1½ to 2 teaspoons curry powder per lb.

Sauces: 2 to 3 teaspoons curry powder per cup.

Vegetables: ¾ to 1 teaspoon curry powder per lb.

Rice is essential to a curry meal; Patna, the long-grained rice, is generally used. When cooked it should be tender, with each grain separate.

It can be plain, white, and fluffy or enriched with a little melted butter, or with green peas or chopped green or red peppers folded through it.

Rice can be served in a large separate bowl. Or, while hot, it can be spooned into shallow bowls to make individual servings, and immediately unmoulded on to plates. A small lemon slice tops each serving.

It can be the special Indian fried rice, Pulao, for which the recipe is given below.

Yoghurt, too, is an important part of many curries. It can be mixed into the dish, served plain as an accompaniment, or made into a sauce with cucumber. After the hot curries and chutneys, it is smooth and mouth-cooling.

Cumin seeds, toasted, also give an appealing aroma.

Most food in India is cooked with ghee (clarified butter); butter, with a few drops of oil added to the pan, would be the nearest substitute in Australia.

Side dishes

Side dishes, known as "sambals," are an essential part of a curry meal. These may be savory, sharp, pungent, sweet, salty, tart. The curry connoisseur combines sweet with sour, salty with savory, mixing a little of each with mouthfuls of the curry and rice.

Most sambals can be prepared beforehand.

Choice of sambals is wide. But at a genuine Indian dinner usually only two or three are served, such as chutney, pickled vegetables, and Bombay duck (a salted, dried fish not generally obtainable in this country).

However, a choice can be made from any of the following: plumped raisins, chopped chives, pickled walnuts, crumbled potato chips, cumquats, chopped lemon peel, shallots, chopped egg-yolk, pickled onions, preserved or crystallised ginger, olives, crumbled bacon, lemon pickle, peeled sliced bananas, marinated cubed cucumber in coconut milk, fillets of anchovy, diced pineapple, chopped almonds or peanuts, toasted or plain coconut, chutneys.

In India curry is eaten with the fingers. It is picked up by the tips of the first two fingers and the thrumb of one hand.

Indian bread, such as Puri, is used as the "pusher." Puri puffs up during the cooking but, on cooling, collapses a little, its flaky surface seeming rather blistered. It is tender yet crisp, an ideal curry accompaniment.

MURGAI CURRY (Chicken Curry)

Two chickens (about 2½lb. each), 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon turmeric, 1 cup butter or substitute or 1 cup oil, 2 large onions (sliced and separated into rings), 10 whole cloves, 1 bayleaf, 2 medium-sized potatoes (peeled and cut into 1in. cubes), 2 large carrots (sliced).

Cut chicken into pieces, rub with salt and turmeric. Heat butter or oil in large pan, saute onion, cloves, and bayleaf until onion is clear. Add chicken and cook, turning constantly, until skin becomes golden. Stir in potatoes and carrots. Cover and cook over low heat while cooking the seasoning spices.

Seasoning Ingredients: One dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 teaspoons curry powder, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ginger, pinch of ground cardamom, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon turmeric, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tomatoes (chopped).

In separate pan melt butter or substitute, stir in curry powder, chilli powder, cinnamon, ginger, and cardamom. Cook until spice mixture turns deep brown color (about 5 minutes). Spoon over chicken. Pour water into spice pan, add turmeric and salt, stir until dissolved. Pour over chicken, stir in chopped tomatoes. Cover; simmer 20 minutes or until potatoes and carrots are tender. Remove cover, continue to simmer about 10 minutes further until liquid evaporates and sauce is thickened.

JINGA (Prawn Curry)

One and a half lb. green prawns, 2 small onions, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon ground turmeric, 2 teaspoons ground coriander, ¼ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons yoghurt.

Shell prawns. Cut onions in thin slices, cook in melted butter or substitute until limp. Toss in prawns, turmeric, coriander; cook, uncovered, over moderate heat 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Now mix in chilli powder, salt, yoghurt; cook until mixture comes to boil. Cover, simmer gently 10 minutes more. Remove cover, continue cooking over low heat until most of sauce has evaporated (about 5 minutes).

BHOONEE MACHI (Baked Fish Curry)

Two tablespoons oil, ½ teaspoon mustard seeds, 2 cloves garlic, 1in. piece green ginger (or ¼ teaspoon ground ginger), 2 lemons, 1 dessertspoon coriander, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, 3 tomatoes, 2¼ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2lb. white fish.

Heat oil, add mustard seeds, crushed or minced garlic, finely chopped ginger, cook a minute or two. Add grated rind of the 2 lemons and juice of 1 lemon, the coriander, chilli powder, coarsely chopped tomatoes, and water; cook uncovered about 20 minutes or until mixture is like mush. Place whole fish or fish fillets in shallow baking-dish; sprinkle with salt and vinegar. Pour sauce over fish, arrange thin slices of remaining lemon over top; bake in moderate over 20 minutes or until fish is tender.

ROGAN JAUSH (Lamb Curry With Tomatoes)

Two pounds lean lamb, 5 small onions, 1in. piece green ginger (or ¼ teaspoon ground ginger), ¼ cup butter or substitute, 2 teaspoons ground turmeric, 1½ teaspoons ground cumin, 1 dessertspoon ground coriander, ¼ teaspoon chilli powder, 3 tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ cup yoghurt, ½ cup water.

Cut lamb in cubes; slice onions, chop ginger fine. Melt butter or substitute in heavy pan, add onions and ginger. Cook until onions are golden. Add lamb, turmeric, cumin, coriander, chilli powder; fry about 15 minutes or until meat is nicely browned, stirring occasionally. Peel tomatoes, chop coarsely, add to mixture. Add salt and yoghurt, bring to boil. Cook, uncovered, over medium heat until mixture looks quite dry. Stir in ½ cup water, cover and cook gently about 15 to 20 minutes or until meat is tender.

PURI (Indian Bread)

Four cups white flour (unsifted), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups water (approximately), oil for frying.

Mix flour, salt, baking-powder, and sugar. Add butter, mix with fingers until mixture is crumbly. Gradually pour in half the water, knead to make soft dough; continue kneading about 10 minutes. Gradually add remaining water, as needed, and continue kneading about 10 minutes longer. (It should be firm, like stiff yeast dough.) Make slight depression in top of dough, spoon in 1 dessertspoon water. Cover with damp cloth, let rest 30 minutes. Pinch off small balls the size of large walnut. Roll out on lightly floured board into 5in. rounds about 1-16in. thick. Drop rounds of dough one at a time into hot fat 1in. deep. Lightly tap top of each as soon as it drops into oil. When dough puffs up and is golden brown underneath, turn over and brown other side. Serve hot.

INDIAN LEMON PICKLE

Lemons, salt, lemon juice, chilli powder.

Choose lemons with very thin skins; wash them and dry. Cut into 4 lengthwise, but do not cut right through. Sprinkle plenty of salt between slices, put lemons into tightly lidded jars. Then leave jars out in hot sun every day for a week, but be sure to bring them in at night. If the sun is not hot enough during the day, leave out jars each day for a fortnight. (It is best to prepare this pickle in sunny weather.) After this sun-seasoning is completed add enough lemon juice to cover the lemons in jars, together with a pinch of chilli powder. Leave lemons in jar, with lid on, at least 2 weeks, when they will be ready. Serve them well drained.

CURRY SAUCE

One cup minced onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon turmeric, 1 teaspoon chopped mint leaves, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cumin seed, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 cloves crushed garlic, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 quart water or stock (or prepared packaged chicken soup can be used).

Saute onion in butter until transparent; add ginger, turmeric, mint, sugar, salt, cumin seed, cinnamon, and garlic. Stir, cook 3 minutes. Add flour, blend until smooth. Add water or stock gradually, stirring constantly. Turn heat low, simmer until reduced to half (about 30 minutes), stirring occasionally.

PULAO (Indian Fried Rice)

One large onion (sliced), 1 cup butter or substitute, 1lb. long-grained rice, 4 cups water, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon cumin, ¼ teaspoon each cayenne, ground ginger, turmeric, 1lb. peas (or 1 small packet quick-frozen peas), extra half cup butter, lemon slices.

Saute onion in heavy saucepan with the cup of butter until transparent. Add rice, saute until rice turns white (about 5 minutes); pour in water. Add salt, curry powder, cumin, cayenne, ginger, turmeric; stir to mix seasonings. Cover tightly, simmer without stirring 25 minutes. Remove cover, place butter and cooked peas on top. Cover, cook slowly 5 minutes longer. Just before serving, turn under once to mix in peas and melted butter. Spoon pulao into shallow bowls about 4in. in diameter, pack down lightly, then invert on individual serving-plates. Top each with half a thin slice of lemon lightly wedged into rice.

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Bombe Alaska

● It's a luscious ice-cream cake dessert that you can bake.

MANY a housewife has known the anxious moment of serving an ice-cream dessert too soon; of happily chattering guests lingering over the last of their well-appreciated dinner, while in front of them the ice-cream wilts slowly, its creamy goodness melting as they talk on.

Because of this many hostesses hesitate to try Bombe Alaska. They believe only the bravest and blithest spirit would put ice-cream into a hot oven protected merely by a fragile meringue.

Yet, provided one or two simple rules are observed, there need never be a failure or a catastrophe. The ice-cream stays firm, the meringue tinges beautifully golden in color, and the result is a dessert of drama and delicious taste. These rules are:

- Cake (which is the base for Bombe Alaska) and covered board on which it stands must be well chilled.
- Ice-cream must be frozen solid.
- Meringue must cover the ice-cream completely.

The cake, paper-wrapped board, and meringue are all poor heat conductors and prevent ice-cream melting while Bombe Alaska is in oven.

The first step in preparing a Bombe Alaska is to select a breadboard of a size that will fit into the oven, the freezing section of the refrigerator, or the freezer. It should be at least 2in. wider than the diameter of the sponge cake you are going to use.

Any plain wooden board of suitable size and thickness will do, but a breadboard is just right for this purpose.

The next step is to cover the board with a sheet of aluminium foil. Place cake on top and place both covered board and cake into refrigerator or freezer 1 hour.

Pack slightly softened ice-cream into the mould and refreeze it. (The traditional Bombe Alaska mould is shaped rather like a football cut in halves.)

When cake and board are sufficiently chilled and ice-cream refrozen, proceed as directed in the recipe below.

At this stage it's a good idea to have everything ready in advance—the meringue whipped, the oven heated.

Two methods

There are two schools of thought about what happens when the Bombe Alaska is taken from the oven.

One says: "Rush it to the table at once before the ice-cream melts!" And, indeed, who wants to wait to taste the delicious combination of layers of meringue, of ice-cream, and tender sponge?

But it is not generally known that this dessert can be made completely ahead of time and frozen without wrapping. It will keep satisfactorily in the freezer up to one day, so the frantic last-minute preparations usually associated with Alaska can be avoided.

Although many cooks believe the baked meringue toughens when frozen, it will retain its light frothiness for this time.

An Alaska is better if you allow 1 hour's freezing before serving. The ice-cream next to the meringue may have softened slightly in the oven, so the extra freezing time gives it a chance to firm again.

Quantities below will make an Alaska to serve 6.

BOMBE ALASKA

One 8in. round sponge cake, 1 large carton or 2 trays ice-cream.

Meringue: Four egg-whites, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, dash of salt, ¾ cup sugar.

Cover breadboard, as described previously, with heavy brown paper or aluminium foil. Place cake on board, chill 1 hour. Soften ice-cream slightly, pack into 6in. bombe-mould; it will about three-quarters fill mould. Freeze until ice-cream is solid.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until frothy, add cream of tartar and salt, beat until stiff. Gradually beat in sugar until soft peaks form. Do not over-beat or meringue will be dry.

Remove chilled board and cake from refrigerator. Remove ice-cream from freezer, run knife or spatula round inside edge of mould, turn upside down over cake so ice-cream turns out precisely in centre of cake.

Now work quickly. Swirl meringue over cake and ice-cream with spatula, making sure it is thick over ice-cream and completely seals it. Bake 5 minutes or until meringue is lightly golden brown. Serve at once or freeze 1 hour before serving.

Note: Any flavor ice-cream or a combination of ice-creams can be used in the recipe above. Here is another idea:

- Sprinkle a light white sponge cake with sherry or rum or favorite liqueur. Top with chocolate ice-cream to which same liqueur or liquor has been added. And just as the dessert is ready to go to table, dip cubes of loaf sugar into lemon essence, place in small eggshell-halves almost buried in meringue, then set sugar alight. It will blaze brightly and you will have Bombe Alaska Flambe!

Different shape

Although Bombe Alaska is always prepared in the traditional bombe shape, it is possible to make a very simple variation. This does not have the bombe-topped shape, so is called Baked Alaska.

BAKED ALASKA

Cover oblong breadboard with heavy brown paper or aluminium foil; top it with oblong sponge cake; chill. Line refrigerator-tray with greased paper so ends of paper hang over sides of tray. Spoon ice-cream in, level off ice-cream, and freeze until solid. Make Italian Meringue (see recipe). Remove breadboard and cake from refrigerator; take overhanging pieces of greaseproof paper and lift ice-cream from tray (it may be necessary to run spatula across top and bottom of tray); carefully turn on to sponge cake. Swirl meringue over to cover ice-cream and cake, place in freezer as long as required, then bake in hot oven 5 minutes.

Italian Meringue: Three egg-whites, 7oz. sugar, 1-3rd cup water.

Place water in saucepan, add sugar, and bring slowly to boil; boil to 240deg. F. or until little syrup dropped in cold water forms soft ball. Stand a few minutes. Beat egg-whites in heatproof basin until mixture is thick and stands up in peaks; gradually add syrup, beating constantly until smooth.

Note: A multi-flavored ice-cream brick is very good in this recipe. When the Alaska is cut into serving slices with sharp knife, the 3 colors of the ice-cream brick contrast beautifully with the snowy meringue.

You can vary these basic Alaska recipes as you like.

Cassata Alaska: Make base a thin layer of sponge cake, spoon over it sherry-soaked raisins, strawberries or cherries marinated in brandy, top with ice-cream, then another thin layer of sponge, cover with meringue; bake. Another layer of berries can be spooned over ice-cream before final sponge layer is placed on top. Peaches, sieved apricots, pineapple, and cherries will all combine well with ice-cream. But don't forget—work quickly until the Alaska is completed.

Fruit Alaskas: Use rock melon, grapefruit, oranges—or choose your favorite fruit. Remove seeds from rockmelon, drain; chill. Fill halves with frozen ice-cream, refreeze 1 hour, top with meringue; bake. For grapefruit and orange, cut in halves horizontally, carefully remove pulp. Cut fruit sections, carefully mix a few through ice-cream; pile into shells, freeze until ice-cream is solid again. Cover with meringue; bake.

Canned Peach-halves: These are delicious when filled with ice-cream, covered with meringue, and baked.

BABAS

● Named after the legendary Ali Baba, this is a dessert of a thousand delights.

THE baba is made from a yeast dough enriched with eggs and studded with fruit. Traditionally, it is baked in a special mould with fluted sides and a hole in the centre (this makes for quick, even baking), sometimes called a kugelhopf mould.

Here is the basic baba recipe:

THE BABA

One ounce yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm milk, 2 cups flour, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons sultanas, 1 dessertspoon currants (1oz. glace cherries can also be added).

Soften yeast in lukewarm milk. Sift flour into bowl, make well in centre, add yeast mixture and lightly beaten eggs. Mix together well, adding little more lukewarm milk, if necessary, to make soft, sticky dough. Beat by hand 2 minutes. Cover bowl with towel, stand in warm place 45 minutes or until dough has doubled in bulk. Knead butter until it is very soft.

When dough rises, punch down, sprinkle salt and sugar over it. Spread with softened butter, add raisins and sultanas. Again beat dough by hand 3 to 4 minutes.

Half fill well-buttered baba mould with dough, stand in warm place until dough rises to top. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake 30 minutes longer or until cake-tests show it is done. Loosen from sides of mould with small sharp knife, turn out.

Babas are baked at moderately hot temperatures at first, so oven heat can get to inside of cake quickly. Otherwise the outside might be well browned before centre is cooked.

Soaking the baba

When cooked, the baba is turned out of the mould and pricked carefully all over with a fine fork or skewer. This enables it to absorb the syrup in which it is then soaked (the syrup gives the baba its sweetness; very little sugar is used in the baba mixture).

The cooked baba can be prepared and served in 3 ways:

- Soaked in rum syrup (see recipe).
- Soaked in rum syrup and topped with apricot glaze (see recipe).
- Soaked in apricot syrup (see recipe) and dramatically flamed just before serving.

RUM SYRUP

Half cup water, 1¼ cups sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup rum.

Combine water and sugar in saucepan, bring to boil. Boil, uncovered, 5 minutes. Add salt and rum.

APRICOT SYRUP

One cup apricot nectar (or syrup from canned apricots, ¾ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon rum.

In saucepan combine apricot nectar and sugar, bring to boil; boil, uncovered, 10 minutes. Add lemon juice, remove from heat. Let syrup cool a little, then add rum.

Plenty of syrup

The baba should be soaked thoroughly. The syrup must reach right through the cake, not merely soak the outer portion, thus leaving the inside dry and unsweetened.

About one-third of the syrup mixture is poured into the mould. The baba is then put back into the mould to allow the top to absorb this syrup. More syrup is poured slowly over and round baba until it is soaked with rich, fragrant sweetness. It is then left to stand in mould until cool and all syrup is absorbed.

Then it is carefully turned out on a serving-plate. If it is to be flamed, the hot rum syrup is poured over and the spirit ignited. The baba is basted with the burning syrup until the flames die down.

For a longer-lasting flame, extra rum can be sprinkled on top of the baba just before it is ignited.

If baba is not to be flamed, merely soak it in the rum syrup or, after soaking, add this easy-to-prepare apricot glaze.

APRICOT GLAZE

Heat 1 cup apricot jam with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon water. Push through sieve, then spoon over top of cake so glaze runs down fluted sides.

Apricots cooked in their syrup and flavored with rum can be added. Drain 1 large can apricots. Heat 1 cup of syrup with ¼ cup rum; add apricots and cook until just heated through. Take apricots from syrup, arrange round base of baba. Serve the apricot-rum syrup separately.

If serving baba as a cold dessert, chill apricots first. Cook baba, refrigerate covered with rum sauce. Cover basin with a tight-fitting lid to keep in all the fragrance.

Serve whipped cream separately to spoon over baba and fruit.

Babas can also be baked in small, individual moulds and, if desired, blazed at the table in a chafing-dish.

Savarin cake

Savarin cake is a delicious variation made from the same dough mixture as the baba, except the fruit is omitted. But just before serving it is richly decorated with whipped cream, fruits, and chopped nuts.

The savarin is sometimes cut in halves horizontally and filled with cream and fruits.

SAVARIN RECIPE

Bake basic baba dough (omitting fruits) in recess-tin, then soak cooked cake in rum syrup. When cool, fill centre with mixture of canned or fresh fruits and pipe border of fresh cream round edge.

Or bake baba dough in baba mould, cover with apricot glaze, place blanched, toasted almond-halves to follow pattern of mould.

But one of the nicest ways of serving savarin cake is as follows:

Savarin Basket Cake: Bake savarin cake in large, round cake-tin. When cooked, soak in rum syrup; carefully turn out of tin when syrup has been absorbed. Split cake from both sides, almost but not quite in halves, leaving at least 2in. uncut in centre so sides can be lifted gently and filled. Bake brandy-snap dough in moderately slow oven until lightly browned, cut strip 2in. wide, lay it round saucepan or shape into a handle for the cake-basket. When handle is cold, place it on basket. Pipe mocha butter-cream to cover handle, dust lightly with sifted icing-sugar. Just before serving, lift cut sides of cake, fill with whipped cream, decorate with fruit marinated in rum, brandy, or liqueur; sprinkle cream with chopped nuts.

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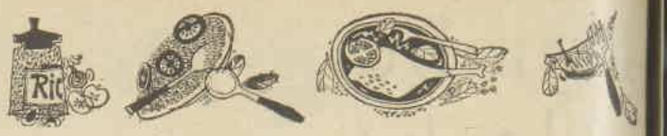
CHEESECAKES



● Cheesecake is growing in popularity as a dessert. More and more housewives are finding it easy to turn out this spectacular ending to a meal.

CHEESECAKE is luxuriously rich, so it is best to serve it in small slices; but even in this calorie-conscious age the popularity of this possibly richest-of-all desserts has never been threatened.

It consists of a pie-case made of biscuit-crust or of pastry and filled with a rich custard mixture blended with cream or cottage cheese, which sets to smooth firmness in the baking.

As far as can be traced it seems to have originated in Central Europe, but its exact origin is lost in antiquity.

The dish is known to have been popular among the ancient Greeks. In fact, Xanthippe's most telling revenge when angry with her husband, Socrates, was to trample on his favorite cheesecake dessert!

Almost every country has its own interpretation of the cheesecake.

In Italy a pastry flavored with sherry is used; the filling has chopped toasted almonds, candied fruit, and grated chocolate added to it, and lattice-strips of egg-glazed pastry are placed across the top before baking.

In England, America, and in Australia the simple biscuit-crumb pastry is the most popular. Cinnamon, nutmeg, or a spoonful of ground almonds are often added to the crumb mixture.

Continental countries make the pastry-case of a buttery kuchen dough or the rich Muerbe Teig pastry. The cheese filling is usually studded with fruit; sour cream sweetened with sugar can give a rich and elegant topping.

Cheesecake can be made from the following cheeses: Bulk or packaged cream cheese, ricotta, or low-calorie cottage cheese. It can have a variety of toppings or none at all. It can be cooked or uncooked. If uncooked, gelatine is blended into the mixture and the cake is refrigerated until set.

The plain sweet biscuits used to make the crumb-crust are easily crushed; place them in a plastic bag so the crumbs won't scatter, crush them with rolling-pin. Or break biscuits and crush them, a few at a time, in an electric blender. Push crumbs through a sieve to avoid any lumps of uncrushed biscuit.

Cheesecakes can be served simply with a topping of whipped cream dusted with nutmeg or cinnamon.

Or they can be made a special dish with any of the tangy fruit flavors which blend so well, such as apricots, pineapple, strawberries.

Spoon brandied strawberries over, add filling and topping of rum-soaked apricots or peaches, top a wonderful white cottage cheesecake with a chocolate-cream topping—there's just no end to the way a cheesecake can be made your own individual creation.

Baking times

Recipe directions, especially baking times, should be followed carefully. It is easy to err by over-baking cheesecakes, because they still appear very soft in the centre when it is time to take them from the oven. They become firmer as they stand.

An over-baked one develops grainy texture and is apt to shrink, crack, and become dry as it gradually cools.

If you're looking for something simple and inexpensive for dessert, then cheesecake is not for you. Good-quality cheesecakes are not inexpensive to make; but, being so rich, a small serving is sufficient.

Each recipe in this section will cut into approximately 10 to 12 servings.

Some chefs say that all cheesecakes shrink on cooling, that it's a scientific inevitability and nothing to worry about.

But you can help to combat this tendency. Turn off the heat when baking time is over, open the oven door, and let the cheesecake stand in the oven until it cools. This helps to set the soft centre and prevent falling. It will not cause over-baking.

Cheesecakes are easier to turn out if you use a springform pan (the ring springs open and can be lifted away from the base) or one with a removable base. The cake should be chilled before taking out of the pan.

Recipes on this page are for eleven different varieties of cheesecake.

If you are new to cheesecake, there's a delicious treat in store; if you're already a devotee, there are new recipes to try and to make often.

Varied recipes

A selection of cheesecake recipes, all of them delicious, is given below.

SPECIAL CHEESECAKE

Biscuit-crumb Pastry: Half pound sweet plain biscuits, 3oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Filling: One and a half pounds cream cheese, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 large eggs, 1 cup sugar.

Crush biscuits very finely, push through strainer, mix with cinnamon. Add melted butter or substitute, blend well to make shortbread dough. Spread mixture over base and sides of 8in. springform pan. A small, straight-sided glass can be used to firm biscuit mixture. Refrigerate an hour or so or overnight.

Filling: Press cheese through strainer, blend with vanilla. Beat eggs very well until thick, beat in sugar gradually until mixture is lemon-colored. Continue beating while adding cheese mixture in small portions, mixing each time until smooth. Spread into pastry-case, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool slowly, then refrigerate. Just before serving, top with whipped cream, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon.

Vary cheesecake by adding fruit to the filling or topping, as in the variations below.

Apricot Cheesecake: Pour half cheese mixture into pastry-case, cover with ½ cup drained, chopped canned apricots; cover with remaining cheese mixture. Bake and cool as directed for basic cake. Sieve apricots remaining from 1 large can (reserve 1 well-shaped apricot half for garnish); blend 1½ dessertspoons cornflour with ½ cup apricot syrup, add to apricot puree. Bring to boil slowly, stirring; simmer 2 minutes. Cool, spread across top of chilled cake. Place reserved apricot half in centre, pipe round with whipped cream, pipe 2 small leaves and apricot stem.

Peach Cheesecake: Use ½ cup chopped canned peaches, as above. On top of cooked, chilled cake, about 1in. in from edge, lay well-drained peach slices in scalloped circle. Pipe layer of whipped cream round these on edge of cheesecake. When ready to serve, heat 1½ tablespoons brandy, pour into centre of cake and flame.

Chocolate Cheesecake: Add 2oz. melted chocolate to cream cheese mixture. Just before serving, top with whipped cream, decorate with chocolate curls.

ELEGANT COTTAGE CHEESECAKE

One and a half pounds cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon rum, 4 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, ¼ pint cream, 2oz. dark chocolate, biscuit-crumb pastry-case as in special cheesecake recipe above.

Press cottage cheese through strainer, mix with rum until soft and creamy. Beat egg-whites until they form soft peaks, then gradually beat in sugar to make meringue. Fold egg-whites into cheese until well blended; spoon into pastry-case. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate. Whip cream, gradually beat in melted chocolate, spread over top. Refrigerate again until topping has set.

Here is a variation of the Elegant Cottage Cheesecake.

Black Cherry Glazed Cheesecake: Strain 1 large can cherries, reserve juice. Dissolve 1 packet port-wine-flavor jelly in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup reserved cherry juice. Refrigerate mixture until it begins to thicken. Arrange cherries over top of cheesecake in decorative pattern, spoon over ¾ cup of jelly mixture. Refrigerate until topping has set. (Remainder of jelly can be reserved to serve later.) Strawberries and strawberry jelly can be used in same way; after topping has set, pipe rosette of whipped cream in centre of cake, top with whole strawberries.

ITALIAN CHEESECAKE
(Torta de Ricotta)

Pastry: Two cups flour, pinch salt, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Filling: One and a half pounds ricotta cheese (or use cream or cottage cheese), ¼lb. chopped toasted almonds, 4 eggs, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1oz. grated chocolate, ¼ cup chopped glace cherries, 1 teaspoon vanilla, beaten egg, icing-sugar.

Sift flour and salt, cut in butter well, add sherry; mix lightly, adding little more sherry if necessary, until mixture holds together well. Roll out, line base and sides of springform pan. Cut remaining pastry into strips with pastry-cutter for lattice topping.

Filling: Beat eggs with sugar until foamy, stir in vanilla. Add cheese (which has been pushed through fine sieve). Beat together until well blended and smooth. Stir in chocolate, almonds, and cherries. Pour into pie-shell, place lattice strips of pastry across top, pinching edges together firmly. Glaze lattice strips with little beaten egg. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes or until filling is set and pastry golden brown; cool. Before serving, sprinkle sifted icing-sugar over top of cake.

LEMON REFRIGERATOR CHEESECAKE

Three-quarters cup sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs (separated), ½ cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ cups cottage or cream cheese, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, ¼ cup sugar (extra), ¼ pint cream, biscuit-crumb pastry-case (see special cheesecake recipe above).

Combine in top of double saucepan the sugar, gelatine, salt, egg-yolks, evaporated milk. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until gelatine is dissolved and mixture thickens slightly (approximately 10 minutes). Add grated lemon rind; cool. Press cheese through strainer, stir in lemon juice and vanilla, blend with first mixture. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture is partially set. Beat egg-whites until peaks form, gradually add extra ¼ cup sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved and egg-whites are stiff. Fold into gelatine mixture. Beat cream until thick, fold in. Pour mixture into biscuit-crumb pastry-case; chill until filling is firm.

Pineapple Cheesecake: Add 1 cup drained crushed pineapple to the mixture. Garnish firm cheesecake with pineapple slices, whipped cream, and glace cherry halves or chopped nuts.

YOGHURT CHEESECAKE

Three dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 2 cups cottage cheese, 1 cup yoghurt, 4 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup sugar (extra), 1 cup cream; crumb-crust pie-case, well chilled.

Soften gelatine in the cold water. Push cottage cheese through a fine sieve, beat with yoghurt until smooth. Separate eggs. In top of a double saucepan, beat yolks with the ¾ cup sugar, salt, and lemon rind, until thick and lemon-colored. Set over hot water; cook, stirring, for 5 minutes. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Cool slightly and stir in the lemon juice, then add the yoghurt-cheese mixture. Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, then gradually beat in the extra 1 cup sugar, continue beating until whites are stiff but not dry. Fold into lemon mixture, then fold in the whipped cream. Pour carefully into pie-case, refrigerate for at least 8 hours.

HUNGARIAN CHEESECAKE

Muerbe Teig Rich Pastry: Two tablespoons butter, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 1 tablespoon cold water (approximately).

Filling: 1 cup dry cottage cheese, 1 cup thick sour cream, 1-3rd cup sugar, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-white (extra), 1 cup crushed canned pineapple, ½ cup chopped raisins.

To make pastry, cream butter, beat in egg-yolks, salt, and lemon juice. Combine with sifted flour and baking-powder, work to a stiff dough with water. Chill for 1 hour. Roll out ¼in. thick and press into springform pan with fingers. Chill again for 1 hour.

Rub cheese through fine sieve, add sour cream, sugar, salt, well-beaten eggs, and grated lemon rind; beat well together. Brush pie-case with the extra egg-white, sprinkle evenly with drained crushed pineapple and raisins. Carefully pour cheese mixture over. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook further 20 minutes or until nicely browned. Chill well before serving.

Unusual toppings

Although whipped cream is a traditional accompaniment to cheesecake it can be served separately, and additional flavor and interest given by use of one of the unusual toppings below.

Or vary the filling mixture, as we suggest here.

Chocolate-and-Cream Cheesecake: Prepare basic cheesecake, divide filling mixture in half. To one half, blend in ½oz. dark melted chocolate. Spoon alternate light and dark batters into crumb-crust, then run knife lightly through to give marbled effect. Bake and cool.

Honey Cheesecake: Add ½ cup honey and omit sugar in basic filling mixture. Sprinkle top well with grated nutmeg before baking.

Lemon Topping (try this on the Yoghurt Cheesecake): Two-thirds cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, pinch salt, ¾ cup boiling water, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix together sugar, cornflour, and salt. Slowly add to boiling water and cook, stirring frequently, until thick and smooth. Add some of hot mixture to beaten egg, then stir back into pan with butter, cook 2 minutes more. Remove from heat, blend in lemon juice, rind, and vanilla. Cool well before spreading on cooled, cooked cheesecake.

Nut-crumb Topping: Three tablespoons each brown sugar and flour, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped nuts.

Blend all ingredients with pastry blender. Sprinkle over cheesecake for last 10-15 minutes of baking time.

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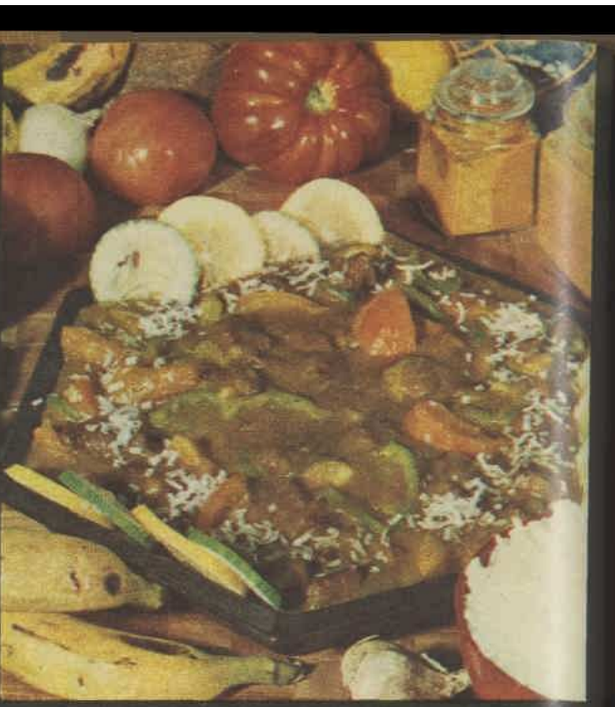
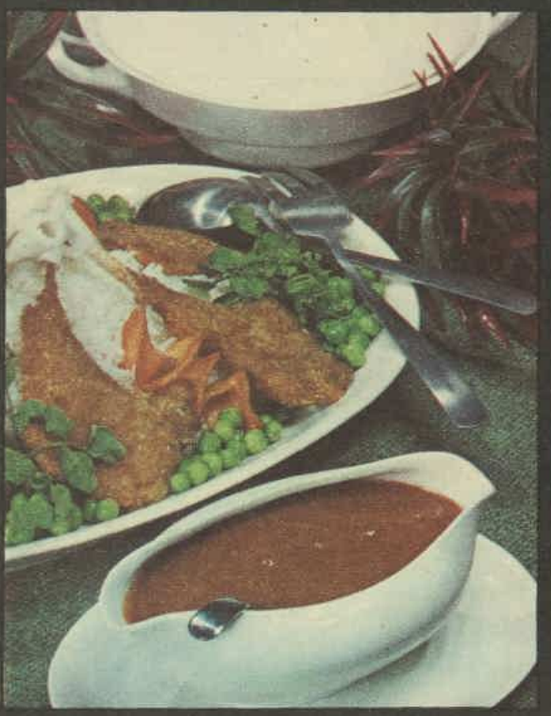
CHEESECAKE (left). Fabulous dessert served plain or topped with luscious fruit. See page 46.

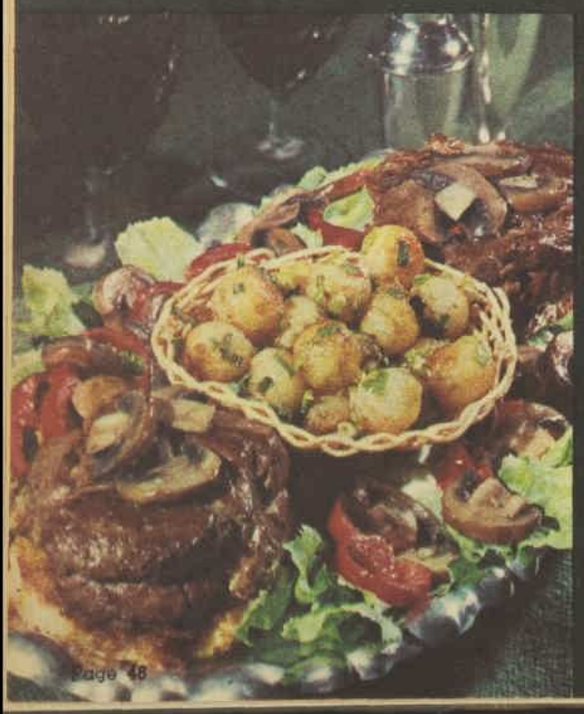


CURRY (right). Wise blending of spices and herbs gives fragrance and flavor. See page 44.



BASIC SAUCE (right), white or brown, complements and enhances the flavor of savory dishes. See page 41.

COMPOUND SAUCES, creamy smooth (left), are the perfect finishing touch to good food. See page 42.



TOURNEDOS (left) are little steaks grilled or sauteed to gourmet perfection. See page 42.

PIZZA (right), savory and satisfying, is a superb dish for many occasions. See recipes page 43.

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OYSTER FRITTERS

1 pkt. Continental brand Oyster Creole; 1 cup self-raising flour; 1 egg; ½ pint milk; ¾ cup diced cold cooked meat or 3 sets chopped cooked brains.

Method: Place into basin, soup mix and flour and blend with beaten egg and milk. Add meat or brains. Fry tablespoons of mixture in hot Copha until crisp and golden brown on each side.

Continental soup
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CONSOLATION prizes of £1 are awarded for recipes for a hearty main-meal pot roast, small onion turnovers, and a novel ice-cream pie.

All spoon measurements are level.

***ORANGE BISCUITS** are rolled in crushed sugar. Recipe at right.*

ORANGE CINNAMON MOONGLOWS

Two-thirds cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice, 2½ cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup loaf-sugar (finely crushed).

Cream butter or substitute well, gradually blend in sugar, add eggs one at a time and beat well. Combine orange rind and juice. Sift flour, soda, salt, and cinnamon together. Add alternately with orange mixture to creamed mixture, blending well. Stir in coco[illegible] Cover mixing-bowl and chill in [illegible]frigerator overnight. Drop rou[illegible] teaspoonfuls of dough into [illegible] crushed loaf-sugar, co[illegible] thoroughly. Place on greased [illegible] trays and bake in moderate [illegible] 10 to 12 minutes.

Be sure to use loaf-sugar. It [illegible] "sparkle" to cookies when cru[illegible]

First prize of £5 to Mrs. [illegible] May, 105 Alt Street, Ash[illegible] N.S.W.

COMPANY POT ROAST

Four to five pounds chuck [illegible] (rolled to resemble roast), 1 [illegible] can whole tomatoes with liqui[illegible] small can button mushrooms [illegible] liquid, 1 dozen stoned and [illegible] black olives, 1 teaspoon salt, [illegible] spoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon powd[illegible] thyme or oregano, seasoned [illegible] for dredging, 3 dessertspoons [illegible] ping or other shortening, 2 [illegible] (sliced), 1 clove garlic (mince[illegible]

Dredge roast in flour, brown [illegible] melted dripping in large, [illegible] saucepan. Remove meat. [illegible] onions and minced clove of ga[illegible] Return meat to saucepan, [illegible] tomatoes and liquid, mushro[illegible] with liquid, olives, and seaso[illegible] Cover and simmer 3 hours. T[illegible] and correct seasonings if necess[illegible] Remove meat from gravy, and [illegible] cooked early cover and refrige[illegible] Thirty minutes before serving [illegible] meat and reheat with gravy. S[illegible] with potatoes and greens; or arra[illegible] meat on bed of noodles and pa[illegible] with extra olives, mushrooms, [illegible] sprigs of parsley with gravy se[illegible] separately.

Accompany with cooked gre[illegible] or salad as desired.

Consolation prize of £1 to M[illegible] J. Vivian, 10 Fairway Avenue, [illegible] Ives, N.S.W.

ONION TURNOVERS

Two cups self-raising flour, [illegible] spoon salt, pinch cayenne pep[illegible] 1oz. butter or substitute, [illegible] cheddar cheese (shredded), 1 [illegible] onion (grated), 1 egg (beaten) [illegible] cup milk, a little milk to gla[illegible] poppy seeds (optional).

Sift flour, salt, and cay[illegible] pepper into basin. Rub in but[illegible] add shredded cheddar cheese [illegible] onion. Stir in beaten egg and [illegible] mix to soft dough, adding [illegible] more milk if necessary. Turn o[illegible] floured board, knead lightly. R[illegible] out to ½in. thickness, cut [illegible] rounds with large scone-cu[illegible] Brush edges with water, fold [illegible] two, pressing edges together. G[illegible] tops with milk, sprinkle with po[illegible] seeds. Place on greased baking-sh[illegible] bake in hot oven for 10 to 15 m[illegible] utes. Makes 1 dozen.

Consolation prize of £1 to M[illegible] M. T. Jabore, 214 Victoria Str[illegible] Mackay, Qld.

ALASKA CHERRY PIE

Pastry: Six ounces self-rais[illegible] flour, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine [illegible] lard, about 1 tablespoon cold wa[illegible]

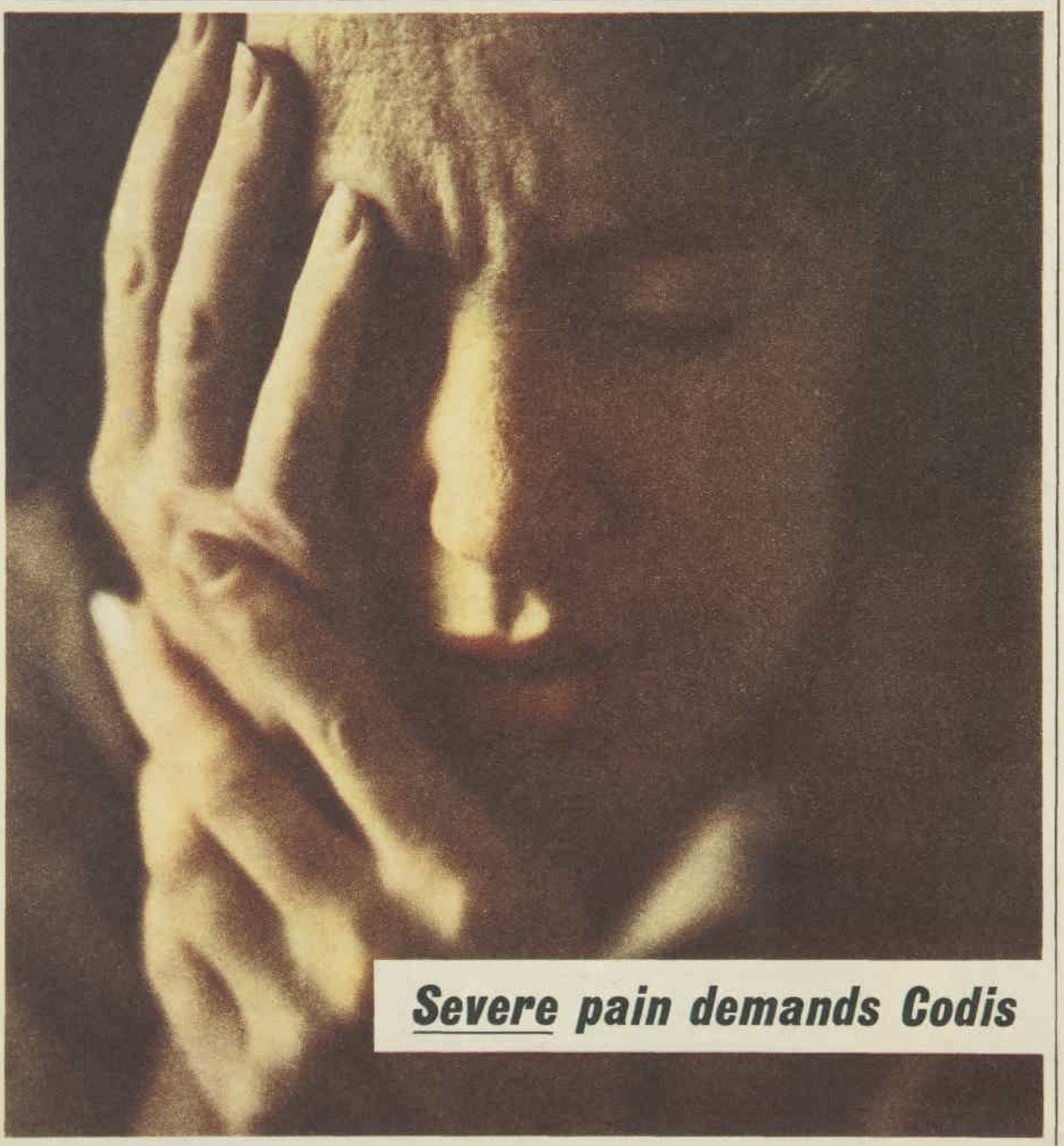
Filling: One can (15oz.) cherr[illegible] 1 family brick strawberry or van[illegible] ice-cream or 1 large tray ho[illegible] made ice-cream (well chilled).

Topping: Three egg-whites, [illegible] castor sugar.

To make pastry: Sift flour [illegible] salt into basin and rub in fat lig[illegible] Mix to stiff dough with water. [illegible] on to floured board and roll [illegible] round to fit a 9in. pie-plate. Pr[illegible] well down, trim edge, pinch [illegible] round edge. Prick pastry base lig[illegible] with fork, line plate with square [illegible] greaseproof paper weighted do[illegible] with rice. Bake in hot oven 20 to [illegible] minutes. Remove paper and fill [illegible] about 5 minutes before end of co[illegible] ing time.

Beat egg-whites until stiff enou[illegible] to stand in peaks, stir in lot, sug[illegible] beat again until stiff. Fold in [illegible] but 1 tablespoon sugar as lig[illegible] as possible. Next arrange [illegible] drained and halved cherries in [illegible] of cooled pastry-case. Place [illegible] of ice-cream on top of cherries [illegible] spread out evenly. Use flat [illegible] to spread meringue well over [illegible] sealing edges well. Sprinkle [illegible] remaining sugar. Place pie in [illegible] hot oven, cook quickly 2 or 3 m[illegible] utes until meringue is pale brow[illegible]

Consolation prize of £1 to M[illegible] B. Dick, 27 Shirley Street W[illegible] Inverell, N.S.W.



Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain demands an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. It is *not* recommended for daily use except under the supervision of your doctor, but may be taken for those severe pains which occur periodically. Remember, *any* pain which persists requires proper medical attention, and the sensible course is to ask the advice of your physician, who may well prescribe Codis.

Codis is available *only* from your Chemist.

CODIS

HP491

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HOW TO ARRANGE CAMELLIAS

• Often the lovely, delicate camellia utterly defeats the amateur flower-arranger when all that is needed for success is a little knowhow, a little patience. Mrs. Patricia Rumbold, of Melbourne, shows here the basic technique of arranging camellias.

CAMELLIAS must be wired if they are to be a success in flower arrangements. This doesn't affect their life in the arrangement because they drink through their petals and can be sprayed easily.

Camellias need to be sprayed twice a day.

For wiring, buy the correct flower wire at a florists' supplies shop. Flower wire is firm and straight, and when you put a bend in it it stays bent.

Once the flowers are wired individually they can then be wired on to the foliage framework in the arrangement.

If you want an extra-long-stemmed camellia, wire the flower to a separate stem of the required length and push that into the arrangement.

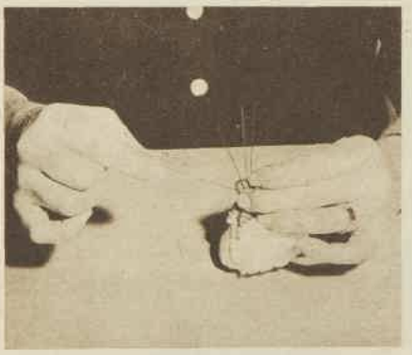
Always remember, when wiring, to hold the flower lightly without bruising the petals. Make sure the wires don't show in the finished arrangement.

Keep the best and biggest blooms for the centre, smaller flowers and buds toward the outside.

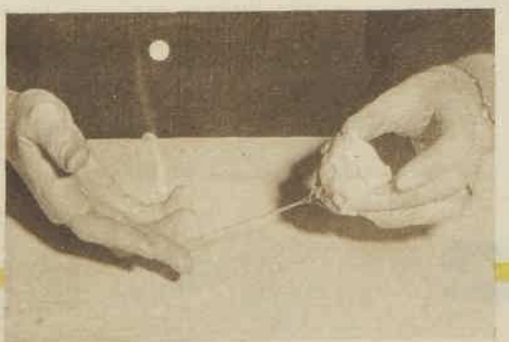
STEP 1 in the basic technique. Hold the wire short so it will not bend when it is pushed through the camellia.

STEP 2 (at right): Push wire right through body of flower to bind petals.

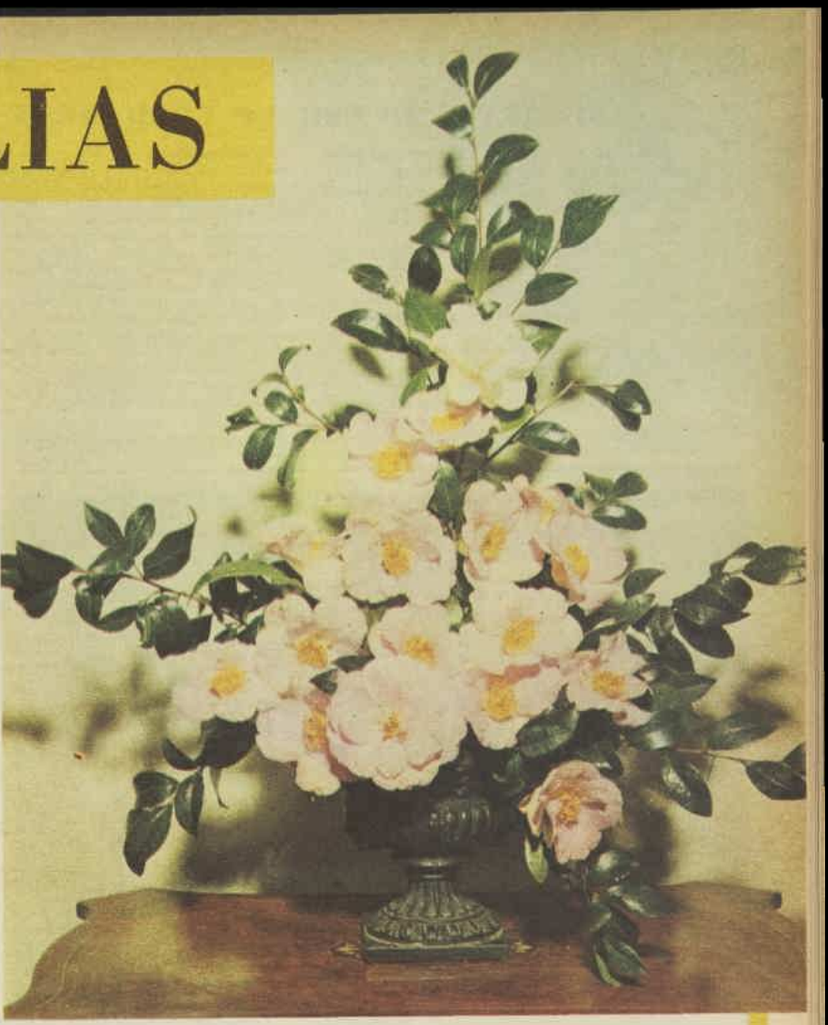
STEP 3: Push another wire through flower at right-angles to the first.



STEP 4: Fold the four wires together and twist one round the other three wires to form stem.



STEP 5: Wiring completed. If there is a stem, wind 4th wire round it to bind.



MASSED arrangement forms basic triangle with foliage accent. Height is one and a half times width plus height of bowl. Flowers should be on different levels, as shown above. A good plain bowl is the best.

ONE-SIDED triangular arrangement has flowers massed toward focal point of the biggest and best bloom.

SIMPLE LINES with flowers following lines of foliage. These three arrangements by Mrs. Patricia Rumbold, of Vic.

Color pictures by Jim Ellard.

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SIX WAYS TO USE UP COLD MEAT

Below are six ideas for using up cold meat left over from the weekend joint. They were sent in by Mrs. N. Schreiber, 31 Alfred St., Newcastle, N.S.W., who wins £1/1/- prize.

- Thinly slice meat, dip in fritter batter, and deep-fry. Serve with chips and grilled tomatoes.
- Chop meat finely, add cooked carrots, peas, and onions, cover with mashed potatoes, and bake.
- Shred meat, add to scrambled-egg mixture, then fry. Serve on toast.
- Cut 6 thin slices of meat, dice, and fry in 2 tablespoons oil. Place in casserole with 2 tablespoons sherry. In frying-pan, in 2 more tablespoons oil, fry 2 sliced carrots, 3 small onions, 6 chopped beans, 6 cabbage leaves (finely shredded) until oil has been absorbed; place over meat. Combine in pan 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1¼ cups stock, stir until boiling. Pour into casserole and bake 1 hour. Serve with mashed potatoes. Makes an ample meal for 4.
- Cut long, thin slices of meat, roll each round a thin sausage, secure ends, dip in flour, and deep-fry. Serve with chips and salad.
- Cut meat into small pieces. Place in saucepan with your favorite vegetable, hot sauce, tomato sauce, and curry-powder to taste. Stew and serve with boiled rice.

Household hints

● These hints sent in by readers give useful tips to help in cookery, washing, cleaning, and other household chores. Each wins a £1/1/- prize.

A USE for your husband's discarded white shirt on which only the collar is worn: Remove collar and sleeves, trim neck and armholes with white edging, and you have a cute shortie nightgown.—Mrs. E. M. Smith, Box 227, Alice Springs, N.T.

Before painting concrete pa[illegible] bind the surface with a solution [illegible] two large handfuls of alum so [illegible] a bucket of water. Allow to d[illegible] completely, then paint. — Mrs. [illegible] Keelty, 36 Eve St., Guildf[illegible] N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Steel wool makes a good fill[illegible] for pin-cushions. It keeps pins a[illegible] needles sharp and rust-free.—M[illegible] J. Castley, c/o 32 Neale S[illegible] Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

After washing a woollen swea[illegible] lay it flat on several thickness [illegible] newspaper, pull into shape, th[illegible] roll up newspaper tightly w[illegible] sweater inside. Place in sun a[illegible] day. The sun will not fade [illegible] garment, which will keep perf[illegible] shape and look like new when [illegible] —M. W. Morgan, Box 30, Mil[illegible] Millaa, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To dry-clean cream woole[illegible] garments: Mix together (dry) [illegible] level tablespoon flour and 1 le[illegible] tablespoon fine salt. Place in ov[illegible] until fairly hot, then rub well o[illegible] soiled parts of garment. Roll u[illegible] leave 24 hours, then unroll a[illegible] shake thoroughly.—Mrs. Mar[illegible] Magann, 68 Greave St., Inver[illegible] N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

After sanding a painted surfa[illegible] such as a wall, slip an old nylo[illegible] stocking over one hand and r[illegible] it lightly over the area. Any rou[illegible] spots that remain will catch a[illegible] snag the stocking and are th[illegible] easily found for further sandi[illegible] with finer paper.—Mrs. Lebun[illegible] Faraday St., Monto, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Instead of sugar, sprinkle a [illegible] spoonful of jelly crystals over [illegible] children's cereal. It sweetens a[illegible] looks pretty.—Mrs. B. Blake, [illegible] Little St., Forster, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To repair small burn holes [illegible] carpets: Squeeze small amount [illegible] tube adhesive into hole. Wi[illegible] tweezers pluck small pieces of p[illegible] fluff in matching colors from ca[illegible] pet and press into hole. Allow [illegible] dry, then tease it up with sm[illegible] wire brush.—Mrs. Hilda M. Mi[illegible] chell, 21 Halstead St., Progr[illegible] S.A.

★ ★ ★

Use green ginger when ma[illegible] melon-and-ginger jam. Peel gin[illegible] and shred finely. It gives [illegible] jam a very good flavor and is [illegible] tributed evenly through it.—M[illegible] H. Miller, 23 Warwick R[illegible] Greensborough, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Launder corduroy velvet[illegible] clothes successfully by wash[illegible] quickly in lukewarm water a[illegible] drip-drying. While still wet, bru[illegible] down with ordinary scrubbing brush. The garment will be crea[illegible] less and the rib raised like new.—Miss H. Benn, 33 Beatrice S[illegible] Bardon, Qld.

★ ★ ★

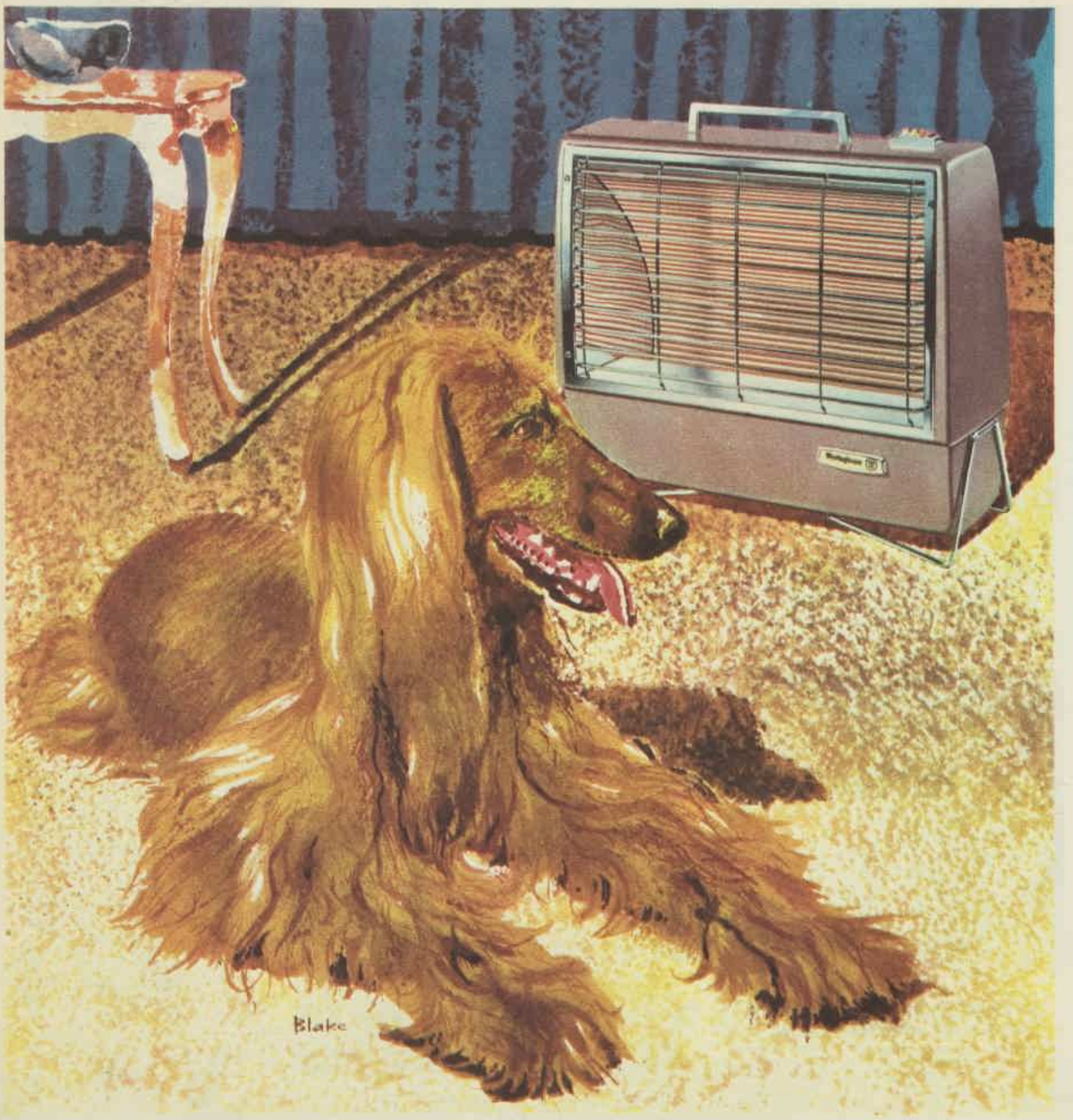
Poinsettia flowers will last a fe[illegible] night or more with the followi[illegible] treatment: Cut the poinsettia [illegible] remove the bottom leaves, and wa[illegible] away the milky sap under runni[illegible] water. Arrange the flowers in [illegible] vase and fill it with boiling wate[illegible] Leave the flowers in this water.—[illegible] Mrs. K. Thomas, Ravenscar S[illegible] Scarborough, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Mix 1 teaspoon boracic acid wi[illegible] 1 tablespoon plain mashed pota[illegible] (don't add salt to the cooki[illegible] water). Roll mixture into sma[illegible] balls and place in drawers an[illegible] cupboards to keep cockroach[illegible] away.—Mrs. R. G. Williams, [illegible] Box 226, P.O., Berri, S.A.

★ ★ ★

When parsley is not availabl[illegible] use fresh green carrot tops, chop[illegible] ped up, in your white sauce. [illegible] gives a delicious flavor and the sauce has the same appearance a[illegible] parsley sauce.—Mrs. H. Downs, [illegible] Florence Ave., Eastlakes, via Mar[illegible] cot, N.S.W.



wall-to-wall warmth

Snug picture of canine comfort. And *people* can be this warm and comfortable too, when winter comes.
Westinghouse sees to that. We've faced the fact that people (like Afghan-hounds) have backs and fronts; and sides. And that they may want to warm all at once.
So we've designed the new Westinghouse Convection Heater.
It's portable with a never-get-hot-handle . . . so you can move your warmth from room to room. Though you'll want to keep it where visitors can admire it!
(Inquisitive little fingers can't find the element so it's very, very safe.)
We named this winter friend the Westinghouse Convection Heater. You'll have a lot of warm feelings for it. We should have named it the Westinghouse Convection *Comforter* because that's what it really does (while too many "direct" heaters simply give you hot-spots).
There's superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is Westinghouse Convection Heater

Priced at . . . 19 gns.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse WARMTH

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies antiques owned by readers, and discusses old etchings.

● *Attractive vase.*

Could you tell me something about my spoon? Its design is quite unusual. It has a twisted stem, bowl-shaped end, and lovely engraving. There are some words printed on it which are either Flemish or German. 1577 & 800 is marked on the back. — Mrs. H. J. Veerman, Eltham, Vic.

Your unusual silver spoon is a late 19th or early 20th century reproduction of a late 16th century spoon. The 800 fineness mark indicates it is Continental silver, which is below the sterling standard (925 fineness). It is probably of German origin, although some Dutch examples are extant bearing the 800 mark, but usually the town mark also appears.

My vase is 8in. high, is decorated in a blue-and-white pattern, and has 769B and a mark in a triangle on it. — Mrs. R. Prentice, Montmorency, Vic.

Your vase (left) is German cologne ware and was made about 1880.

★ ★ ★

How old is my marble-and-gilt clock, please?— Mrs. C. Higgins, Willoughby, N.S.W.

Your attractive clock (right), which is French, is approximately 100 years old. Originally it was covered with a glass dome. Probably a matching pair of ornamental vases completed the set.

● *Marble-and-gilt clock*

These two etchings of Cromwell and Rembrandt are originals by T. Worlidge. Could you give me some information about the artist, please?—Mrs. D. O'Neill, Annerley, Qld.

Thomas Worlidge, an English portrait painter and etcher, was born in 1700, during the reign of William III. He first worked at Bath, specialising in miniature portraits in pencil or Indian ink. He afterwards settled at King Street, Covent Garden, London, where he painted portraits in oil and pastels, including those of many squires. His portrait of Kitty Fisher is well known.

Meeting with little success as a portrait painter, he took up etching. He etched numerous historical portraits. Your head of Rembrandt (B 1606-D 1669) and Oliver Cromwell (B 1599-D 1658), both shown below, are typical examples of his mid-18th-century work. It is obvious he adopted a style modelled on that of Rembrandt, and it is recorded that most of his etchings chiefly consisted of Rembrandtesque heads and portraits.

He etched "The Theatre at Oxford as it appeared on the Installation of the Earl of Westmoreland" in 1761 — a work containing a multitude of heads and figures, mostly portraits, including one of the artist himself. He spent part of his later life in Bath, and died at Hammersmith in September, 1766.

In 1768, two years after his death, a series of 182 engravings of antique gems by him was published on satin. A complete set of first states is now a valuable rarity.

● *Worlidge etchings.*

a friend in deeds . . .

The sort of friend it's good for a family to have. And it's a handsome friend too, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer. From the moment it gets into your laundry, you'll love its consistent work-horse readiness: its way of working steadily right through the heaviest wash . . . *whenever* you want. For hours on end if necessary. Or for ten minutes looking after your dainties. In two models, there's a special low speed for extra protection of these delicate fabrics . . . as well as surging high-speed power for the heavy clothes.

All this with simple, single-lever control. And what's more, this Westinghouse Wringer Washer gives you an adjustable wringer! Fast-action pump, big tub! Models 653 and 655 have even the luxury of a timer . . . for *automatic* control of heating and washing time. And surprise! Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own.

Superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it.)

Illustrated is the Westinghouse 2 speed wringer model 655.

AND WASHER PRICES START WAY DOWN LOW (BELOW 80 guineas).

Standard Speed model 650	79 gns
Standard Speed model 651	86 gns
Standard Speed model 652 (heater model)	106 gns
Standard Speed model 653 (heater model)	109 gns
2 speed model 654	112 gns
2 speed model 655 (heater model)	125 gns

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse CLEAN

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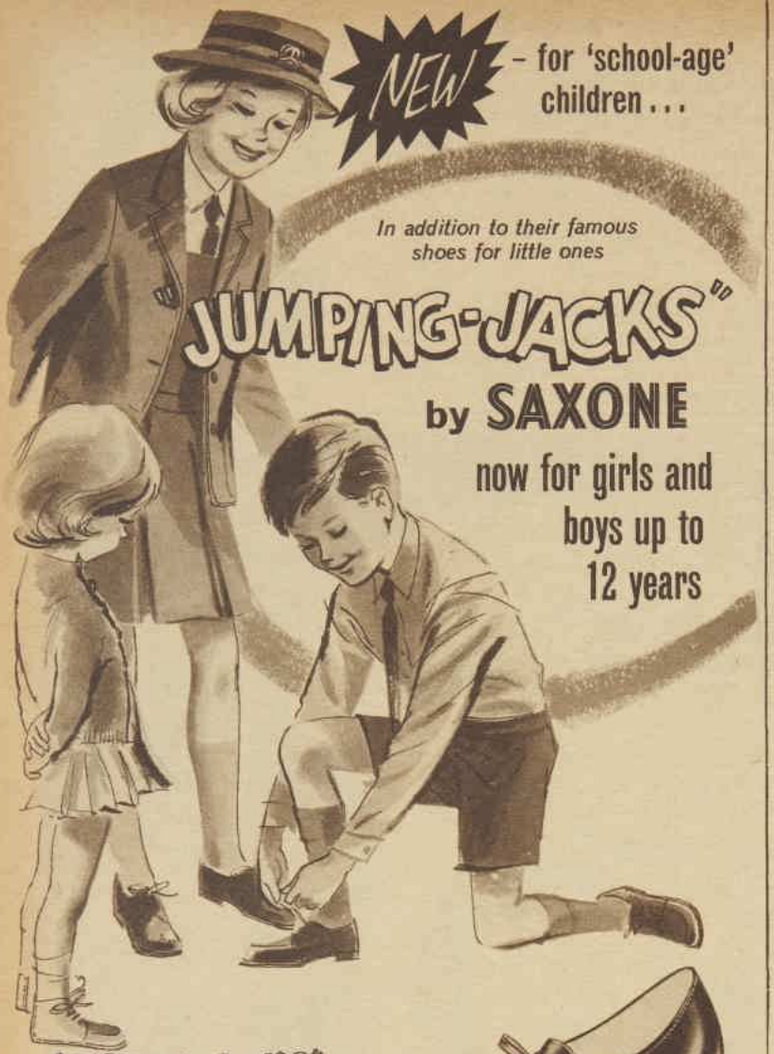

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Specially graded fractional lasts ensure perfect individual fitting, with ample freedom for growing feet.

"Jumping-Jacks" fit snugly at the heel, give perfect support, and their mellow all-leather insoles make sure that no synthetics come into contact with tender busy feet. You can be sure "Jumping-Jacks" give exceptionally long wear under the toughest conditions, and they are completely repairable.

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The unique, patented, one-piece sole and heel gently holds active little feet in proper walking position.

The one-piece sole aids balance, inspiring confidence from the first toddling steps.

The heel — square across the back — teaches straight heel-to-toe walking, as nature intended.

Flexible, light — all the advantages of barefoot freedom. No stiff counters and shanks, as in ordinary shoes for toddlers.

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

1135

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CAMELLIAS

***LADY LOCH**, a large informal double camellia, in white, edged in pale pink and with occasional, usually small, splashes of deep rose. Well known and highly popular, this variety of Camellia japonica is reliable and free-flowering. The blooms form early and stay for a long time. The shrub is of medium size.*

● Camellia culture was recorded in China as far back as the ninth century, and now there are thousands of varieties of this handsome Asian.

Gardening Book — page 150

THE shrubs need acid-soil conditions to stay healthy and flower consistently. Give them plenty of humus.

Shrubs from nurseries should never be set any deeper in the soil than they were when in the pot or the nursery bed.

Leave a saucer-shaped depression around each camellia, fill it with water, and add more every few days for at least a year, by which time the shrub should have become established.

Probably the greatest weakness of the camellia as a whole is bud-drop. This still puzzles growers, but most experts say it's caused by excessively dry conditions in the subsoil during summer and early autumn when the buds form.

In or north of Sydney most varieties appreciate some shade during the hottest part of the day.

Like most evergreens, camellias don't appreciate severe pruning. Leave the young plants alone; by the time they top the fence, say about 6ft., they may need an occasional trim to keep them shapely, but severe handling with the secateurs might damage plants for years.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA is the most popular species. Here are some good varieties:—

C. anemoneflora alba (double white); **Aspasia Macarthur** (double white informal type, pink markings); **Blanda** (formal cerise-veined crimson); **Bonomiana** (large white formal with creamy base); **Chandlerii** (full informal double, bright crimson); **Cho-Cho-San** (semi-double pale pink); **C. M. Hovey** (formal double, bright crimson); **Duke of York** (double, large pink); **Great Western** (deep pink formal double); **H. B. Sheather** (formal double, bright rose with lighter centre); **Helenor** (informal double, pale pink, striped red); **Hollyhock** (large light pink informal).

Jenny Lind (formal double, white, faint pink striped); **Lady Clare** (semi-double, large pink); **La Graciola** (informal double, light carmine, slightly perfumed); **La Pace** (formal white-shaded rose, striped crimson); **Latifolia** (semi-double red, sometimes marbled white); **Magnolia flora** (double blush-pink); **Mariana** (red waratah, informal double, dark crimson); **Marina** (full informal double, scarlet-crimson); **Mrs. H. Boyce** (formal double, light pink); **Pink Pearl** (small formal, delicate pink); **Prince Frederick William** (formal delicate pink); **Roma Risorta** (formal double, soft rose-striped crimson); **Rosa Madaia** (carmine - blotched white); **Speciosissima** (rosy red waratah type); **The Czar** (large semi-double crimson); **Vandesea Carnea** (large rose anemone-flowered).

CAMELLIA SASANQUA, which is obtainable in both single and double varieties, is catching on with gardeners. It's a quick grower, tall, very decorative, and profusely blooming.

It thrives in climates that are too hot for C. japonica and it also does fairly well on the tablelands and mountains. There's one disadvantage—the blooms don't last more than a day or so and are not much good for cutting.

Best varieties include **Apple Blossom** (pale pink), **Exquisite** (large pale pink single), **Silver Dragon** (semi-double white with pink suffusion), **Hana Jiman** (single blush-pink edged with rose), **Hiryu** (single to semi-double deep rosy red), **Mine No Yuki** (creamy white semi-double), **Plantation Pink** (single bright pink), **Shell Pink** (single delicate pink), **Shishi Gashira** (semi-double rose-red), **Showa No Sakae** (soft, lavender-pink, semi-double), **Wavy White** (large, beautiful single), **Rosea** (double deep rose-pink), **Snowflake** (double white).

CAMELLIA RETICULATA is a comparatively rare species. Varieties may be obtained from specialist nurseries.

NOTE: Camellia flower arrangements, page 53.

Gardening Book — page 151

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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For a colour print of Sorbent's little girl, suitable for framing, send 2/- postage, Box 178, G.P.O., Sydney.

The heavenly-soft, safe, gentle toilet tissue.

What's so different about Sorbent?

Sorbent is a safe toilet tissue consistent in quality and wonderful comforting softness for all the family. Available at your favourite store in softest pastel colours—pink, aqua, yellow and purest white.

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Be your own handyman

A STUDENT'S CORNER

MOST children's rooms cry out for more storage space, particularly when a spot for homework is needed.

Solve the problem with this simple triangular wall-desk.

You'll need:

Frame: 10ft. 3in. of 1 x 2½in. dressed timber.

Top: 36 x 36 x 51in. off-cut hardboard. Or buy sheet hardboard (6ft. x 4ft.).

Screws: Six 2in. screws.

First, cut the dressed timber into three lengths, shaping edges for joints as shown on diagram. Two pieces measure 36in. each in length, the front piece 51in.

Frame joints can be mitred or butt jointed in the wall corner. Front edges must be shaped to fit flush against walls. Timber is joined by gluing, then screwing.

Once desk height is determined, drill three holes at regular intervals along each of the two 36in. pieces of timber, then drill and plug corresponding holes in wall. Assemble unit into position.

When the frame is finished, cut hardboard 36in. x 36in. x 51in., then glue and nail over frame. If desired, desk top could be covered with a laminated plastic off-cut, which would be glued on to hardboard. Paint woodwork.

Decorate walls round desk with gay maps protected with varnish or clear self-adhesive plastic.

Shelves above desk rest on keyhole metal stripping (obtainable at specialist hardware stores or shopfitter suppliers) with adjustable shelf brackets. Stripping is screwed to plugged wall. There are four sizes, from 24in. to 6ft. lengths, priced from about 4/11 to 14/11 depending on length. Shelf brackets from 4 to 16in. widths, in 2in. rises, cost 3/6 to 5/8 each. (Prices vary in each State.)

NEXT WEEK: How to sew a slipcover.

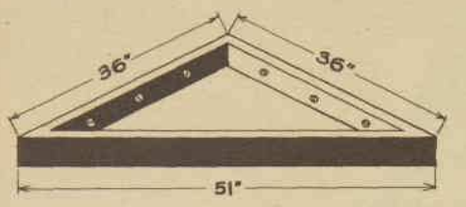

DIAGRAM shows framework for desk.

A CHEERFUL study corner for the young student of the house can be built in his bedroom. Shelves above hold equipment, display hobbies. Protect maps with clear varnish.

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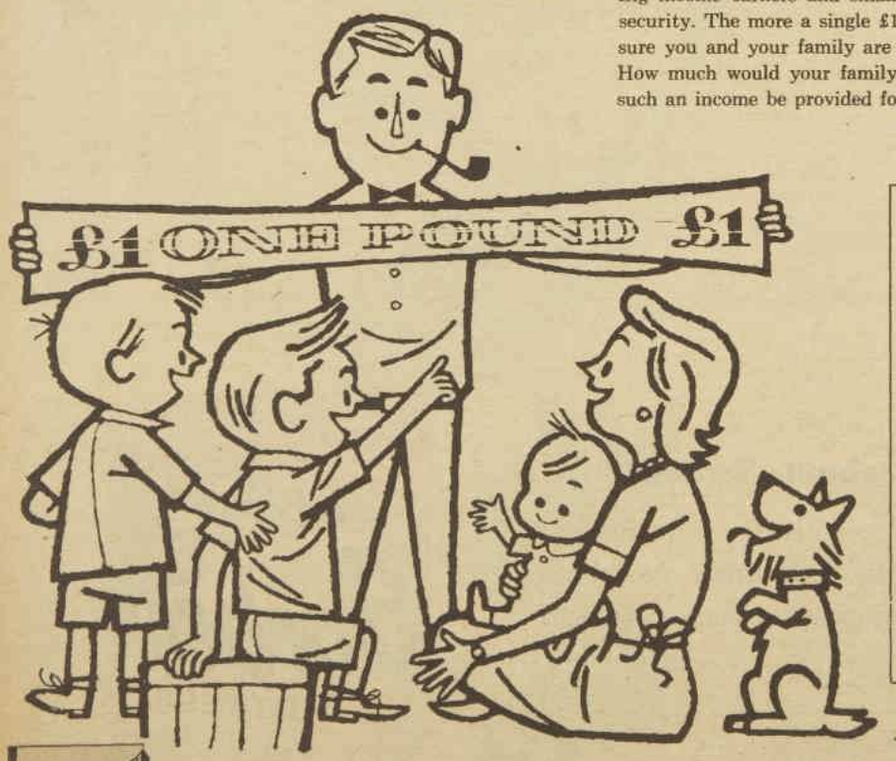

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
2. Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
4. If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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It works like this. Instead of having two front wheels or two back wheels sharing a bump, so the whole car shudders, all four wheels on a Volkswagen work separately.

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Big wheels.

Anti-sway bar.

Independent torsion bar suspension.

These are a few reasons why VW wins trials, and there are many others as well.

Let's just say it's a wonderfully reliable and durable car. You don't have your hand in your pocket every second day, paying for parts and repairs.

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Aren't you broken hearted?

VW1200 Sedan — from £849 tax paid.

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(Prices for State capital cities.)

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Should wives have jobs?

● Should a wife have a job outside her home? Though Australia's brigade of working wives is increasing every year, this is still a most contentious question. Two readers — one in favor of working wives, one against — have written stating their opinions, which are given below.

I say "Yes"

● What does the expression "working wife" convey to you? An elegant woman with a large wardrobe living in comfort on a double income?

PERHAPS there are working wives like this, but there is another side to the picture, too.

I am a wife who works not to amass an elegant wardrobe or to escape the drudgery of housework but to enable us to have our own home.

There are some people who say that a husband should be capable of supporting his wife and should not have to send her out to work, but we have proved that this is not the case.

Now, my husband earns £19 a week, of which £14 is spent every week on rent of a one-bedroom flat, food, electricity, petrol, and miscellaneous items such as shoe repairs and dry-cleaning.

Bills to pay

If we never bought clothes and never paid bills for doctors or for the hundred-and-one things which keep cropping up, we could save £5 a week out of his income.

To pay off a block of land with this money would take five years (in fact longer, because the interest would be higher).

If we lived in a flat all that time we would have paid just on £2000 in rent—more than half the cost of a house!

All this we considered before we were married, and came to the decision that I would have to continue working.

This did not please my husband at all, because he firmly believes that a woman's place is in the home.

But first we must have a home. Who ever heard of a woman's place being in a flat?

"All right," you say, "if you thought about all this before you were married, why didn't you save some money then?"

We did. We saved enough to buy the necessary furniture for our flat and, later on, our house.

We were, however, in a difficult position. Our jobs (he is in the Fire Brigade and I am a schoolteacher) took us away from home, so that we were both paying board or rent.

Our living costs were such that it was cheaper to be married. (Not quite "Two can live as cheaply as one," but "A married couple can live more cheaply than two single people.")

Then you might say that a working wife spends more money than she earns, because she is always wanting new clothes to look smart.

Yes, I am always wanting new clothes. What young girl does not, especially when the new season's clothes appear?

I look longingly in the shop windows and think how I would love to buy some new things.

Then I remind myself sternly that buying a new frock would mean more time to pay off the land, more time to wait for a house, and soon the new frock becomes very unnecessary.

Of course, we cannot keep to a strict budget all the time, so occasionally we have a "splurge."

Highly valued

That is how I came by my new pair of shoes. I can assure you that those shoes are much more highly valued than a pair carelessly bought and easily paid for.

We are now at the stage where we are ready to build.

All the saving, scraping, and stinting seems worthwhile when we look at the plans of the house and realise that soon those lines will be walls and a roof, that it will no longer be a dream but a reality.

I shall then be able to retire and raise a longed-for family, not in the cramped conditions of a flat, not in somebody else's house, but in our own home.

— by J. Brown, N.S.W.

I say "No"

● When I marry soon, I intend to be a non-working wife, asserting my right to unpaid home employment.

I'VE been very happy for the past six years lining up for my weekly pay packet, and I've had a lot of fun earning it. But now I've met my man.

My glory box is filled. I've contributed the blankets, a sewing machine, and a medley of delightful bric-a-brac for our future home. The rest is up to my husband-to-be.

I'm content to start in a simple way. I don't mind not starting off with a washing machine, a polisher, or an electric mixer for making my cakes.

However, I expect to have plenty of leisure.

A wife's right

Hip-hip-hoorah, girls! Repeat the slogan after me: one woman, one job. A married woman is ENTITLED to stay at home.

I get exhilarated when I think of escaping all the tyranny of modern labor-hustling machines.

I'll wash once a week only, methodically and carefully. I won't be tempted to slip a few things through every second day "because it is no trouble at all, you know; the machine does it all."

Phooey to polishers, too, I say. I'll keep my figure and floors in trim at the same time in the old-fashioned way.

And having saved so much time by circumventing those infernal machines, I'll have plenty of time to go through all the delightful, traditional steps when making first burnt offerings for my Lord and Master.

My Lord and Master? Now, that is sheer flapdoodle. I'm basically pretty 1963 and acknowledge no man as that.

But in our partnership of home and marriage his is the role of active provider, mine of conservator of our joint resources.

The pros and cons of expenditure and details of budgeting will be a matter for mutual discussion, but I intend to be Victorian enough to expect my own personal allowance.

In fact, if we were in a higher income bracket I would gently indicate that a marriage settlement was desirable to safeguard my dignity and well-being as a wife and mother.

As we will not be rich, the allowance will do. The fact that a certain sum is mine by right will preserve my individuality as a person.

Leisure time

That is another use I will make of my freedom from work. I'll cultivate my individuality.

I'll have time for artistry in the arrangement of my home: my preparation and presentation of meals.

I'll be selective with radio and TV sessions. I'll visit friends and entertain and keep up my tennis.

We plan not to start a family for a year or two so that I'll be able to serve my apprenticeship to housewifery and become accomplished before children impose extra duties.

But if I do have a baby sooner it won't be a worry as it might be if I held an outside job.

However, I'm looking forward to a joyful, carefree settling in time. I'm entitled to this, because when the children do arrive they will, for a few years, need first consideration.

Being a non-working wife, I'll be able to do this. I'll be home when they need me. What a proud Mum I will be taking them along to kindergarten.

I'll have time to take a sympathetic interest in lessons and help look up reference books.

I think I'll have five children. Life will be rather strenuous for a while. But then the older ones will begin to be able to wash up and do the bathroom and help with the littlies.

Their father and I will be able to relax in the evenings. Now and then we will be able to have an outing while older children baby-sit.

Yes, I'm sure I shall enjoy being a non-working wife.

—by Margot Mackenzie, W.A.

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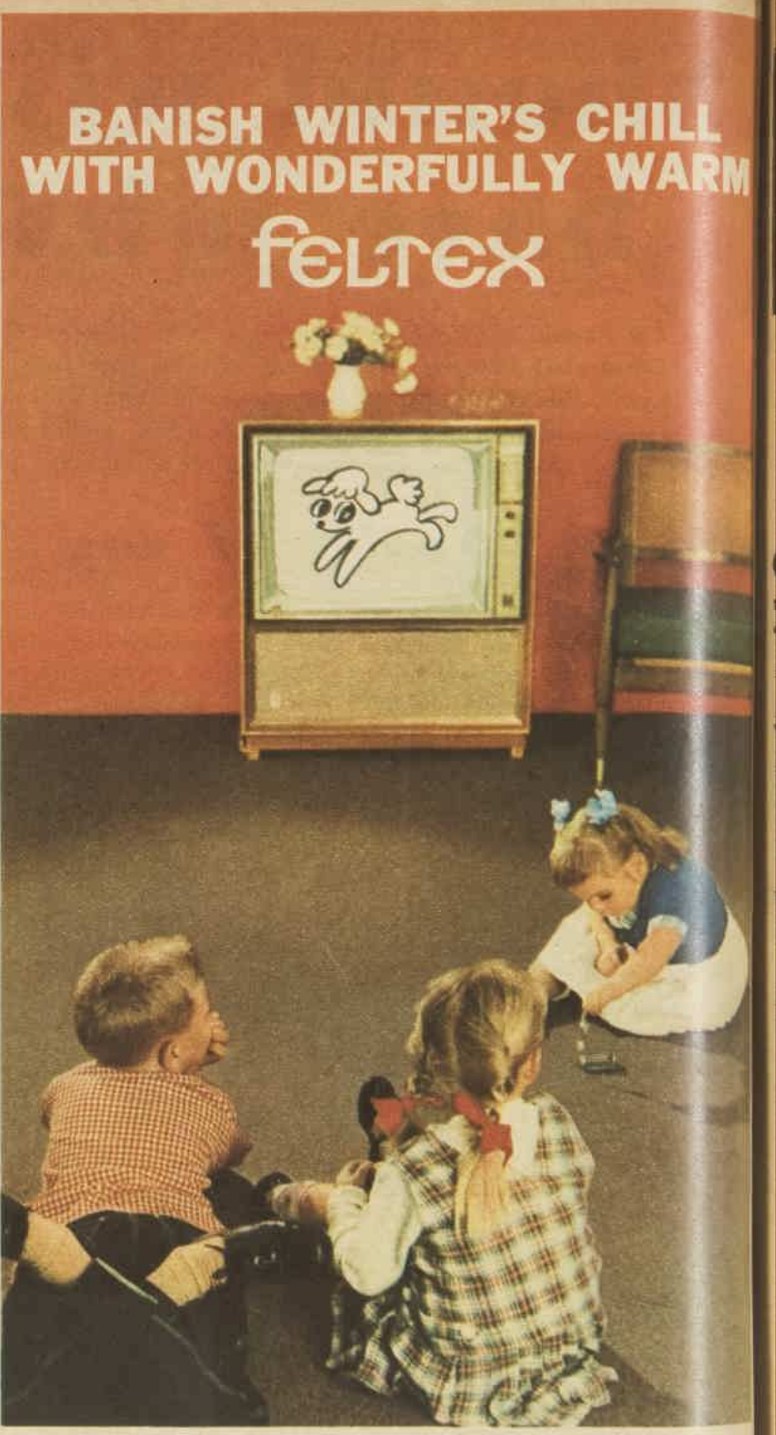

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Hardly a week goes by without someone, somewhere, publishing a new analysis of the effect television has on children or teenagers or grandmothers or the population in general.

ONE effect that I have never seen mentioned is an indirect one—the shocking deterioration television has caused in the manners of picturegoers.

Have you noticed how much more talking there is in picture theatres lately?

I'm certain it's because people have grown used to nattering away while they're watching films on TV screens at home.

Somehow in your own home it seems possible to follow what's happening in a film while people are asking for second cups of tea, arguing about the meaning of complicated directions in a knitting pattern, or making rude remarks about the talents of the actors.

After a while the running commentary becomes a habit, and people forget that they mustn't indulge in it in a picture theatre.

Hugh and I went to a film the other night where we had the misfortune to sit behind three chronic talkers. They talked for the first half-hour in sibilant whispers that effectively drowned out about a third of the dialogue.

After half an hour Hugh got fed up and said "Ssh" in such a peremptory way that I wanted to crawl under the seat with embarrassment.

But his "Ssh" was immediately echoed by about six other people in the next few rows, who had apparently simply been waiting for a lead!

Dead silence for five minutes, and then the whisper began again, though a little more quietly.

They just keep right on talking . . .

THOSE three were an extreme case, certainly, but I'm sure the average television viewer has far more to say in a picture theatre these days than ten years ago.

People used to complain when TV first started that it would be death to conversation and that whole families would sit round glumly staring at the screen and never speaking to each other.

It certainly doesn't work that way in our household, where TV viewing is more like some rather noisy mental obstacle race.

Speakers' statements get challenged and argued over hotly, the slightest grammatical slip is corrected loudly and disapprovingly.

Kay and Di indulge in long discussions over whether some actress' hairstyle is achieved by back-combing, or some more complicated technique, and Mike helps with the ads by adding actionable statements about the dire results of using the products being advertised.

Kay is almost always reading at the same time. ("I haven't got time to waste watching that muck!" she says, and pipes up at intervals, "What happened? I missed that bit!")

Di is usually making or remaking some garment, crawling round on the floor with bits of paper pattern and a mouthful of pins, and apparently watching the screen fairly successfully, in spite of the fact that she has her back to it half the time.

All in all, I hardly think that TV is any particular menace to my children, or that we're the sort of family that producers love!

All the same, I'd hate to be without it.

It's a time-waster, and since we've had it I don't read as much as I'd like to (but then I never did—there was always something to prevent me); but I've seen some memorable programmes, especially plays, that I'll never forget and that I never would have had a chance to see in a theatre.

TV's effects on reading tastes

THE experts seem to disagree on whether television cuts down people's reading, or not. Some say it does, others say it cuts down reading time when people first get a TV set, but then stimulates people to read more once the novelty has worn off and they become more selective in their viewing.

Certainly lending libraries have been closing down right, left, and centre in our capital cities, but many experts believe that's because there are so many more free municipal libraries available.

I think it's a fair guess that television tends to lead people away from fiction to some extent, and toward instructive books which will give them more information about something they've seen on TV which has particularly caught their interest.

Children born and brought up in a house where the TV set is hardly ever turned off might certainly grow up without developing the reading habit if their parents aren't readers. either, but luckily most schools have libraries and encourage children to read as widely as they can outside their set books.

I have one niece who is a non-reader, and always was, long before TV.

I always find her a problem to have staying in the house, because there seems to be long periods when she's simply hanging about waiting for the next thing to happen.

Kay and Di as small children always had their noses in a book if it was a wet day or they were waiting to go out or it was time to do something unpleasant like making beds or helping with the washing-up.

But this niece of mine used to follow me around saying, "What can I do? They're reading."

At these times I was always torn between letting them read, which I approved of, or bullying them into doing their duty as hostesses by entertaining someone who wanted active amusement every hour of the day.

According to Virginia Woolf, my niece can expect her reward in the next life, but Kay and Di have had theirs already.

She wrote: "I have sometimes dreamed that when the Day of Judgment dawns, and the great conquerors and lawyers and statesmen come to receive their rewards—their crowns, their laurels, their names carved indelibly upon imperishable marble—the Almighty will turn to Peter and will say, not without a certain envy when He sees us coming with our books under our arms, 'Look, these need no reward. We have nothing to give them here. They have loved reading.'"

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GOODYEAR

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Continuing . . . LIGHTLY TURN TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE

from page 36

"Well, Pete's kinda unpredictable. You know. Kookey. Hey, are you a canary?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"A singer. He does a lotta arrangements for singers?"

"No. I'm an antiquarian."

"Yeah? You look in great shape to me." I cut the conversation short and marched out.

Mr. Bean's property looked like something out of an Italian movie about deprived peasants. The house was architecturally Late Depression. The grounds were laid out rather like a set for "Tobacco Road." The quiet country air was pervaded with a loud lament scored, it seemed, for a washboard and guitar, dealing with some young woman's intense desire to get to Kansas City and find her a good man before the supply ran out. I knocked on the door.

"Who's breakin' up the beat?" queried an irate male voice.

"I'm Miss Amy Williams. A friend of the Fossgood Restoration Project."

An impish and slightly saturnine face thrust itself into view. His wide smile brought fauns and satyrs instantly to mind.

"Any friend of the Fossgoods," he said cheerfully and stood aside, motioning me to follow. Timorously I made my way into his lair. It was surprisingly neat and clean, if you could overlook the sheet music scattered over the floor, the rubber boots on the mantelpiece, and the unspeakable desecration of my Sheraton sideboard.

I sighted it immediately with its queenly grace and soft, glowing wood. Hands clenched, I took note of the fishing tackle, the can of bait, and the slovenly hat which marred its surface. My host eased himself into a chair and hoisted his tennis shoes on to the table. He stared at me amiably. "Freckles," he said. "You got 'em."

"Yes, I know," I said warily.

"Nice things, freckles. Almost as good as speckles. Right?"

"Really," I said with some asperity.

"Robins' eggs have speckles. River rocks have speckles. Interesting girls have speckles." He sounded as if he were about to set it to music.

"I've come," I said briskly, "to discuss the possible acquisition of that sideboard."

"Maple leaves," he answered.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Your hair. Color of maple leaves in September."

"Mr. Bean," I said, beginning to be slightly disconcerted. "I'm sure you have a real attachment to that piece of furniture, but it is a museum piece and deserves to [illegible] in that setting."

He swung his feet down and [illegible] a casual eye on the sideboard. "Yeah," he said. "'at 'sa nice [illegible] of wood. It's great for keeping [illegible] in. Wanna see?"

He leaned back and slid [illegible] the beautifully wrought drawer. Inside glittered a variety of fish flies. His attention returned to [illegible]. "That's what I like," he said, "[illegible] much lipstick. I don't like gro[illegible] girls."

Alice at the Mad Hatter's [illegible] party had a firmer grip on reality [illegible] that I did at that moment. "[illegible] Bean," I said, "could we stray [illegible] my various physical attributes for [illegible] moment. The Foundation has [illegible] me to appeal to your better self."

"You do," he said lazily.

"We hoped you would consider making a gift of the sideboard [illegible] the Foundation, so that all of [illegible] Fossgood's possessions could be [illegible] stored to their rightful place."

"That gizmo belonged to [illegible] great-aunt Jenny. Fossgood [illegible] her wrong. You know the story?"

"Not in its entirety."

"Okay. I'll give you a cup [illegible] coffee and tell you the whole [illegible]."

He smiled genially at me [illegible] disappeared into the kitchen. [illegible] was back before I could glance [illegible] my compact.

"Now about my Aunt Jenny," [illegible] said. "A nice country girl, Jenny. Fresh as eggs and butter. Sweet [illegible] clover. Trusting. Went to [illegible] big city and fell into the clutches of that no-good Fossgood. [illegible] never knew he was married until [illegible] was too late.

"All she got out of him was a [illegible] of jazz and some old-timey furniture. Now if I give back that sideboard, I'd kinda feel I'd be letting down old Jenny. Dig?"

"I do understand," I said sincerely, "but we all have our human frailties."

"You married?" he inquired abruptly.

"No, I'm not."

"Okay. Stay for dinner."

"I really don't think—"

HE spread his hands disarmingly. "I'm fixing a catfish fry. We'll eat on the porch. It's if you fall into the spirit of the thing I'll show you a couple of nesting swallows I got going in the cherry tree."

"Mr. Bean," I said, feeling suddenly rather trembly. "I think we should understand each other."

"We will, Miss Williams, but people don't do that on first sight. They talk together. They take a walk into the setting sun. They maybe listen to a few bird calls. They rock on the front-porch swing and discuss cabbages and kings. Then, slowly, gracefully, they understand each other."

"Well, when you put it like [illegible]—"

"That's just the opening chorus. The leitmotiv comes later. You [illegible] hat's very perky, but you can take it off now and make yourself at home."

Two enormous catfish later, we started to be friends. I discovered that he was a successful song writer, that he revered Robert Frost, that he thought cities were square and the country was the most. I also knew that he had a kind of lazy charm as warming as a hot-water bottle on a cold night, and that encountering two dashing men in two days could be a highly stimulating experience for me.

When Mr. Aston called me that night, I lay moonily on the bed in my hotel, recalling Mr. Bean's crinkly blue eyes and his invitation to "come shake some apples out of the tree" the next day.

"How did you fare with the barbarian?" he began.

"He makes marvellous batter for catfish," I said almost absently.

"Miss Williams? Are you there?"

"Mmm—"

"Did you get him to surrender the Sheraton sideboard?"

"We didn't talk about it much," I said dreamily.

"Miss Williams, I'm coming to Klamath Falls. Will you meet me for breakfast?"

"Yes," I said, "if you don't even too late. I'm going pebble-picking with Mr. Bean later."

To page 65

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"What would that be?" A faint note of irritation tightened his voice.

"Pebble-picking? You know. Nice smooth rocks like you find along riverbeds. He says it's a calming thing to do."

"He does, does he? I'll be in the lobby at eight."

"Mmmm," I said, and hung up.

Mr. Aston made a dashing appearance the following morning, according to schedule. Somehow when you add an ascot and a rather urbane English-tweed jacket to breakfast, it takes on something of an air of festivity. He also had a way of regarding me over his orange juice which can only be called seductive. And this before nine a.m. if you please.

"You look like a tea rose this morning," he began.

I settled down rather complacently to cracking my three-minute egg. I mean, I'd been the subject of considerable blandishment in the past 48 hours, and I was almost growing used to it.

"Yes," he went on, "you're terribly young and fresh — and naive."

This last thrust caused me to stare at him. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I'm afraid that our Mr. Bean has resorted to diversionary tactics. He's done it before—to retain his hold on his loot. I suppose there have been compliments — invitations to meals, and so on. Our Mrs. Solem got the same treatment. He mowed her flowers and made some rather stale remarks about her appearance."

"— hair like maple leaves," I muttered, "freckles like speckles —"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. Do go on."

"Well, she came back and said he couldn't get anywhere with him. In fact, she left the Foundation shortly thereafter. No doubt you've been treated to the pathetic saga of his Aunt Jenny?"

"Yes, I have. He said she was a lovely person who had been wronged."

He shook his head. "Crass little materialist, Jenny. Took the poor old gentleman to the cleaners. Then brazenly left the spoils to that lecherous beatnik."

"Oh," I said, crestfallen.

"I don't blame him for leading you down the garden path. I'd like to myself. Only I think too highly of you as a person."

"Mr. Aston," I said, "I am primarily a businesswoman. Mr. Bean will discover that shortly. I hope to have the Sheraton piece before night falls. Him and his Aunt Jenny!"

FROM THE BIBLE

"Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."
— Joel 2:13.

"Good," he said, reaching for my hand. "We'll have dinner in Portland tonight to celebrate." He smiled and looked more like Gregory Peck than ever.

The nefarious Mr. Bean greeted me on the porch of his cabin with a picnic hamper and a look of boyish elation.

"It's suddenly a very fine day," he said, coming down the steps to meet me.

"Stop where you are, Mr. Bean," I said, "I am on to you."

He stopped abruptly, like a child who had unexpectedly stubbed his toe.

"What's up, Amy? You look as mad as a creamless cat."

"Mr. Bean, you have no intention of donating that Sheraton sideboard to the Foundation. You are merely using it as bait to conduct a pointless flirtation with me. And I know it." This last came out as a sort of disconsolate wail.

"Who's been handing you that malarkey?" he inquired sternly. "Not old Davies J. Aston, by any chance? When that joker gets his beaubooks out for something, he leaves no stone unturned. Including the one he lives under. He is so acquisitive he makes a rat look like a piker. Now let's go pick up pebbles and talk about the future."

"No, thank you," I said stiffly. "I failed to get what I came for and I'm going back to Astoria."

A dark and fearsome scowl crossed his face. "All right, bunny. Run. But you're going to get kissed goodbye."

He dumped the picnic basket and gathered me into his arms. The embrace was positively orbital. I mean, all systems were go. I knew I had to get out of there before I made a soft landing on the moon.

I broke free from his embrace. "Polish the sideboard once in a while," I said, "and take out those nasty old fishing hooks. Remember it's a priceless object."

His final remark caught me as I turned into the road, "Watch out, honey, or you'll turn into a materialist."

Mr. Aston took me to dinner despite the fact that I had disappointed him.

"You made a fine try, my dear. Tell me, how was it left between you? Could we still get a foot in the door?"

"Not mine," I said hotly. "He's a *hoarder*. You'll never get that sideboard."

"Well, let's not let it spoil this pleasant dinner. I'm sorry to lose the furniture, but happy to have found you."

After dinner, he suggested that

from page 64

with my great interest in antiques I might find a look at his collection rewarding. We went back to his house, a charming old turreted affair overlooking the Columbia River. The minute I stepped through the door I grew as round-eyed as an owl. The place was a treasure house of period furniture and delicate porcelains.

"It's beautiful," I breathed.

"Not entirely inadequate, but many gaps to fill."

"I wouldn't know what," I said. "It seems so complete to me."

"It lacks the lady of the house," he said, and for the second time that day I was soundly kissed.

When I surfaced again, Mr. Aston was looking at me intently. "Did Bean ever kiss you?" he demanded.

I nodded.

"Then," he said, somewhat mysteriously, "we'll undoubtedly hear from him again."

I must have more of the old Eve in me than I think because the next day we did. Mr. Aston called me and said to please meet him at the Foundation. Something rather surprising had happened. I hurried over and for the first time got a look at Mr. Fossgood's mansion.

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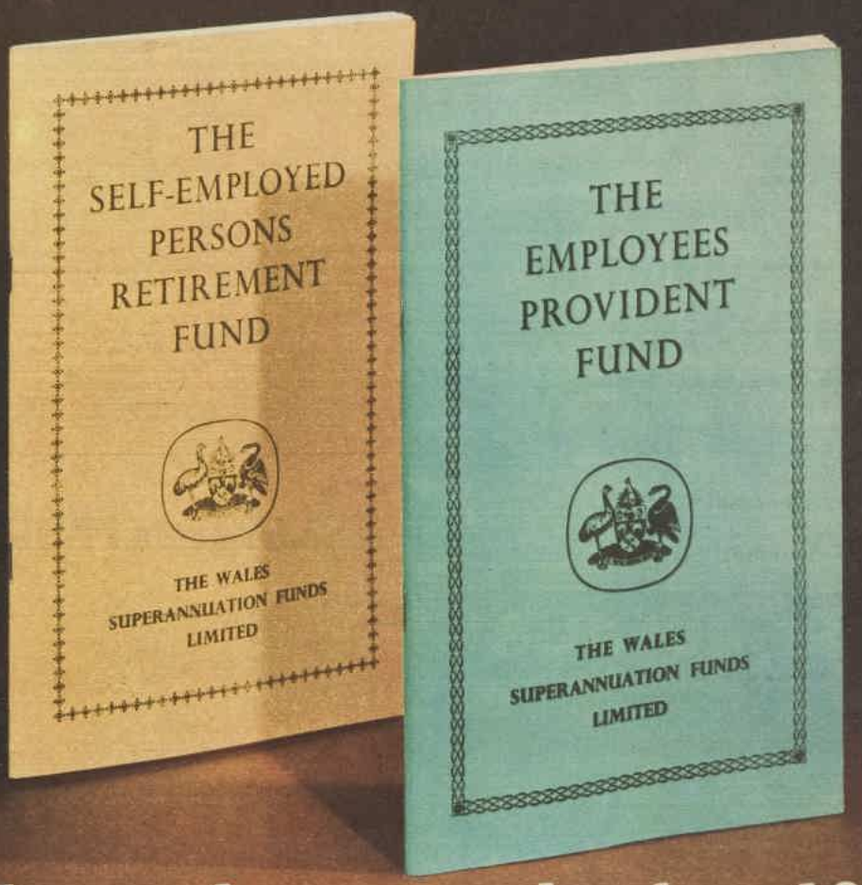

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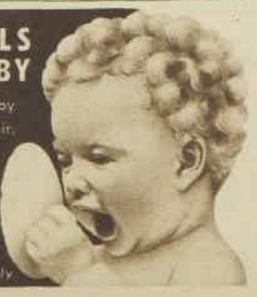

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly

Continuing . . . LIGHTLY TURN TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE

from page 65

It was a great dolorous pile, full of impressive furniture and depressing shadows. It was dominated by a full-length portrait of Fossgood looking about as philanthropic as Khrushchev. Mr. Aston met me and hurried me into the office. "The Sheraton sideboard arrived here this morning," he said, "along with this note for you."

I found the nearest chair and collapsed into it. Then I tore the note open. It read as follows: "I ain't about to let a piece of furniture come between us. I think I left a blue hare in one of the drawers. I'll be around to get it. Don't go away. Pete."

"Well," I said, feeling elated and drained all at the same time. "Isn't that sweet of him? Now I feel terrible misjudging him that way."

A strange look crossed Mr. Aston's face. He took my hand. "You haven't misjudged him. He's a crumb. And a darn devious one, too."

"Now see here," I said indignantly, "he donated a valuable piece of furniture."

Mr. Aston cut me off. "I saw, after careful examination, that it's a clever fake," he said. "I wouldn't even let them place it here. In fact, I contributed a Hepplewhite piece of my own in its place to compensate the Foundation for the disappointment. I think our friend sold the original long ago. Or his sly aunt. I'm sorry, darling, I know it's a blow."

"Yes," I said forlornly, "it's getting harder to believe in things these days."

He saw I was crushed.

"Look," he said, "the roses are out by the zillions in my garden. Let's go up there and spend a quiet day together. How about it?"

I allowed myself to be consoled.

He had tea served in the garden and he held my hand, and I began to think that even if he didn't seem quite as attractive as Mr. Bean, no man who looks like Gregory Peck can be called a consolation prize.

We planned to go on to dinner and then dancing. I asked to freshen up and he directed me to the powder-room on the second floor. I was passing down the long hallway which led to it when suddenly something terribly familiar caught my eye through an open doorway. It was Peter Bean's sideboard. I advanced toward it. It had been carefully waxed and polished, but it was unmistakable. With trembling fingers I opened a drawer and groped in its furthest reaches. My hand encountered something. It was Peter Bean's lure.

There was a discreet cough behind me. Davies J. Aston stood in the doorway, regarding me with a faint smile. "I had them leave it here till I could dispose of it," he said smoothly. "Looks remarkably like the real thing, doesn't it? Still, there's no doubt about it. It's not authentic."

"Oh," I said slowly, "I would say it was the only genuine thing in this room."

He shrugged. "Caught me red-handed, old dear. But look at it this way. The Fossgood people have a very fine piece in its place. This one just happens to be too good to be public property. You know as well as I do that if it went into the Fossgood collection the Sunday papers wouldn't know it from Grand Rapids. Mr. Bean kept his sporting goods in it. But me —I know how to appreciate it."

His smug air of superiority was too much for me.

"Yes," I said hotly, "he was using it for a homely purpose. But I think Mr. Sheraton would have understood. I know I do." I turned and walked out on him without a backward glance.

Life resumed its horse-and-buggy pace in the antique shop. Soberly I washed all the Early American colored glass and read with a deep sense of its truth the sampler which said, "There's no place like Home." With melancholy frequency I thought of Mr. Bean and his cheerful ways. I thought of country walks and soul-searching talks and of that final long lingering kiss.

And then one day he came. Driving a battered old truck and bearing in his hands a large bouquet of field flowers.

"I'm back," he announced unnecessarily. "Wanted to give you enough time to realise that man doesn't live by possessions alone. Things of the spirit. That's what we need more of. That and girls with freckles."

I stifled an urge to throw myself against his faded blue shirtfront.

"Before we go a step," I said staunchly, "I want you to know that Mr. Aston pilfered your wonderful gift. He's a pirate, that's what he is. I also want to tell you how generous-spirited I think you are. In the very best American tradition."

"Yeah," he grinned, "I'm a gasser."

"Well, you are. You gave up something extremely valuable and very old. You know that, don't you?"

He helped me into the seat beside him, tucked an arm around me and drew me close. "I horse-traded for something a lot older," he said, "circa the beginning of time."

I looked up at him wonderingly. "What?"

"Ah," he said, "something created by a master hand. Durable. Beautiful. If handled gently, guaranteed to last forever. A little item called love." And with that he kissed me with great tenderness.

Which only goes to show you. He called love old, but for me it had only just that moment come into being.

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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 29

people, himself first and foremost, bewitching them by the lift of her eyes, the turn of her head.

Estelle's appearance brought him back from his own problems with a jerk. Other people, then, were in a peculiar mental state, were they? Grief, Estelle might legitimately have been feeling, but as she opened the door a few inches and peered at him there was a frightened expression on her face, and this was swiftly followed by relief when she saw who it was standing there.

Inside with her, he found it hard to speak the conventional words about Claude's death which he had come to say. Estelle and Claude in a savage wrangle over a divorce; himself and Claude in a cut-throat rivalry over Anna — himself and Estelle were two fine people to be shedding crocodile tears!

Estelle sat perched on the edge of the sofa, listening to him, if at all, with an empty face, nodding her head and murmuring agreement, blinking her eyes and twisting a handkerchief in her white incapable-looking little hands. With her soft, dark hair and smoothly modelled face she was like one of those Italian dolls realistically designed to suggest a desirable miniature woman.

And like a doll, Bob decided, she hadn't heard what he had been saying. As he came haltingly to a stop, the matter occupying her mind emerged.

She and Claude, she reminded him, had a house by the sea at Pelli Beach, and she wondered if he would mind driving her down there this afternoon. She hoped it wouldn't put him out, and of course if there was anything else he had arranged to do he mustn't consider it. She could go alone, but she hated driving, and Bob would understand how ghastly lonely it would be opening up the house where neither she nor Claude had been since they got back from America six months ago.

BOB said certainly, he'd be only too glad to take her down. It would be a big relief to get away from town for a little while. Was she thinking of staying for a few days? In which case she really ought to have someone with her, some friend to keep her company.

Estelle shook her head, and said oh, no, she hadn't thought of staying. But this afternoon it had struck her that in the desk in Claude's room at Pelli Beach there must be a lot of papers which his lawyers, or even the detectives, might want to go through, and she thought she would collect them and bring them back here. So if Bob would be so kind . . . ?

Bob said yes, again, that was, if she didn't think it might be a better idea to arrange for Miss Cox to run down and get them for her?

But even while he was agreeing to take her on this ploy he was doing a double-think himself. In a case of murder the first thing the police did was to go through the dead person's effects, and he was moderately certain that long before this there would have been a squad of men at the Nevinsons' house at Pelli Beach, and at Vaucluse, with Claude's keys and a warrant, or permission from the trustees or whatever it was they needed.

He didn't bring up this point with Estelle, however. What difference could it make to her if the police had been to the house first? The outing might revive her drooping spirits by taking her away from this place where since Friday night her thoughts must have been hopping from perch to perch like a bird shut up in a cage.

"What time would you like to leave?" he asked.

Estelle got up, looking relieved. "Well, Bob, if it's all the same to you, fairly soon." She glanced at her watch. "It's half-past four now. In half an hour, will that be all right?"

"Quite. I'll wait for you down below."

She led the way into the hall.

There was still something else on her mind, Bob could see, and with her hand on the latch as she opened the door she turned and said, hesitantly: "I feel as though I've been absolutely crowded out of existence by all the people round me since Claude died. I'm hoping Pelli Beach, even for a couple of hours, will sort of blow everything away. So if you don't mind, Bob, don't mention to anyone that I'm going, or why."

He nodded and stepped outside.

Mrs. Patmore was standing close by.

Before the door could be shut she said: "Oh, Mrs. Nevinson, I was just coming across to see if there was anything I could do for you or — or —"

The hand of repentance, of reconciliation, of consolation. Bob didn't wait to see if Estelle responded. The lift was there and he got in and went down.

With half an hour to fill in he strolled down the hill and into a coffee shop outside Lizzie's gallery. Carrying his cup across the room he saw Joe Dyason and Noel Fallow seated nearby, and went over with his coffee to their table.

Noel pushed the sugar bowl across and held out his cigarettes. "Dark suit and black tie," he commented, lifting his sleepy contented eyes to scan Bob. "So you've been to Nevinson's funeral. But of course you would've. You were a sort of partner, weren't you?" He himself, in a well-cut lightweight suit of darkest olive-green and a mustard shirt and tie, struck a nice mean between commerce and the Arts. There was no compromise about Joe in his stained and shabby pants and tieless shirt and unshaven chin.

"Not quiet so high up the ladder," Bob answered, holding a match to his cigarette. "A trusted employee, rather, to be sent on diplomatic journeys." A Uriah whom somebody tipped off and who came sprinting home to try to spoil King David's fun! His face was wry as he lifted his cup.

"High enough. I hope," Joe inquired in his nasal drawl, "to put in a word? have that eviction order quashed?"

"Well, Joe, I'll make inquiries of James & Laidlaw to how the matter stands now. The restaurant scheme, of course, Claude's own venture, will fall through, and it'll be heaven knows how long before his affairs are wound up."

"By which time," Noel said, looking across at Joe with passionless envy, "Joe'll be wafted over difficulties and overseas. Our little man has real talent."

Joe nodded, confirming this. His clever thin face wore a look of false modesty.

Noel went on: "We had a visit from that inspector bloke this morning. Nothing of any consequence for him or us. Just a little more official corkscrewing, I suppose. We were very discreet. Not that we had anything to be discreet about" — looking down and stirring his coffee thoughtfully — "then."

Bob glanced up quickly since the last word carried a meaningful emphasis.

"Then?"

"Whereas now" — Noel paused again — "one wonders . . ."

"Wonders what?"

"Well, in the course of a crime being unravelled, how does one stand when one learns something which obviously has nothing to do with victim number one, but could possibly lead to there being a victim number two?"

"Have you done so?"

"Me, I haven't, actually. But Mrs. Nevinson told Hermione who told Lizzie who told Joe who told me—"

"In sacred confidence," Joe reminded him.

"Which is the spirit, my dear boy, in which I pass on to Rivers—"

"To be equally respected by me," Bob murmured.

"Naturally — that that follower of hers, Willy Stanley, packs a gun."

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 15.

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ You fail to get the breaks, but luck is on your side, and you have drive and courage. May 19 bad for romance, but there are compensations May 20. Saturday favors social occasions.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Make the most of this week before the initiative passes from your hands. May 20-21 excellent for personal and domestic matters. Saturday favors business, but Sunday is adverse.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, pink. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Things may have been dragging of late, but this week is stimulating. It favors love, courtship, marriage, visiting relations, and travel, but not luck and speculation. May 19 is adverse.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, mve. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Beware of accidents and quarrels with friends on Sunday. The rest of the week is good, with emphasis on finance and property. Your job could bring a pleasant surprise.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ May 19 could bring bad luck, but the rest of the week is fortunate. A good time to launch original ideas. May 20 favors informal social events.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 11. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Big changes are in the air and life takes on a quickened tempo. Success is in store, but don't take the job home with you. May 19 is adverse.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, mve., blue. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ An unexpected journey may lead to an unusual friendship. A good week, but Sunday evening is bad for marriage, finance, and romance. There could be emotional storms and setbacks.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, purple. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ Sunday evening is adverse, especially for married folk. Good influences on May 18-19 assist your ambitions and help you to success, especially if you have new ideas.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ This week could have a surprise romantic climax. Love, luck, and lottery are favored. However Sunday afternoon there are accident risks, so be careful if travelling, especially at night.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 11. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Emphasis is on love, courtship, and romance, except Sunday, which is unfavorable. An adventure with a stranger could lead to wedding bells. Monday is a day of romantic surprises.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, mve. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ If you are thinking of announcing your engagement, this week is the best time. Next week could prove upsetting. All to do with marriage, partnership, family, is favored now.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 10. Gambling colors, red, orange. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ Although Sunday is good for romance, there are adverse influences. Postpone important letters and watch what you say. Rest of the week is favorable, especially for travel.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Big chief was a bad boy yesterday

But today he's

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"Does he?" Bob said.

"Yes. Moreover, he has more than once flourished it round her head and got her well and truly scared."

Bob was silent for a moment, turning this over. Then he said: "I don't know that I'd take that very seriously."

"No? Just part of the game, you think. Quite possibly. Those fearfully feminine futile little women are an absolute magnet for those emotionally high - powered types of men."

Bob was thinking that that was why Estelle had asked him not to tell anyone about her movements; to evade the ubiquitous Willy, who had been the perfect neglected wife's comforter while she was protected by her marriage, but who, now that Claude was dead, might well become a widow's crown of thorns.

With this idea of Estelle's motive for secrecy firmly fixed in his mind, Bob went back to his car and sat there waiting for her.

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 68

The afternoon was hot, and a small breeze from the gardens round brought flower scents that triumphed over the smells of petrol and melting tar in the steep street. The light was a-dazzle on white houses, and on the bougainvillea opposite and the bank of shocking-pink geraniums against the wall.

In a minute, he looked up and saw Anna coming along the street. She was carrying a shopping basket, was evidently coming from the shops round the corner. She didn't see him as she neared the building, but was walking along, eyes on the pavement, her expression grave and abstracted, and to his remorseful eye she looked sort of forlorn. She was no longer in black, but was wearing an off-white sheath-like dress.

Then she glanced up and saw him, and he was shot through with joy to see the change in her expression, her face suddenly lighting up, as though to find him there were her dearest wish.

He jumped out and came round the car to her.

They talked for a few minutes. "Don't stand here in the sun," he said. "Get in."

"Are you waiting for someone?" She got in and sat down beside him. It seemed ill-mannered not to say, "Yes, for Estelle," so he said it and changed the subject.

After a few more minutes, Anna's presence right there beside him began to nibble away at his discretion. Shut up with her in this confined space, his senses swam dizzily. It was enough to look at her hands—not small, but shaped in heavenly fashion! — the right one resting idly on the wheel; to see the gleam run along her eyelids as she lifted them to turn and speak to him; to see her light brown hair just mixed with gold stirred by the breeze from her forehead where it glistened and grew brighter at the hairline, her mouth, her throat.

If only she were coming with them! Estelle had this job on Claude's papers to do, and he and Anna could leave her to it and get out down to the sea, perhaps. It was apparent now, from what Noel had said, that Willy Stanley was the one that Estelle didn't want to have trailing after her, Willy and his gun-flourishing act. Very naturally, too. She had asked him to keep the trip to himself for fear that through people gossiping it would get to Willy's ears. There was a powerful lot of tongue-wagging going on. Naturally, again. Still, if that was the way Estelle wanted it . . .

Someone came down the steps of Braham Court. He leant forward to look out.

"Is Estelle late?" Anna asked.

He glanced at his watch. "Five or ten minutes. Not that it matters." And then, surprised, he heard himself say: "It's only about twenty miles."

only got one small job to do. Come for the run."

She turned eagerly. "I'd love to. Do you think it would be all right?" Her eyes were on him shiningly.

"Well, why in the world not?"

She seemed to hesitate. "Shall I run up for a coat, a pullover, or something?"

"No, no, I've got a coat in the back there, you can slip that on if you're chilly, later." Don't let her get out! Now that he'd thrown Estelle's idiotic secret to the wolves let him profit by it.

Estelle, looking flustered, came running down the steps and across the pavement. Bob noticed her agitation and decided not to mention it. Nobody, he thought impatiently, should take too much note of Estelle's absurdly inflated fears.

Anna slipped out of the front seat and Estelle, with an absent-minded greeting, got in.

Bob had come round and opened the rear door. "Anna's coming with us," he said in a casual tone. "She'll keep me out of your hair, Estelle. You'll be left in peace to sort your papers while she and I build sand castles." Firmly, he shut Anna in and got back into the driver's seat.

Any possible expression there might have been of Estelle's surprise or annoyance was blown away on the wind as he stepped on the accelerator and shot up the hill.

. . . . . .

Pelli Beach was a string of houses clustering around the sprinkling of small shops and the hotel and the post office; box-like habitations, their back doors opening on to humps of tussocky grass and white beach, with the great rollers spending themselves at its edge. The roar of the surf filled the sandy street, but high up on the hill above its thunder was muted in the solidly built spacious houses of summer residents who had no traffic with the trippers and weekenders below.

Today, however, one of these summer residents was in no hurry to shoot through and seek her own select house above.

As they approached, Estelle, who during the drive

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The Galamatic washing bowl is designed specially to **wash** clothes. Galamatic does not lose washing efficiency as do single-tub automatics, because the Galamatic wash-bowl does not have to double as a spin-dryer.

The Galamatic wash-bowl gives you exclusive Gala no-tangle washing action that rolls and turns clothes separately, 65 times a minute, turning clinging dirt into float-away suds. Cleansing suds reach every fibre of clothes washed by Galamatic's no-tangle action. Galamatic's wash is the cleanest you'll ever see.

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The Galamatic spin-dryer spins 2,850 times a minute—more than twice as fast as the dryer in any single-tub automatic washer available in Australia . . . yet, your most delicate garments are completely safe in this smooth-sided Galamatic spin-dryer. Light fabrics come out ready to iron. Thick blankets are lighter, easier to handle, than ever before.

. . . and has all these time and money saving features:

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Galamatic completes an average 12 lb. wash in 15 minutes. This is half the time that a single-tub automatic washer takes to complete the same washload. With Galamatic's twin-tubs, 6 lb. of clothes are being washed while 6 lb. are being rinsed and dried at the same time. Exclusive "no-tangle" washing action and smooth spin-drying saves ironing time, too. Clothes are drier and have no hard-to-iron creases.

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Just set two simple automatic controls and Galamatic does the rest. It washes for the correct time, according to the type of washload.

The heater model, with thermostatic control, automatically maintains the correct water temperature throughout the wash. Galamatic will boil a heavy wash. And Galamatic switches itself off when washing is completed.

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Galamatic uses less than half the water required by many single-tub automatic machines. Hot sudsy water is saved and quickly returned to the wash bowl for a second load. Galamatic uses much less water for rinsing than do single-tub automatic washers. Galamatic suits country and non-sewered areas.

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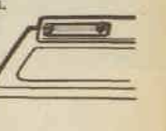

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had been sunk in a silence broken only by occasional snorts of banal comment on the passing scene, said: "Let's stop somewhere here, Bob. I'm sure we'd all like tea before going on."

Bob slowed down and drove along the street at a crawl. "Here's a sort of tea-room place, shall we stop here?"

"No, I believe the hotel has quite good teas, we'll go there."

THE hotel, when they stopped in front of it, looked far from a likely place for teas. Unpainted and ramshackle, it didn't appear to have set its sights on anything above — or below — the drink trade. Over the entrance was painted, T. B. O'Keefe, Licensee. Under a wan vine in an uninspiring greenery at one side, deserted at this hour except for an exhausted-looking cockatoo drowsing on a perch, a few tables were set out.

Estelle swerved aside from these and made for the lounge. It, too, was empty. On this hot late afternoon the beach was still crowded with surfers and the more devoted drinkers were in the bar. The sustained hum of their voices, as undifferentiated as the pounding of the surf, poured out of the door at the far end of the lounge.

Through the door on to the street a red sunlight flooded in, showing up the sandy footmarks on the linoleum. A waitress appeared and took their order, and at length brought them weak tea and weaker scones and cakes.

Why, Bob marvelled, had Estelle, who was well acquainted with Pelli Beach, chosen to eat and drink tea in this hall of gloom, with its giant glass ashtrays and stained tables and its reek of stale beer?

Under the influence of Estelle's absent air, the three drew farther and farther apart, until they were like people seated on a raft in mid-ocean, each facing in a different direction. The talk, which at first Bob had attempted to keep going, foundered before very long on Estelle's refusal to respond and Anna's over-response with all too empty agreement. The muted roar from the bar washed in and mercifully filled this vacuum.

Estelle drank a cup of tea and played with a cake. Twice she got up, once to peer at a photograph of a fishing group on the wall, and again to inspect an inconspicuous potplant on a stand. Both of these excursions took her close to the door of the bar, through which she darted hurried glances, and each time returned to the table looking frustrated.

She came drifting back from her second trek across the room to say: "Of course, today a coleus smells almost as badly as an aspidistra, but that's pure snobbery! Some of them are really lovely!" Her voice was heavily overweighted about something clearly quite other than potplants.

Anna said, obligingly: "They are, I know. Mrs. Patmore has one, and —"

"Who?" Estelle stiffened.

"Daisy Patmore."

"Oh." The tone was frigid, and it was plain that the hand of friendship which Mrs. Patmore had held out had been rejected.

Anna lifted the teapot. "More tea, Estelle?"

"Oh, no, thank you!"

"Let's have a drink before we leave," Bob said, rising with relief to go and get them.

"No, Bob, no, no, we'll go straight up to the house. Every room is sure to be filled with dust and possums building in the roof!" She snatched her bag off the table and made for the door.

Anna followed. Bob stayed behind to find the waitress and pay the bill.

When he got outside, Estelle was nowhere to be seen. Anna was standing on the pavement not far from the entrance to the bottle department, and just at that moment Estelle came out with a wrapped bottle in her hand which she held aloft as though it were some kind of trophy she had won.

Standing out in front of the hotel, Bob could hardly conceal his amazement. Estelle, usually incapable of doing the smallest thing for herself if there was a man at hand to do it for her! And why a bottle at all when without a doubt up at the house Claude would have had a well-stocked cellar or wine bin?

What did this unpretentious seaside hotel hold for her that it could make her behave in such an uncharacteristic fashion? Mr. O'Keefe's licensed premises it was that she had come down here to visit. That was as plain as the nose on your face. Whether this same visit had any connection with Claude's murder was not so easy to see.

They got back into the car, and, turning off the main street, eased their way up the hill along the winding dirt road.

The Nevinson house of white painted brick and brilliant blue roof, with wide verandahs and airy rooms, sprawled across the hill-top. The sea and the sun and the ease of empty days were all it had to offer. No wonder that Claude, who hadn't been one of the sun brigade, had spent little time there, none at all during the last six months when, as the investigation into his death was now revealing, his leisure and pleasure had not been with his wife, but with Hermione Webb, until six weeks ago

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when Anna Herbert had come into his life to obsess him.

Contrary to Estelle's expectations, everything in the house was in good order. Timorously, she went from room to room, followed by Bob: the living-room, cool-looking and spacious, an invitation to exaggerated holiday ease; Claude's study; the bedrooms with parquet and white rugs and white nets and beds like feathered heavens; the bathrooms tiled wonders of marine fantasies; the kitchen. It was as though Estelle expected each room, like a neglected bedizened beauty, to reproach her for having left it so long awaiting her coming.

Her behaviour didn't grow less mysterious after their arrival. The reason she had given for the visit was obviously a myth; it didn't materialise. Coming back from her tour of the house, she entered Claude's study and approached the desk and sat down in front of it with a gusty sigh. Her ultra-feminine prettiness sat incongruously in the masculine surroundings that Claude had claimed for himself. Her gauzy frock spread over the wide mahogany desk-chair, and her little hands began to move irresolutely toward the drawers and pigeon-holes.

Bob paused in the doorway. "I'll leave you, Estelle. I'll bring you a drink, shall I?"

She swung round. "No, no, I think I'll come in and have it with you. There's no vast hurry."

Back in the sitting-room, half buried in the depths of one of the embracing chairs, Estelle's silence came to an end. It was she now who did all the talking; about Claude, about the building of this house, about their last trip abroad, and the business fruits it had borne for him. Seemingly unaware of her two listeners, she flowed on, not denying herself the smallest detail or the most irrelevant bypath. Bemused, Anna and Bob sat silent while an hour dribbled away.

Gradually Bob began to suspect that Estelle was employing filibustering tactics, and that if he and Anna were listening to her with only half an ear, she was listening with both ears and every sense alert for something. For what?

The sun had gone down, a fiery ball, and on the horizon the sea and the sky began to coalesce. At intervals Estelle would say: "Send me off in there to get on with that job"; and: "Isn't it stupid of me to be sitting here idling!" and at last: "I hope neither of you minds if we don't get back to town very early? I rather think I won't be through with everything before — well, probably nine o'clock."

Bob put down his glass and stood up. "In that case, I think we'll all be getting pretty darned hungry. I'll go down and scout around for a scratch meal for us."

"Do. Do. Thank you, Bob. Perhaps Anna'll go with you. It's so wildly exciting for her here."

Bob had intended this, and so apparently, had Anna. She was on her feet, too, and they went out and got into the car again, leaving Estelle alone in the echoing house.

Arrived again at the street below, Bob got out and went into the fish shop. He was in there some time, choosing a lobster and having oysters opened. When he returned to the car he put the parcels on the back seat and stood waiting for Anna, who had strolled across to the ocean side.

It was nearly dark now. The sound of the surf came up out of a green dusk, and with it a cool breeze filtered through the two open houses. The street had the usual summer-night holiday atmosphere. Boys and girls crowded into the milk-bar, children sucking ice-cones chased and shouted in the low bush on the grassy verge, a fisherman in jeans and gumboots came up from the beach and crossed the road.

In a minute Anna joined Bob, came toward him flapping her arms like a bird alighting. She murmured: "Cool, cool! Now we know why people pay thirty guineas a week for these little boxes of houses."

There were no lights on in the Nevinson house when they reached it again. At Bob's tap on the door Estelle opened it instantly, as though she had been waiting behind it, and as quickly shut it after them.

As he switched on the hall lights she stood staring at them, and there was nothing mysterious about her aspect now. It was one of pure fear. Before she could speak, she hushed them and beckoned them into the sitting-room. There the windows were shut and the curtains drawn. Bob switched on the lights here, too.

"Estelle, what is it? What's wrong?" he asked, since that terrified face couldn't be disregarded.

Her answer came in a whisper: "It's Willy. He's followed me!"

"When? How do you know?" He found himself answering in the same conspiratorial tone.

"He came knocking at the door soon after you left."

"And you didn't open it?"

"No, no, oh, no!"

They stood in a little knot just inside the room, Bob nursing the parcel of lobster and Anna clutching the box of oysters and a bag of rolls. Soon after they left, Bob thought, Willy must have slid through the shopping street while he himself was in the fish shop and Anna was across the road looking at the sea. Why they hadn't passed him on the hill road as he went down was hard to explain.

Then the absurdity of Estelle's dramatics overcame Bob, and he tossed the parcel down on a table and turned on more lights.

"What is all this about, Estelle? Why shouldn't Willy Stanley come along? I suppose he found out you were bound for here and thought he'd join the party."

"Yes—how did he find out! He spied on me, that's how. He said he'd be watching everything I did. He threatened me."

"Well, that was damn awful of him. Scaring you, just at this time when you should have everyone rallying round you."

Anna drew her to a chair, made her sit down and tried to calm her. "Now listen, Estelle, you shouldn't take any notice of that sort of thing. Willy's excitable and works himself up into a state, but I'm sure he wouldn't harm you for the world. What exactly happened?"

All past resentment at Claude's defection because of Anna seemed to have been wiped from Estelle's mind. She clung to her hand and gazed up at her, eager for her sympathy.

"Just after you and Bob left, it was," she said. "I got up to turn on the lights, but first I went to the window and looked out, and there, at the last bend of the road, I saw his car. You know it, Willy's white sports-car? I shut the windows quickly and pulled all the curtains. I was crossing the hall

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when his car drew up, and he ran up the steps and rang the bell."

"And you just stayed silent behind it?"

"Yes, I was paralysed. I kept quite still, and he rang again . . . and rang and rang. I didn't move, I don't know how I kept from screaming. Then he gave up and went away. I heard his steps and the car start and drive off. Oh, I'm so terrified! If he should find out that I was here and didn't open the door, how furious he'll be! Of course, you both know he's madly in love with me, and I've been very fond of him, but this sort of thing . . . No, I can't take it, I can't take it."

That was self-evident, Bob thought as he looked down at her, at the doll-like little woman, with her long lashes and her pointed little nose, and her plump, dimpled chin and creamy neck, all of which had wrought such havoc in poor Willy Stanley's hungry heart.

"Were you trying to break with him?" he asked. "Did you tell him you wouldn't see him any more? What brought all this to a head?"

"Not at all. In fact, I said I wouldn't go away, I promised I'd never leave him."

"You mean he extracted a promise from you?"

She nodded. Trembling, she went on to tell how her promise had been given on account of a cable from her sister asking her to go to London to her.

"But when he left," she finished, "I was mad enough to ring and make a provisional booking to fly next week."

"Well? Well?"

"Well—suppose he suspected I might do just that very thing? Oh, his intuition is uncanny if it's anything to do with me! Suppose he went to the airlines and found I had booked, and I'd broken my word and was planning to leave him!" She covered her face with her hands, her voice came faintly through them: "He said he'd rather see me dead than lose me. And he's got a revolver!"

OVER Estelle's bent head Anna looked at Bob, and they exchanged a glance that no longer discounted Estelle's fears. If it was true—and it was by no means impossible that Willy had found out about her booking on a plane for London—it wasn't at all hard to picture what his state of mind would be.

Since he had come to this country he had made few friends, had centred wholly on Estelle, haunted her, waited on her, adored her; and she, no doubt lonely without Claude and her domestic life with him, had taken all that Willy could give her. Now, a rich widow, she pictured flying away and starting a new life in peace and freedom. To Willy, his fate without her would seem like that of some medieval prisoner left in a cell to rot, forgotten.

In a minute, Bob said: "Now look, Estelle, we'll see that nothing happens to you. As Anna said, I don't believe you've anything to fear from Willy."

"Of course not," Anna murmured, while Estelle gazed up from one reassuring face to the other.

"For one thing, he probably wouldn't imagine that you'd expect to get police permission to leave the country yet."

"You mean to say I wouldn't? You mean to say I wouldn't?" Her voice rose in anguish, revealing the extent of her hopes of an early escape.

"I'm quite sure you wouldn't. Unless they're a damn sight nearer finding Claude's killer than they seem to be. And, apart from that, the trustees'll need you here for a while. There'll be all sorts of things you'll have to sign and see to. So cut out the idea that Willy came down here because he'd found out you were planning to leave him. If you like we'll go straight back to town and by tomorrow—"

Just what soothing balm Bob had visualised tomorrow bringing was never known, because at that moment the front door bell sounded shrilly through the house.

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As though its electrical current had galvanised her, too, Estelle shot up off the sofa.

"Say I'm not here," she gasped. "Swear I never came, say I'm not here."

Bob tried to stop her. "Wait — listen — wait. You can't —"

But she was across the room and away in one swift rush.

Before the bell could ring again Anna had opened the front door.

Bob, standing in the sitting-room, heard Anna's greeting of the visitor.

"Willy! You're here! Hullo." Her tone was surprised but welcoming. "Come in."

"I have come to see Estelle." Willy's crackling enunciation sounded unpleasingly peremptory.

"Estelle She isn't here."

There was an ominous silence.

"What made you think she was? Did she tell you she was coming?" Anna asked in the same cheerful tone.

They were both in the hall now, Bob could hear.

"Because if so, I'm afraid she must've forgotten. We drove her—or rather Bob did — to a friend's house in French's Forest. She was tired and nervously exhausted, and we persuaded her to get away from the flat for a while."

"Who is this friend?"

"Those people—a woolbuyer, I think he is—that she and Claude met in America. She may have told you about them."

"No . . . . I don't think . . ." He sounded doubtful now.

"Oh, maybe not, then. However, we left her there and Bob and I came on here. What a shame you had the run for nothing."

Bob stood aghast. How readily, how glibly, how plausibly she was lying! He felt uncomfortable, made small, at having to play along with this trickery. And yet could anyone find fault with her for being clever enough to placate him if he was, as Estelle claimed, a desperate, armed man?

They were in the room now, and Bob greeted Willy with, he hoped, an equally successful lying front.

Willy stood stiffly for a moment, his bony frame looking as though it were held together with wire for joints. His straight hair was on end from the speed of his sports car and his eyes were restlessly watchful.

"Come along and sit down." Anna made room for him on the sofa. "You haven't got to run away, have you?"

Jerkily, Willy perched himself on the other end.

"Bob, pour us all a drink."

As abruptly Willy shot to his feet. "No, no. No, no. I must not stay. I am de trop. This is me to the life! I am always putting my feet in it!"

"What do you mean? Don't be so absurd. We're delighted to see you. Sit down."

To page 76

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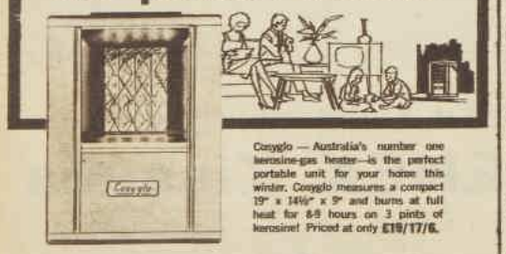

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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 75

The tone of her voice, the shine of her upward glance, drew him back. Gingerly, he lowered himself on to the sofa again, with hand-waggings and head-shakings of exaggerated contrition. "Stupid me, stupid me! You will never forgive me. I have spoilt your tete-a-tete. I am always blundering."

She laughed gaily. "Oh, Willy, you're delicious! You needn't worry. We only came here to pick up some papers from Claude's desk that Estelle wanted."

Now the atmosphere began to mellow. Bob reassured him, too, and put a drink into his hand — three fingers of Scotch that would, he hoped, mellow things still more — and sat down himself and sipped his own drink.

Willy, sitting forward, hands on knees, started to tell how late this afternoon he had gone to Braham Court because—well, because he feared he had been harsh with little Estelle when she had returned from the funeral service. She so broken, so much in need of help! But when he found she wasn't there, when he found she wasn't there . . . !

He had gone downstairs and questioned the caretaker and had learned from him that she had got into Mr. Rivers' car with him and Mrs. Herbert and driven away. Ah! then he was desperate, then he had thought that he would never see her again, that she was so hurt that she had run away and left him.

HE put down his glass and stalked to the window, drew back an edge of the curtain and stared out into the darkness, then back to the table and picked up his glass and drained it and stood looking down into it as though in surprise at its emptiness.

Tactfully, Bob took it and rectified that—and that of his own.

Anna said: "Well, Willy, you must've been in a state to think that because she goes to have dinner with friends you've lost her for ever."

"And why should I not lose her? Have I not lost my home, my country, my profession, my friends, my family?" He had plopped down beside Anna and was counting his losses off on his fingers close to her face. "Why should I not expect to lose my love? Tell me that, Anna—if you can!"

Anna was silent.

So when Mr. Cavanagh told him she had driven off, he went on, he was sure she had run away from him. But where, where? He had rung different friends of hers to try to find her. But not this wool-buyer—no. Estelle had never mentioned them. At last he had thought of Pelli Beach.

Bob heaved an inward sigh of relief that Willy knew nothing of Estelle having made a booking with an airline. That fear had sprung from her guilty conscience.

"Then you knew about their house here?" Anna said.

Drawing back, Willy sat up very straight in his corner and darted a sharp glance at her. He paused before answering. "I had heard of it," he said shortly, and told how he had rung at the bell earlier and got no answer, yet something had been telling him that Estelle was here and had seen his car and wouldn't open the door because she had been angered by his insistence and wanted to punish him. So he had driven off and left his car in the bush off the road and come back on foot.

Willy's monologue went on: his great love for Estelle, his only thought for her happiness, and if that happiness lay with her sister in London?—so be it. She must go, and he must suffer alone.

Bob filled his glass again and Willy drank.

And now, under the whisky's elevating influence, it began to seem that not only did he love Estelle but that Estelle loved him. He knew it, and soon, he knew, they would have an ideal love together. She would never be afraid of him again, or afraid of anything when she was with him.

As Anna listened, her face, turned to him, wore its most enchanting expression. Her long grey-blue eyes were warm and compassionate, and Willy was visibly falling under her spell. He had taken her hand and was clasping it to his breast, and his voice shook and his eyes swam moistly with the splendor of his own emotion.

Bob, sitting glumly opposite the pair of them, felt like a member of the audience at a powerful drama.

And none too pleased with his role, either! And not liking the play much, at that!

When Willy paused for breath, Anna said: "Estelle isn't really afraid of you, Willy, but it wouldn't be surprising if she was a little uneasy at times. After all, you do, don't you, carry a revolver about?"

Willy dropped her hand, and his own moved to his pocket. He seemed about to say no, but said yes.

"Yes, I have my revolver. My very good friend! A man who has fled in terror, who has stood alone in a strange land—"

"Now, Willy, that doesn't hold good any more. People here don't go about armed to the teeth—"

"No? Don't they? Well, I keep my pretty little gun."

"Or if they do they must expect other people to look warily at them and feel uncomfortable when they lose their tempers. Don't wonder if Estelle feels that. Is it there in your pocket now, loaded?"

A sudden silence fell. Then an unexpected laugh broke from Willy. He leant forward and playfully tapped her cheek. "No. No. It is only a toy gun, a water-pistol."

"Give it to me, Willy. If I can tell Estelle that you haven't got it any more, this horrible dangerous thing that must often make her shudder if she thinks of it when you're together . . ! A revolver! It's a sort of symbol, showing that violence is your way of solving problems. I know how I'd feel if a man who was claiming to love me used that kind of intimidation. He'd never see me again. No, don't look like that, poor Willy! I'm not saying Estelle does feel that, but . . ." Her sweet silvery voice stopped, leaving the sentence in the air, but her deep glance still held his.

Willy's face began to show how the resolution in him was melting. His eyes flickered, his lips worked. He murmured almost inaudibly, half refusing, half consenting.

"Willy, give it to me," she repeated, and held out her hand.

With infinite slowness, Willy took the revolver out of his pocket and laid it in her palm.

As though to hustle its ugliness out of sight, Anna opened her bag and dropped it in.

Seeming chastened and tamed and purged of sin, soon after this Willy took himself off.

Anna went out to the hall with him. Bob heard their good-byes and Willy's quick footsteps on the paved terrace and the shutting of the front door.

She reappeared for an instant, and gave him a half-rueful, half-comical smile. "I'll go and get Estelle," she said. "She's probably locked herself in her room."

Bob sat on, thinking how thoroughly sick he was of all this bother. Having to sit and listen to a pack of lies being told — and telling them, too! — to an unfortunate fool, who obviously wouldn't hurt a fly. How willingly women played each other's game! Now that Willy was disposed of and out of the

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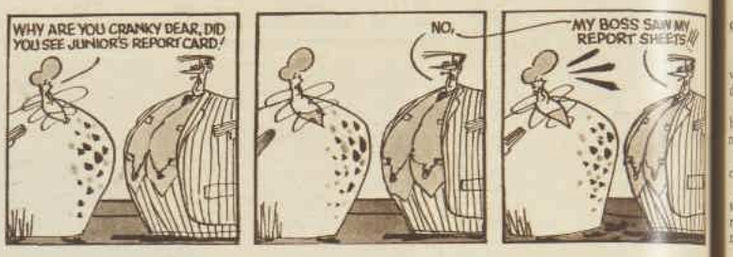
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 76

Grogan was saying: "Look, Mrs. Herbert, this gun you persuaded Mr. Stanley to hand over to you—a Smith & Wesson .22, he tells us it was, though he admits he was well aware it was illegal to carry it. Anyhow, it's disappeared, but we're concluding it was the gun O'Keefe was shot with, that's the assumption we're working on at the moment."

The sentences fell on the room coolly as the inspector sat forward, one hand on the desk, turning and turning a paper-knife between his fingers.

"Why were you so anxious to get this gun from him, Mrs. Herbert?" he put to Anna in the same bland voice that might have been asking what she thought of the weather or who'd win the boat race.

She didn't answer in a hurry. Leaning forward, too, she straightened a book on the desk; and the silence was suddenly filled by the roar of the surf crashing up on the beach as the tide turned, the wash of "pure ablution" round earth's all too human shores.

At last she lifted her head and met Grogan's eyes "Well," she said, "I don't know if you've heard from Mr. Stanley that he and Mrs. Nevinson had been somewhat at variance over one or two matters, and that she'd refused to see him when he turned up here, and I told him I thought it was foolish of him to be carrying this thing around."

"Very wise, too. When he handed it over I believe you put it in your handbag and Mr. Stanley went back to town?"

"Yes."

"Would you tell us just exactly what you did then?"

"Certainly." She sat back in her chair, opening and shutting the clasp of the white bag on her lap.

Bob saw that she looked less composed than usual, dishevelled, hair spiky; her eyes were heavy; there was no lipstick on her mouth, but a smear of it on her cheek where he'd kissed her after kissing her mouth. His eyes went back and back to that rose-pink smudge as though it had been an imprint that signed and sealed him to her.

"I went to look for Mrs. Nevinson," she said. "She'd left the room when Mr. Stanley arrived."

"On account of this quarrel?"

"Yes, and I wanted to tell her he'd gone. I went to her bedroom first, but she wasn't there and I looked in several of the other rooms. Then I saw that a door on to the back verandah was open, and I realised that she'd left the house. I called her once or twice, and as I stood there on the verandah I began thinking about this revolver that I was carrying around, and I opened my bag and took it out and laid it down on the broad top rail of the verandah."

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...the quicker they all shot back to town the better. He felt tired and irritable and hungry and — finishing his drink — everything but thirsty.

He lit a cigarette and watched a green-winged beetle cannon off a lamp-shade and lie spinning on its back on the table. He heard a plane passing low overhead, its distancing roar a bombardment of the nerves. The beetle lay still. He turned it over on its legs, and suddenly! — it straightway repeated the performance.

For heaven's sake what were they doing? Sitting in there, chewing over every word that Willy had said, etc. etc., he supposed.

At length, Anna came into the room. She looked worried and, suddenly, unaccountably tired.

"What now?" he said wearily, getting to his feet.

"I can't find her."

"Now look" — he heard his own voice sounding overloud — "what do you mean, can't find her?"

"Anywhere. She's not in the house. The back door's open. She mustn've rushed away somewhere."

"Oh, no!" he jabbed out his cigarette and stumped to the door. The back door opened on to a sloping lawn. The moon hadn't risen, and it wasn't possible to see more than a few paces ahead.

With Anna beside him, Bob stepped out into the cool night. The air was heavy with sea moisture and the scent of grass and flowers.

Anna groped and put a hand on his arm. "Wait a minute, Bob, I can't see a thing. I'm as blind as a bat in the dark."

BOB turned. Her touch, and her nearness, overcame him, and his arms went round her. He pulled her close and kissed her, again and again, kissed her madly. Out of time, out of place, everything wrong but the kiss. And the feel of her mouth, and her cool cheek, and the thick silk of her hair.

At last she drew away.

The darkness seemed less dense now, and the confines of the lawn and a fence and the paddock beyond it were visible, and a clump of trees by the gate into the paddock. This gate was standing wide. Half-sitting, half-lying against one of the posts was a figure.

Bob hurried away from Anna and went across the grass and leant down. He saw a dark thick-set man in jeans tucked into gumboots. The fisherman whom earlier he had seen crossing the road near the fish shop. The dead eyes stared up at him.

. . . . .

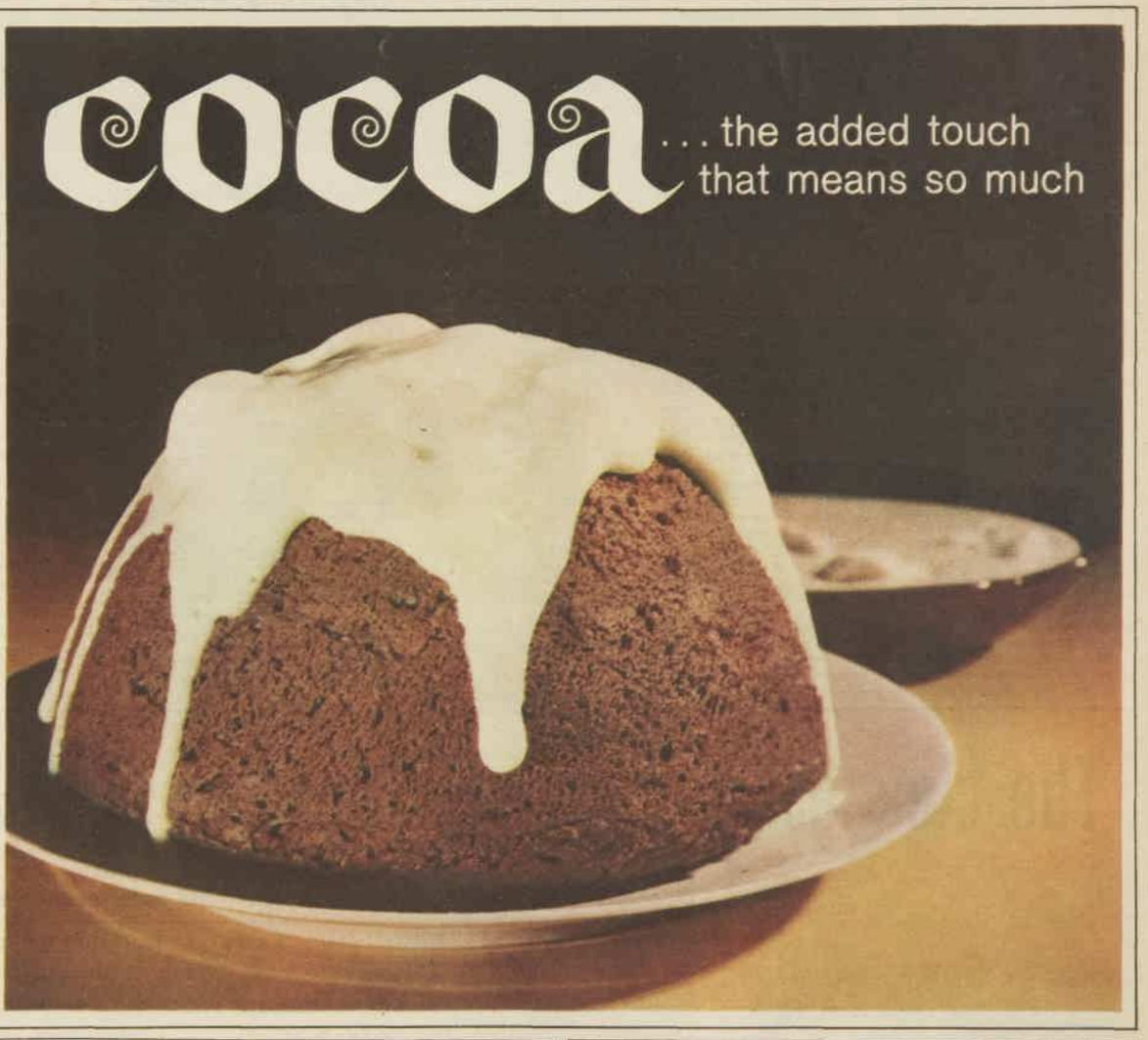
Not many hours later, Grogan was seated in the chair at Claude's desk in the study. Mannion, severely upright as usual, in both body and mind, was standing with his back to the window, hands clasped behind that rigid back. His interrogating gaze was fastened on Anna's face as she sat listening to Grogan's preliminaries. Bob, unasked, had accompanied her to the study when a constable had come to the sitting-room door and, eyeing the four seated silent in there, had asked Mrs. Herbert if she'd mind stepping this way.

There were four again, Willy having shot back to Pelli Beach at Estelle's frantic telephone call; for as Willy, denuded of his gun, she hoarsely confessed her presence here was appealed to him for comfort.

For Bob, the interval between that first moment of shock when he had stooped over O'Keefe's body and O'Keefe, the licensee of the Marine Hotel — and now, had been a period of time in which logical thought had refused to function.

As Anna and he had run up through the garden to ring the police, Estelle had emerged from the sun-room at the end of the side verandah. After the killing of Claude he, like everyone else, had been aware that several people wanted Claude out of the way. But an apparently harmless seaside hotel-keeper lying there with a hole drilled through his skull—! Why? To serve what ends? Why? Why? Why?

Now, in the study, facing the two detectives, he brought his wits back within the four walls.



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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 77

"Why did you do that?"

She appeared to think this over, slowly shaking her head. "I don't quite know. I think it was because the moment I had it in my hand I realised I didn't like to have anything to do with it." She was frowning slightly. She glanced from Grogan to Manning, and swiftly for a moment at the man with a notebook, the writing automaton in the chair by the door.

"I suppose people who aren't used to firearms," Bob put in, "have an unholy fear of them, expect them to blow up in their face at a touch."

ANNA said, "Maybe . . . perhaps I did feel that. Anyhow, I thought I'd leave it there and get you to take charge of it, Bob, and dispose of it."

"Was there a light on on the verandah?" Grogan asked.

"No, but I'd switched it on in the passage leading to it as I went toward the open door."

"And then?"

"Well, then I came back inside and went through to the kitchen and the servants' sitting-room off it, and at last came in and told Mr. Rivers that I couldn't find her, and we both went out, and, as you know, found Mr. O'Keefe lying dead."

A heavy sigh escaped from Manning; as though, Bob thought, a head of sceptical steam had built up inside him during her story. Bob had come to recognise the sergeant's labored sigh which more than words threw a blight of doubt on a witness' every utterance.

Grogan voiced the doubt. "Now that's funny. You said a minute ago that when you saw the back door open you realised Mrs. Nevinson had left the house, yet now you say you came back inside to look for her?"

"Well—I didn't mean I knew she'd left the house, I only thought she might have."

"I'd say, Mrs. Herbert, you were pretty certain she had, with the back door standing open like that. And that's what she had done, so she tells us, in case Mr. Stanley went searching for her."

"No, no — yes — I suppose in a way that's so. But it was so dark out there, and I'd never been here before, so I didn't fancy stumbling about a garden I didn't know."

"Couldn't you've stepped out and given her a call," Manning inquired, "without goin' too far? A couple of hullos to tell her the coast was clear of this feller she didn't want to see."

"Oh, yes, I could've, but I didn't."

"You didn't."

How charged with disbelief the two words sounded!

"Now, I understand," Grogan resumed, "the fact that none of you heard the shot has been accounted for by a low-flying plane happening to pass overhead?"

Bob said: "Yes, very low, very loud."

"You said you were waiting in the sitting-room all this time, Mr. Rivers?"

"I was. I had a whisky and waited for them to come back."

"Except for this plane it was very quiet, was it?"

"Very."

"You didn't hear any footsteps round the house, or anything?"

Bob thought back. "No, I can't say I did. It was so still I could hear the antics of a small beetle on the lampshade, and the tinkle of the ice floating in my glass. And then I heard the plane approaching, getting louder and louder till I thought it was going to take the roof off, and I thought, one of these days one of them will. I sat listening to the noise dying away over the sea."

He reached out and shook his cigarette ash into an ashtray. He was talking so as to give some relief from all these pointed questions.

Grogan said as Bob stopped. "So it was quite some little time after the plane passed before Mrs. Herbert came back to tell you she couldn't find Mrs. Nevinson? I mean, you had plenty of time to sort of float off into a brown study?"

Sharply, Bob looked up from his cigarette tip. "Eh?"

But Grogan was playing thoughtfully with the paper-knife and didn't press the point. Instead, he turned back to Anna.

"So I gather, Mrs. Herbert, what you're suggesting is this: that as you put the gun down on the verandah rail, someone out there sees you, in the light that came out from the passage, and as you turn back and re-enter the house they reach up and take it. Then they hurry down and meet O'Keefe at the gate, maybe knew he was coming, and as the plane roars overhead they shoot him. That's your idea of what happened, is it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Except that I don't think I've once thought it out very clearly."

"Meanwhile—quite a long while, in fact." Manning put in with his derogatory stare at her, "you were in the kitchen and the servants' sittin'-room lookin' for a lady you thought was out in the garden?"

QUIETLY she looked back at him. "I wasn't aware that it was a long while. I caught sight of myself in a glass and thought I looked rather blown about by the wind near the sea, and I took out a lipstick and put some on and combed my hair. I wasn't in any hurry. I expected Mrs. Nevinson to turn up from somewhere any minute."

Further questioning of Anna elicited no alteration in the details of her story. Under great strain as she must be, Bob thought, she showed no emotion. It was he himself who grew savage at the continued probing: the pressure on one point of her story, the polite doubt on another, the open disbelief at times. Back and back they came to the strangeness of her leaving a loaded weapon lying about on the verandah instead, if she feared it, of locking it safely away somewhere.

At last Bob took advantage of a brief silence and stood up. "Well, is that all, Inspector?" he asked.

Throwing down the paper-knife, Grogan said: "Yes, I think so. Yes, that's all for now, Mrs. Herbert." And then, to Bob: "Mind if I have a look at your wallet, Mr. Rivers?"

"Not at all, here it is." Bob took it from his pocket and held it out, a dark morocco leather wallet with a lighter suede lining.

Grogan looked it over, opened it, shut it and handed it back.

Bob followed Anna out of the study and into the sitting-room, and almost immediately the constable came to the door and summoned Willy for a few words with the inspector.

Jerking to his feet, Willy buttoned his coat around his lean frame and crossed the hall to the study.

Entering he bowed stiffly to the detectives and sat down in an upright chair that looked as angular as himself. His stare across at Grogan was correctly attentive.

"This gun, Mr. Stanley. You got it shortly after arriving in this country. Bought it from a friend. You've carried it ever since, loaded."

"Correct. All of which I told you."

"Yes, so you did. Well now, look." Grogan sat forward and put it to him smoothly, as man to man. "Why did you give it up tonight to Mrs. Herbert?"

As though taken off guard, Willy sprang to his feet. He drew himself up and threw back his narrow, bony head. "Why did I do it? Why did I do it?" His words came out like rapid gunfire themselves. "Yes, why! How many times since have I asked myself that question! I liked my gun. I had no wish to part with it. If it was to be parted from it, I could have sold it, or given it to a friend."

"That's the way it strikes me. You'd already squared your conscience about having a firearm in your possession, breaking the law, and that."

"As many in my place would do," Willy murmured. He stood, straight line from head to foot, buttoned into his neat blue suit, buttoned up against his own passions, against a way of life foreign to him. His tie was tied meticulously, his straight brown hair brushed flat, his eyes of no classifiable color — stone-grey? — olive-green? — green-brown? — were unblinking.

Manning looked him up and down. "I reckon a feller in this city that keeps decent company's got no call to go around armed," he observed dourly.

Willy, silenced, gave a massive shrug and took up of his energetic tours across the room and back.

"Anyway, we're not arguing that question right now," Grogan went on. "That's something else again. The point is, it strikes me as very strange you letting Mrs. Herbert take your gun from you tonight. See?"

"I see! I am the one to see!" Willy exploded. "Perhaps it is you who don't see."

"How's that, Mr. Stanley?"

"I see that a Lorelei comes down beside me, and looks at me with her sea-blue eyes and holds out a beautiful white hand to me, and I melt, I yield, I fall, I cr-rumble! Like a foolish boy I drop it into her hand!"

"Yes, she's a very attractive young lady," Grogan was ready to agree. "I don't

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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reckon there's any two opinions about that. Did you believe her when she told you Mrs. Nevinson was uneasy at your carrying a gun around?"

"Yes, yes, of course I believe her. Ah, that girl, Inspector! What man would doubt a word she said while her eyes were on him?"

"And did you believe what she told you, that Mrs. Nevinson had never come near here tonight?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Mind"— he came closer and shook an explanatory finger at Grogan — "when I rang the bell the first time, when the house was all dark, I thought Mrs. Nevinson was there. I thought she wouldn't open the door because she was still angry with me. But when Mrs. Herbert told me the story, that she'd gone to dinner with friends, I didn't doubt her, not for one little moment. Like a baby with a fairy story I swallowed it hook, line, and sinker!"

"She seemed very eager, did she, to get possession of your gun?"

Willy shrugged again. "How do I know? I only know she was like —like a vacuum cleaner and I was like a bit of dust on the carpet! That's how it seemed to me when I was out on the path again. I felt my pocket, I said to myself, 'What did she do to me, where were my wits?' I ran down to my car that I'd parked half-way up the hill, and I shot back to town. I broke another of your laws, I broke the speed limit. I was in the worst of tempers. First, I was hurt that my very good friend Mrs. Nevinson had deserted me for other friends in French's Forest — as I had been fooled into believing — and then for letting a girl wheedle my gun from me. I drove to my lodgings in Darlinghurst, and as I opened the front door the telephone in the hall was ringing. It was Mrs. Nevinson."

"And you drove straight back here?"

Willy nodded. "Yes, that is all I have to tell."

"Have you ever met this man O'Keefe?"

"Never."

"Ever been to this place before?"

"Never."

"O.K." Grogan stood up.

Willy turned to go.

"Half a minute, Mr. Stanley. Can I have a look at your wallet?"

WILLY dived into his pocket and brought it out and handed it to Grogan. It was of once-pale pigskin, bursting at the seams with the papers stuffed inside it.

Grogan opened it. In the little picture frame on one side was a photograph of an imposing grey and hoary pile with Gothic towers and arches.

"Some nice old cathedral, eh?" Grogan commented, shutting the wallet and handing it back.

"No — my home," Willy said thoroughly, and stalked out of the room.

In the doorway he met another C.I.B. detective-sergeant. This man went over to the desk and spoke to Grogan at some length.

Grogan listened to him without interruption, except that supplied by a variety of short interjections expressive of no little satisfaction, and when his colleague had finished he and Manning crossed to the sitting-room.

Estelle began to speak almost before the two detectives were through the doorway. She was walking up and down, apparently beside herself with fatigue and whisky and shock.

A pace behind, Willy followed, murmuring soothing words, but each time she turned she brushed him aside as though he were some kind of a buzzing fly in her face. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glittered, and the dark hair was more than "cloudy"; it was downright storm-tossed. Anna and Bob, who earlier had joined in the attempt to calm her, had now given up and sat limply, one on each end of the sofa.

"What is it you want now?" Estelle demanded loudly of the inspector as they came in. "I'm at the end of my tether, I warn you, I'm at the end of my tether! Anything else you must postpone and talk of tomorrow. Not now, not

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

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now! It's inhuman, after all I've been through! My head's absolutely spinning. I simply can't collect my thoughts. I insist on being driven straight home."

Her emotional outburst was checked by Grogan's sympathetic reassurances and avowed understanding of all she was going through, and promises of only keeping them half a minute — which last, Bob thought dryly, covered his intention of keeping them there just so long as there was one last item of interest to be conceivably wrung from them. Actually, the inspector went on to say, it was Mrs. Herbert they wanted a few more words with.

Anna sat up a little straighter and said "Yes?" in a tone that expressed almost an indifference to the course of events. Her manner, in contrast with Estelle's near-hysteria, seemed to reduce murder to a commonplace, Bob thought, and he felt a sudden deadly fear of these new "few words" of the inspector's.

"From inquiries we've been making in the shopping street down there, certain facts have come to light. It seems that O'Keefe, on his return from a day's fishing, went into the fish shop kept by a Greek.

"This Greek, he's a friend of O'Keefe's, said they had a cup of coffee together, and a chin-wag for a while about the sport, and then O'Keefe says to him, 'I'll leave my gear here,' he says, 'till I come back. I'm going up to the Nevinsons' place, Mrs. Nevinson, she wants to see me about something.' The Greek says yes, and then O'Keefe says, 'I just met that Mrs. Herbert who had that cottage here with her husband—the chap who was killed in that car smash—and she told me Mrs. Nevinson wanted to see me'."

Anna had? Anna had? Bob was pinned motionless, transfixed by the words. While he had been in the fish shop buying the stuff for dinner, she had been talking to O'Keefe across the road! And she hadn't mentioned it when she had rejoined him at the car. She had just come back talking about the rents they paid for those little houses and — and —!

And now she was accepting the inspector's statement quite calmly and showing no sign of confusion or anxiety.

"Yes," she said. "That's quite true. I met him and told him that."

"You did? Why was that, now? Had Mrs. Nevinson told you she wanted to see him?"

Here, Anna did hesitate, waited a moment and looked down and seemed to ponder this question.

"No," she said at last. "Mrs. Nevinson hadn't actually told me so, but I guessed it, and when Mr. Rivers and I went down to get something to eat for dinner I saw Mr. O'Keefe. He was coming up from the beach. My husband and I had been into his hotel when we

To page 80

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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

were staying here before, so I knew who he was and I spoke to him."

"Did he say he'd come up here?"

"I think he did, I couldn't swear to his words."

Grogan turned to Estelle. She had grown unnaturally still, was listening with parted lips and wide eyes.

"Did you want to see O'Keefe, Mrs. Nevinson?"

"Oh, I didn't actually need to see him, but I did want to have a moment's conversation with him about —about something." Her voice came breathlessly. "And I — and I told the barman so."

"Yes, that was when I heard it," Anna put in. "When we came out of the hotel after tea, and you went back and bought a bottle of whisky. I didn't hear your voice, but I heard the man say that Mr. O'Keefe was out fishing and would be back about nine and that he'd tell him you wanted a word with him."

For a moment Estelle seemed to waver between hostility and sweetness. She looked at Anna — at her dead husband's love — with sudden new interest.

"Well, that was very — thoughtful of you." The break in her sentence suggested another possible ending. "I didn't tell the bar man I wanted O'Keefe up here. I just meant to give him a ring and speak to him."

"But you, Mrs. Herbert," Grogan capped it, "said to him, 'Come up to the house.' That right?"

ANNA got up, too, as though impelled by the sight of Estelle standing there, a small, rigid figure with a steely, defensive expression on her face.

"I don't think I quite said that," she answered in the same evenly controlled voice. "I just mentioned what I'd heard in case the barman forgot to give the message. I thought it quite possible he might, and that we'd be rather held up here."

"On the way back — did you mention to Mr. Rivers that you'd contacted O'Keefe?"

"No, I didn't. I felt somehow that Mrs. Nevinson hadn't wanted to broadcast her reason for coming to Pelli Beach, I mean."

"I see. And when you and Mr. Rivers got back here? Did you tell Mrs. Nevinson that O'Keefe had got her message and would be up?"

"No, no, I didn't."

"You didn't? Why was that?"

"Well, when she opened the door to us there was all the agitation of Mr. Stanley's having rung at the bell, and then Mr. Stanley himself came back, and it went right out of my head."

"So you were the only one who knew O'Keefe was due to come up." Manning made the damning statement in a voice too flatly assertive to need any agreement from her. She attempted none.

Bob treated the sergeant to one of his own cold stares, but spoke to Grogan. "Perhaps it might be rewarding to hear just what it was Mrs. Nevinson wanted to speak to, or see, O'Keefe about.

"But of course, of course," Estelle cried vehemently. "I meant to do so. You needn't try to make it look, Bob, that I'm keeping anything back!" She turned on him with snapping eyes and shrill voice. "It wasn't — and I was well aware you didn't believe me —it wasn't that I wanted to go through Claude's papers."

"That's true, Estelle, I didn't," Bob found it difficult to keep his own mounting irritation out of his voice.

"No."

She subsided on to the sofa —"Oh, no, it wasn't that —" and became once more the sad little, helpless little, pitiable little woman, the object of Willy Stanley's worship. He bent to her now and fanned her with a paper.

She explained that since Claude's death three days ago she had never ceased to hear

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what he had said when he came into her flat that night. Almost his last words to her, they had been: "Do you remember—What was the name of that chap who—?" and then as he had turned the pages of the telephone book: "I remember . . . yes, here he is. Now he might know!"

WELL, because of his death almost immediately after that, she couldn't help wondering if those words referred to the very mystery connected with his death. She had turned them over and over in her mind, seeing him again as he had stood there flicking over the pages and looking so wonderfully handsome. Printed on her mind's eye, he had been. Claude, within such a short time of his death . . .

She dropped her face in her hands with a flash of scarlet nails and the blue fire of diamonds and sapphires. Willy fanned the harder. The detectives waited with professional patience. Bob noticed when she lifted her head that her expression was unchanged.

And then, she went on — last night she thought it was, her mind had been just a jumble ever since — she had been dropping asleep, and suddenly there had flashed to her the name, the words, Oil Products, and she remembered that she had seen it in big black letters upside-down at the top of the page of the telephone book that Claude had open when he said, "Yes, here he is."

It had been the middle of the night, and she had sprung out of bed and got the telephone book and turned to that page and started to read the names, carefully, and in the very first column she had come upon O'Keefe, T. B. O'Keefe, Marine Hotel, Pelli Beach. At once she had concluded that he was the man Claude had been looking for and staring at the name under the strong reading light she could even see where Claude had made a faint underlining with his thumbnail.

During the whole of today she had thought it over, not knowing what to do or who to tell — if anyone! — and hearing Claude's words again and again, almost as though they had been a last injunction laid on her . . . something for her to do that he had meant to do himself. So this afternoon she had decided to come here and ask O'Keefe if there was anything, anything at all, he could think of that would throw any light on what her husband had been referring to.

"But now — now," she ended, looking from one listening face to the other, "no one will ever know. He can't ever say."

An all too obvious fact Bob thought grimly; and there followed the inevitable query in his mind: which one, tonight would sleep the sweeter for it?

Shortly after, the detectives took their departure—after a few caustic remarks by Sergeant Manning about the undesirability of withholding from the police any theories, opinions, hints, guesses, or information whatsoever, and the unfavorable conclusions the police were likely to draw from such withholdings, especially when, as in this case, it had cost the life of an upright citizen who probably had a wife and large family dependent on him, all now presumed to be plunged in grief and possibly to become a burden on the State!

Promptly and speedily as Bob and Willy's cars travelled back to town, the C.I.B. cars were there first, drawn up at the entrance of Braham Court.

To be concluded

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The whole truth and nothing but—Elvis Presley

From page 15

Elvis. She has every record he ever made.

She wasn't only crazy for him. She was mad for stuffed toy tigers, including one that played "Ach du Lieber Augustine."

She wouldn't ride on a plane without taking aboard to read during the flight a pile of unopened "good luck" notes written by her friends saying they were glad she'd arrived safely.

She also took some tigers along as talismans.

She went through a phase of wearing nothing but black, clear down to all her underwear. She drove a decorator crazy out of his mind by ordering black drapes and black furniture for her bedroom, white rugs and walls were milk-white.

At that time she was only 18 and she had spent all but four of those years making movies.

"My father said he didn't want me to be an actress," she once told me, "but my mother took me on a train to Hollywood to see a producer who gave me a bit part in 'Happy Land,' on location in Santa Rosa. I had to drop an ice-cream cone and cry."

There was no turning back after that. She used to pose in the darkness of cinemas because her mother, Mrs. Maria Gurdin, an ex-ballet dancer, used to pretend the cameras that ground away in the last fade-out of the newsreel were focused on Natalie.

By the time she was eight she had appeared in court, calm and collected, to squeeze a pay increase, up to £A375 a week, from her studio.

An earful

The build-up toward an earful of Elvis began at breakfast in the new Hilton hotel in Mexico City. A crowd of us had gone down for its opening, including Nicky Hilton and Bob Neal, who qualified in trumps for the phrase beloved of society gossip columnists, "a millionaire playboy."

Over coffee he came in and whispered that he'd just immobilised young Hilton's car "so Natalie will have to ride with me."

Limousines were to take us to catch a plane home to Los Angeles, but Nicky foxed Bob. He took another car, and Natalie, to the airport.

But if either of the two swains thought he'd furthered his cause he was dead wrong.

On the way we landed for 25 minutes to refuel, and I went with Natalie to the waiting-room, where a mammoth jukebox waited to be fed.

Like a thirsty traveller who's reached the oasis, she pumped nickels and dimes into the thing to make it play Presley non-stop from the moment we arrived until we left.

She got as far as riding on the back of Elvis' motorcycle and staying with Elvis at his home, "because I wanted a vacation and a rest—his parents were there all the time."

But the crush soon faded.

"Since he's in town, why don't you see him?" I asked her soon after her return.

She shrugged. "He's busy and I'm working."

Did she think the vogue for him would last? She shrugged again. "That depends on how he does in his next picture."

Within a matter of weeks she had married Robert Wagner.

This pair of newlyweds made lovebirds look like amateurs. This was the couple that invented "togetherness." In private or in public made no difference; they held hands, kissed, clutched each other in an altogether touching display of coltish affection.

The fan magazines drooled over Bob and Natalie as the symbol of all young lovers. They bought a boat and painted it together. They bought a £A62,000 house with marble floors.

The marriage lasted three years. In that time the career of Bob Wagner, who started out as a caddie carrying clubs for Bing Crosby and Spencer Tracy at a Beverly Hills country club, slowed down considerably, while his wife's took wings.

Togetherness turned into that delight of the divorce attorneys, "mutual incompatibility," and Natalie cut fan-magazine interviews out of her life completely.

As an actress, she has always been a child wonder. Orson Welles remembers her in her first major part, with him in "Tomorrow is Forever."

"Terrifying"

"She was so good she was terrifying. I guess she was born a professional," he said.

In her teens, when there was nothing better to do, she'd collect a bunch of young actors together to improvise scenes with her, which she immortalised on her tape-recorder.

On top of the world at 23, she drew £A100,000 for "West Side Story."

Off camera, she is a seven-stone kitten who gazes adoringly upward from her 5ft. 2in. at whoever takes her fancy.

Warren Beatty jumped into that category when they worked together in "Splendor in the Grass," and he dumped Joan Collins after two years of going steady. Joan turned down four pictures so she could stay with her ambling heart-throb.

This throbbing member of the new male generation came to me to ask: "Do you think I should marry Joan?"

"If you can put that question, you know the answer," I replied.

Warren isn't alone among young actors of any generation in having an eye for the publicity to be obtained from a newsy romance.

As for Natalie, she isn't talking about marrying anybody, by her account. Like most young actresses, she can't be taken seriously on the subject.

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Joan Crawford: Her passion is diamonds

JOAN CRAWFORD has hit the big time since she was a hoofer named Lucille Le Sueur.

She's cool, courageous, and thinks like a man. She labors 24 hours a day to keep her name in the pupil of the public eye. She'll time her arrival at a theatre seconds before the curtain goes up and makes such an entrance that the audience sees only her through act one, scene one. The actors on stage may hate it, but she's having a ball.

If she has a surviving fan club in any city she's visiting she'll carefully supply its president in advance with a complete schedule for the day, detailed to the minute, and collect such crowds that by evening there'll be a mob hundreds strong escorting her.

She was called box-office poison and couldn't get a job for years after her Metro contract ended.

But she continued to play the star and hold her head high and she had the town's sympathy. The film "Mildred Pierce" put her back on top and won her an Oscar as much for bravery under fire as for her acting.

The same gutsy quality showed when her husband, Al Steele, died and she took on a job as travelling ambassador for his soft-drinks company.

Just before he died he'd arranged for her to visit the Strategic Air Command base at Omaha, Nebraska. Typically, she went through with the visit and invited me to go along.

She had enough luggage and hatboxes with her to fill a department store. She carried a jewel case 2ft. long.

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JOAN CRAWFORD won an Oscar as much for bravery under fire as for her acting in "Mildred Pierce."

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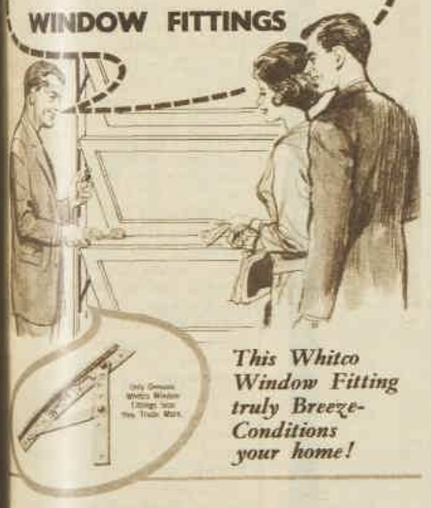

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The whole truth and nothing but

JOAN and her husband, Al Steele. Every night since his death she drinks a champagne toast from a silver chalice, "To Al."

From page 81

"I always travel with it," she told me. "By the way (this to the mayor), would you be kind enough to provide someone to guard my jewels? I'll need two men—one for day and one for night."

"Certainly, Miss Crawford," he said, hypnotised. "Whatever you need, just ask for it."

Our suite consisted of a living-room and two separate bedrooms, one for Joan and one for me. As soon as we'd checked in, she unpacked. For our two-day visit she brought 22 dresses, which she spread out all over her room, and 14 hats.

"I don't know what I'll want to wear," she explained seriously when my eyebrows hit my hairline, "so I brought them along in case."

We were no sooner unpacked than she rang for an iron and ironing-board. The iron the bellboy brought wasn't the kind she liked, so she sent him out to buy a new one. With it, she proceeded to press every one of the dresses and hang each in its transparent paper wrapper in her closet.

"Would you like to see my jewels?" she asked. I nodded, speechless.

She unlocked the case and — abracadabra!—it was like peering at Aladdin's treasure, half a million dollars' worth: trays and trays loaded with diamonds and emeralds and pearls, bracelets and necklaces and earrings.

"This is the most dangerous thing you've ever done," I said. "Some day you'll wake up with your throat cut."

"But I always have the case guarded," she said, "and I keep it beside me on the plane."

"Why isn't it in a safety-deposit box?"

"I like to look at them," she said, as though she were talking to an idiot.

I went into my room for a minute. When I came back into the living-room she had disappeared. "Where are you?"

Her voice came from the bathroom: "In here."

She was on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor. "It wasn't very clean," she said.

Ice-chest

Next to the goddess of success, many stars worship a compulsive kind of cleanliness. Sinatra, Jerry Lewis, Doris Day — they'll shower three times a day like pilgrims in the Ganges trying to wash away their sins. But only Joan and Garbo will personally scrub the bathroom or kitchen floor to make sure there are no germs lingering there.

The mayor returned to make up his guests at a small dinner party. We both wore simple dresses, because Omaha doesn't run much to evening clothes. We were back at the hotel by 11.30 and had the Mayor and two or three others up for a drink.

As soon as they had said their good-nights, Joan, who doesn't smoke, flung every window wide open and carried the ashtrays out into the hall, where her night guard had dutifully stationed himself outside the door.

She gathered up the glasses and washed them in the kitchenette off the living-room.

She then unlocked another item of her luggage that the bellboy had staggered under when we moved in.

It was a massive chest, perhaps a yard long, packed with ice. It contained four bottles of 100-proof vodka, bottles of her favorite brand of champagne, and a silver chalice, which she took out for her bedtime ceremony.

Into the chalice she poured a split of champagne and raised it in a simple toast, "To Al," before she put it to her lips.

The next morning, every inch a star and clean as a hound's tooth, Joan flew on to Chicago with her 22 dresses, 14 hats, jewel case, ice-chest, and silver chalice, to scrub another bathroom if she had to.

Next week: Hedda Hopper sums up.

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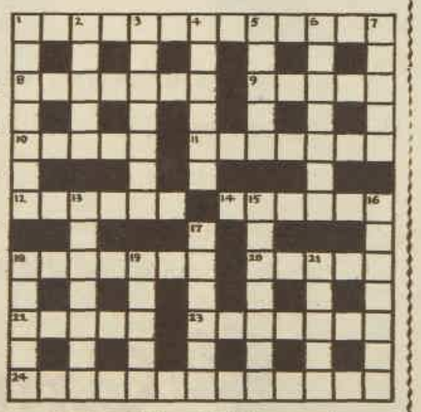
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

The captain who helped Mandrake in his underwater pursuit of the three strange visitors from outer space is bewildered when three miniature "Mandrakes" surface — followed by the real magician. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

Leaving his rashers on the plate, his life was spared (5, 3, 5).

To keep the first part on the second is good advice in many a game (7).

Spanish article and South African antelope (5).

Sent as telegram with flavor inside (5).

Climbing rose hiding an easy pace (7).

Negligent (6).

Cups with asinine ending (6).

Cat loss (anagr., 7).

From the Emerald Isle (5).

Half parts of a diameter (5).

This extortioner is a former stage performer (7).

They are half way to championship (19).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Rest not; you were a loud speaker (7).
2. Shifts ever broken on the top (5).
3. They sell cloth and hide a monkey (7).
4. They are lazy (6).
5. Fish made of amber (5).
6. Call his light woollen fabric (7).
7. Lowest point in a drain (5).
13. The lady hides a cad to make road metal (7).
15. A lady's maid (7).
16. Her seps (anagr., 7).
17. At the back as rent (6).
18. Pranks for birds (5).
19. Rigid (5).
21. Rhythmical or metrical stress (5).

... of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F5763.—Demure deb gown with fichu collar and full-gathered skirt, in sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 10yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6.

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F5661. — One pattern includes tapered slacks and shirt-style overblouse with three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The two require 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

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